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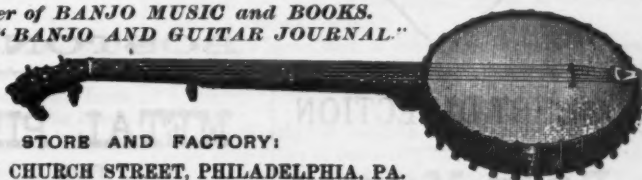
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ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1880.

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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1894.

NEWSDEALERS

Should place their orders immediately with their supply houses for the September Special Issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER, which will contain also the first European (International) Edition of The Musical Courier, making together the largest and most interesting illustrated weekly paper ever published.

ON the Patron Saint's day of Vercelli Palestrina's mass "Papa Marcello" will be given under the direction of Piazzano.

THE Teatro "Victor Emanuel" will open at the end of September. The operas to be given will include "Aida" and the "Prophet."

THE tenor Metallio and the baritone Ughetto have turned impresarii. They have taken the Casino des Fleurs, at Cannes, for six years with a view to give grand opéra, opéra comique and operetta.

MADAME JULIA RIVÉ-KING, an artist whose playing is mellow and finished and who is an artist hors ligne, will play Tchaikowsky's great B flat minor concerto at the forthcoming Worcester Festival. The date of Madame King's performance is September 28. She will appear in concerts with orchestra and in recital during next season in many of the principal cities of the East and West. To her already enormous repertory this popular pianist has added several new concertos, one by a young American composer.

LONDON OFFICE.

THE London, England, office of THE MUSICAL COURIER, which is in charge of Mr. F. V. Atwater, our representative for Great Britain, is now open and ready for business. It is No. 15 Argyll street, Oxford Circus, W., in the midst of the London musical life, near the great publishing and musical instrument houses and managerial offices, and within one minute's walk from either Regent street, Oxford street, Great Marlborough street and other well-known thoroughfares.

NORDICA has been re-engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House next season. This is news.

ANTON SEIDL and his orchestra will play at the Metropolitan Opera House next fall on the following Sunday evenings: October 21, October 28, November 4 and November 11.

AT the inaugural ceremony of the exhibition at Yverdon, Switzerland, a new "March Overture," composed by Bernard Van Berck, of Geneva, was performed by the united bands of Lausanne, Neuchâtel, Grandson and Yverdon.

FOR the opera season in Malta have been engaged the prime donne Giuliani, Angelica Pandolfini, Zeldi and Rubens; the tenors, De Gamberelli, Lombardi and Carneiro; the baritone, Borghi; the basso, Travaglini, and as musical director Maestro Riboldi.

A CHINESE opera entitled "Tsai Tsung" will shortly be produced at the Grand Théâtre, Marseilles. The text and music is by Guimet. The libretto is taken from Chinese history. The music is teeming with genuine Chinese melodies which Guimet has collected and arranged during his stay in China.

PUCCINI and a friend visited recently Malta, carrying along a photographic camera, taking snapshot. They were both arrested as spies, but were liberated when their identity became known, with a warning to keep away from the fortifications and to limit their field of activity to fences and cows.

THE committee of the exhibition at Milan has prohibited the giving of the operetta by Varney, "Les Mousquetaires au Couvent," which has been announced for Sunday at the Pompeian Theatre. At the Eden Angelo Gravagny will give an exhibition of endurance by playing the piano uninterruptedly for twenty-five hours.

TIVADAR NACHEZ, the violinist, will accompany Mr. Ben Davies on his next German tour, which will extend from October 22 to November 17. Mr. Davies has been presented by the Queen with a portrait bearing the royal autograph "as a souvenir of the several occasions when Her Majesty has had the pleasure of listening to his singing."

WHILE Mascagni's opera "Ratcliff" will be produced in Berlin during the coming season, there is another opera by that name which will be brought out at the German Theatre, Prague. This opera was composed by Varrinez, with the libretto in the original German by Heine. The libretto set to music by Mascagni for his opera was taken from an Italian translation.

A CONSIDERABLE number of artists at present in London will visit this country during next winter's musical season. Besides those engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House there are negotiations pending for the appearance of Margaret MacIntyre, whose success in South Africa has been noted. Antoinette Trebelli, E. Lloyd, Ben Davies and Watkin Mills will be here; so will be Paderewski, Pachmann, Ysaye, César Thomson, Koszalski and Hollman, not to forget to mention the report that Emma Nevada would play the heroine in Wagner's early opera, "The Fairies," on an American tour.

QUEEN VICTORIA does not believe in making arbitrary changes in an operatic score. When she ordered "Navarraise" to be given at Windsor, she stipulated that Massenet's consent should be obtained for substituting drums for the artillery shots which occur in the opera. She had heard that all the windows in the theatre had been broken by the cannon, and did not wish, so she declared with a smile, to run the same risk with her castle.

ABOUT the one act opera "Stoja," produced the other evening at Prague (its composer is a Bohemian named Roskoschny), a critic writes: "It is just what a refined fin de siècle audience expects a well regulated one act opera to be—brutal music wedded to a brutal story, in which conjugal infidelity forms the plot, and the knife brings about a quick dénouement; in fact, a worthy imitation of 'Cavalleria' and the rest of what might be called the bill poster type of opera." Bill poster opera is new. Thank the unknown critic for the lovely expression.

THE following letter about the piano touch controversy reaches us. We think that it is quite able to speak for itself without further comment:

ST. LOUIS, August 13, 1894.

Editors The Musical Courier:

Will the following "go" as a summing up of the "piano touch" controversy?

Given a fine—"concert grand," with William Smith, a musical mechanic of the highest grade, as performer. Result: Tiresome "music."

Also given same kind of concert grand, with J. Brown, piano virtuoso, possessed of unusual musical, emotional, poetical and intellectual endowments. Result: Pure musical bliss.

N. B.—Worthy of mention. Everybody that heard Brown agrees that he has a very fine "quality of tone" or a "wonderful touch," and a great many people ask: "Why is this?" Yours, X.

SOME more letters of Hans Von Bülow have appeared in the "Deutsche Rundschau." In one Bülow writes to Pohl that he intends to conduct works by Berlioz at his concerts. Comparing the Frenchman with Liszt and Wagner, he writes: "Let us not forget that Berlioz has shown himself the more ungrateful and egotistic of the two (the third [Liszt] is not to be compared as a man with the others). I know of nothing more heartless (and to the other one it was a dagger in his heart) than Berlioz' three weeks' silence, which was his only answer to Wagner's gift of a score, on the title page of which was written 'À Roméo et Juliette leurs reconnaissant 'Tristan et Isolde.' There are divers other things hardly excusable in a man of not entire ignoble character, and which the German would never have been guilty of; but these I pass by, to avoid interminable gossip." In a later letter he writes to Pohl, who was translating Berlioz' essays, including one in which there is an attack on Wagner: "Tell him that as soon as the translation is in print I shall attack it like a hungry hyena, and mangle the author as he never has been mangled before. I shall not withhold my respect for the artist, but I shall maltreat the man in a way which—well, you shall see! It is a long time since I have used my teeth, but they are as sharp as ever." In July, 1862, Bülow visited Wagner at Biebrich on the Rhine, whence he wrote: "The 'Meistersinger von Nürnberg'—capital masterpiece—half of the first act completely sketched—astounding wealth of musical material—a humor compared with which Shakespeare's is threadbare. Overture in C major, festive character (at the close four motives combined together), already orchestrated."

ABOUT MR. BENNETT.

MR. FINCK, of the "Evening Post," has in company with THE MUSICAL COURIER ever waged war with Joseph Bennett's continual underrating of Wagner and other German composers. In last Saturday's issue of the "Evening Post" the following appeared:

Mr. Joseph Bennett, in reviewing the last musical season in London in the "Musical Times" of August, remarks that in the operatic field "the French composers have asserted their prominence in the repertory to an extent that has been quite unprecedented. The season of 1894 has been pre-eminently a French season, no less than three important novelties—'Werther,' 'Navarraise,' and above all 'L'Attaque du Moulin'—having been of French origin, as against two Italian operas, 'Falstaff' and

"Manon Lescaut." So far Mr. Bennett is right and talks about things within his range of knowledge. But in his next sentence he displays the usual ignorance which characterizes his writings whenever he touches upon things German. "As a producer of new operas," he says, "Germany has fallen hopelessly into the rear, having been represented at Covent Garden by only a single act opera from the pen of Mr. Emil Bach, while in Germany itself the operatic stage, if we exclude Wagner, seems to be almost entirely given up to young Italians or Scandinavians."

As a matter of fact, the past year has been remarkably prolific of new operas in Germany, some of which have won a brilliant success. This is especially true of Hummel's "Mara," which has been given at a dozen opera houses, and of Humperdink's "Hänsel und Gretel," of which the same may be said. Then there is Richard Strauss' "Guntram," which, to judge by the critical reports, must outweigh in musical importance all the French and Italian novelties produced in London, excepting of course Verdi's "Falstaff." Other works that have been given with success in various German cities are Felix Mottl's "Fürst und Sänger," Eugene d'Albert's "Rubin," Metzger's "Ligne," Meyer-Oldersleben's "Clara Dettin," Becker's "Frauenlob" and Cyrill Kistler's "Kunihild." At Dresden the novelties were, besides Rubinstein's "Kinder der Haide" (practically a German opera), Pittrich's "Marga" and Umlauf's "Evanthia."

Equally untrue and absurd is Mr. Bennett's assertion that, apart from Wagner, the operatic stage in Germany "seems to be almost entirely given up to young Italians or Scandinavians." To take again Dresden, which well represents the average of German opera houses, we look in vain for any Scandinavians, and the list of sixty-four operas given includes only four by the "young Italians." Wagner leads with fifty-nine performances, followed by Mascagni with twenty-two; Weber seventeen, Mozart sixteen, Verdi thirteen, Lortzing seventeen, Nessler ten, Leoncavallo ten, Donizetti nine, Gluck eight, &c.—a very strong predominance of the German element being noticeable, and an ignoring of French operas as striking as is their predominance in London. Before Mr. Bennett makes any more remarks about the drift of public opinion and the condition of operatic matters in Germany, he would do well to consult facts and statistics, which are tough objects, and likely to be thorny to those who attempt to handle them the wrong way.

JOSEF HAYDN.

FR. XAV. KUHAC, who has studied the subject thoroughly, gives an interesting account of the use of Croat music in the works of composers, especially of Beethoven and Haydn. The Croat has been noted for his love of music, and it is said that the first military band was composed of Croat soldiers which were fighting Maria Theresa's battles under Baron von der Trenk.

In the sixteenth century Emperor Rudolph II. colonized Lower Austria, which was almost depopulated by war and the cholera, with Croats. Other colonies were in Hungary, on the left bank of the Danube, and in Moravia. Some of these colonies number now from 20,000 to 100,000 souls. In many of the villages later additions, composed of Bohemians, Slovaks and Germans, did much to undermine the Croat character of the population. Rohrau was one of these, and in this Croat colony Josef Haydn was born. Haydn was not of Bohemian, but of Croat descent, and his name was Hajdin. On the tombstone in the Rohrau church, where his father lies buried, the name is spelled Haydyn. The name Hajdin is a common one in Croatia. There is a village of that name between Moravica and Fiume in which nearly every inhabitant's name is Hajdin.

Haydn's mother also was of Croat descent; her name was Kolar, pronounced in German Koller. Whether the Croat language was used in the Haydn family has not been made clear. It is possible that Haydn's father could not speak it, but more likely his mother did, as it is well known that Croat women will not easily learn or speak other languages. But, undoubtedly, Croat melodies perhaps with Croat words were sung in the Haydn house, and the father played them on the harp. It is also quite certain that Haydn, the father, and Kolar (Koller), the uncle, had intercourse with the inhabitants of the Croat villages of the neighborhood.

These circumstances make it clear why Haydn had a predilection for Croat melodies. While he used in his compositions popular German and Magyar music, that of Croatia was given the preference. While kapellmeister of Prince Eszterhazy at Eisenstadt he had the opportunity to learn from their Croat colony melodies which he had not known before.

Beethoven was Haydn's pupil, and it is only nat-

ural to suppose that he knew the source from which his master drew some of his inspirations. When Haydn made his second trip to England Beethoven went to Hungary and, curiously, dwelt where Haydn had been kapellmeister for twenty-nine years. It is quite reasonable to suppose that he had his attention drawn to this Croat settlement by Zupancié, of Vienna, who was of Croat descent and whom Beethoven knew well. It is, however, not beyond belief that he may have wanted to visit Haydn's source of inspiration by an impulse of his own.

Fr. Xav. Kuhac attributes to these influences the use Haydn and Beethoven made of Croat melodies in some of their works.

A NOTE OF CRITICISM.

MR. KREHBIEL in last Sunday's "Tribune" had a word to say on the Bayreuth matter. It is worthy of careful perusal:

The tone of Bayreuth criticism is becoming such as to throw doubt upon its value. Wilhelm Tappert, for many years actively concerned in the festivals and an aggressive champion of "the master," has been writing what THE MUSICAL COURIER calls "disgusting articles." We have not seen them, but as THE MUSICAL COURIER is favorably impressed by this year's representations it is fair to assume that Herr Tappert has joined the Old Guard of Wagnerites, who lost interest in the festivals when it became evident that the widow's folly and vanity were robbing them of their artistic significance.

Of course there are plenty of the faithful left, and in some quarters Frau Cosima is acclaimed almost as enthusiastically as ever Wagner himself was. But even the faithful do queer things when they come to particularize. Take Otto Lessmann, editor of the "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung," of Berlin, for instance. He is very far from being of the opinion expressed in this place last Sunday week that Bayreuth had outlived its usefulness. On the contrary, he says: "So long as Bayreuth is able to exert so educational an influence" (as it did in producing "Lohengrin") "it demonstrates the necessity of the continued existence of the festival plays."

"Lohengrin," in the opinion of Herr Lessmann, was an artistic achievement of the highest class, practically a revitalization of the opera. He would have us believe that Wagner's notions concerning it have been realized for the first time. This sounds perilously like the ordinary Bayreuth puffery, for it means that Wagner himself never heard "Lohengrin" performed properly, that privilege being vouchsafed only to those who attended the representations at Bayreuth last month. It means also that the composer's influence, and possibly knowledge, was never as potent as Frau Cosima's, under whose artistic direction the miracle of a perfect "Lohengrin" has at last been brought to pass.

There be many good Wagnerites in the world who will shrug their shoulders a little at such conceits. Some of them remember how woefully "Tannhäuser" was maltreated when it was recreated in the spirit of Wagner in 1891; and they will scarcely understand that there is anything in "Lohengrin" which has eluded the wisdom of the world's directors and conductors till now in order to be disclosed by the genius of the poet composer's widow. Frau Cosima might with some propriety set up a claim to peculiarly intimate knowledge of "Tristan and Isolde" and "Parsifal," but "Lohengrin" was an accomplished fact long before she stepped into the shoes of Frau Minna, and she is not likely to know more about it than ordinary mortals.

As for the reformation of the mise en scène, that was simply a return to first principles, which, had it seemed important to Wagner, he would have insisted upon long ago doubtless. It is true that he complained of the conventional treatment which "Lohengrin" received, but this he did about every one of his works, especially "Tannhäuser," which, we are tempted to say, was never represented with greater regard for theatrical conventionality than it was at Bayreuth. When "Lohengrin" was given at Bologna with remarkable success in 1871 Wagner wrote a letter to "An Italian Friend," and promptly made place for it in his collected writings. The stereotyped complaint is found there, too, but it goes against the acting and singing, not against the setting.

A fine effect, undoubtedly, was obtained in the excited behavior of the chorus on the arrival of the "Knight of the Grail" in Act I., but how inconsistent Frau Wagner was in her enforcement of the dramatic principle represented in that scene may be seen in Herr Lessmann's condemnation of the scene in Act II., in which the herald announces the appointment of "Lohengrin" as "protector of Brabant," and calls upon the knights to hold themselves in readiness to join the king's forces under him on the morrow. Herr Wagner plainly wished the chorus to show signs of joyous excitement, but Frau Wagner arranged a procession several times around the stage, headed by the herald. The lady dearly loves a procession, as those who have seen "Tannhäuser" at Bayreuth know; and as for the conventional attitudes and movements, against which Wagner inces-

santly thundered, they have not been banished even from the pantomimic scene in the grotto of Venus, though Wagner devoted pages of a pamphlet to that very subject.

For the Berlin champion of Bayreuth the whole significance of the festival this year was summed up in "Lohengrin." Mme. Nordica is his ideal "Elsa," in all things incomparable. Those who are familiar with the singing, now practiced on the German stage will not be surprised to learn that it is Mme. Nordica's vocal art that provided the text for the bulk of Herr Lessmann's sermon, directed against the notion that ability to sing was a matter of indifference in a Wagner performer. Very correctly he says: "Artistic training in every direction is an absolute necessity of every Wagner singer, whether the matter at issue be acting or singing or artistic treatment of the language. Good vocal schooling, it is true, will by no means make a good Wagner singer, but let no one humor himself with the notion of becoming a good Wagner singer without thorough vocal training."

LETTERS OF FRANZ LISZT.

X.

LISZT'S letters and allusions to Rubinstein about this time are quite interesting. We also encounter frequently the names of Karl Klindworth, Edouard Remenyi, the violinist, William Mason and others. In a letter to Klindworth dated July 2, 1854, he writes: "Of Rubinstein I will tell you more when there is an opportunity. That is a clever fellow—the most notable musician, pianist and composer, indeed, who has appeared to me from among the newer lights * * * But he possesses tremendous material, and an extraordinary versatility in the handling of it. He brought with him about forty or fifty manuscripts * * * which I read through with much interest * * * N. B.—Remenyi gives me no reply about that manuscript of Brahms' sonata (with violin). Probably he has taken it with him, for I have, to my vexation, rummaged through my entire music three times without being able to find the manuscript. Don't forget to write to me about this in your next letter, as Brahms wants this sonata for printing."

This funny little postscript about Remenyi and his habits of forgetfulness throws some light on the Hungarian violinist's claims in regard to several of the Hungarian Dances. But to return to Rubinstein.

Here is the first to "Van II.," as he jokingly calls Rubinstein on account of his likeness to Ludwig Van Beethoven:

"Your 'Dialogue Dramatique' à propos of your ocean is a little chef d'œuvre, and I shall keep it, in order later on to put it at the disposal of some future Lenz, who will undertake your Catalogue and the analysis of the three styles of Van II. We laughed with all our hearts, à deux, in the little blue room of the Altenburg, and we form the most sincere wishes that Gorkhaus, the Deus ex machina, may have come to put you out of the uncomfortable state of suspense in which the Gewandhaus public did you the honor to leave you. To tell the truth this decrescendo applause at the third movement of your symphony surprises me greatly, and I would have wagered without hesitation that it would be the other way. A great disadvantage for this kind of composition is that in our stupid musical customs, often very anti-musical, it is almost impossible to appeal to a badly informed public by a second performance immediately after the first, and at Leipzig, as elsewhere, one only meets with a very small number of people who know how to apply cause and effect intelligently and enthusiastically to a piece out of the common and signed with the name of a composer who is not dead. Moreover, I suspect that your witty account is tainted with a species of modesty, and I shall wait, like the general public, for the accounts in the newspapers in order to form an opinion of your success."

"Whatever may come of it, and however well or ill you are treated by the public or criticism, my appreciation of the value that I recognize in your works will not vary, for it is not without a well fixed criterion, quite apart from the fashion of the day, and the high or low tide of success, that I estimate your compositions highly, finding much to praise in them, except the reservation of some criticisms which almost all sum up, as follows: that your extreme productiveness has not as yet left you the necessary leisure to imprint a more marked individuality on your works, and to complete them. For, as it has been very justly said, it is not enough to do a thing, but it must be completed. This said and understood, there is no one who admires more than I do your remarkable and abundant faculties, or who takes a more sincere

RACONTEUR

"ELOI, ELOI LAMA SABACTHANI!"

I, Yaankely Ostrowicz, do most truthfully, most proudly, declare that I am a Jew and an artist. But Jehovah, blessed be the holy name! hath forgotten me or else hath allowed me to unwind the skein of my destiny alone—and how have I done it? Ach! Weh! Weh! I have forsworn my God in the days of my youth, and of my poor mother, my pious, sweet old mother, who believed that her boy, her "Kaddish," clung to his religion, I dare hardly think. For was I not a composer of profane music, and did I not love a Christian maiden? My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?

I am standing on the verge of an abyss. Back of me tower the noble, time scarred rocks of my race, of my faith; I thrill at the thought of my birthright, which I must not sell for a mess of melodic pottage. I hear the grand old "Kol Nidre" and my heart beats my throat swells, tears stream down my cheeks and I would fain chant it, but—ah! below me in the valley of the many colored vapors I listen to faint mystical music, my pulses shudder, my blood runs hot in my veins, the perfumes of the strange harmonies of the Great White Barbarians mount to my nostrils, my thews are without power, and my whole nature trembles at the sensuous, subtle fluid which exhales from modern music. That way danger lies. I am a Hebrew. I must not touch these forbidden, these fascinating flesh pots, which the Christians, the latter day Philistines, have spread before me. Let me be not faithless to the grand scriptural cantillation of my race; let me not lay violent hands on those canticles, with their sweetly pathetic wail, which have been preserved so reverently through the ages. "Sing us one of the songs of Zion" and I turn my back on this and greedily gulp at Chopin and Wagner, two of our haters. The one a delicate, witty mocker, who applauded the unnatural satires of Henri Heine, a renegade Jew; the other a giant, whose great iron Jewish brows blackened with hate at our name, who reviled his friend Meyerbeer, a Jew, and who accepted "Mitzvah" from the Jews, even as he cursed them. "O ye of little faith," why do I hesitate thus, why am I so possessed by Destructive Satan? "Aut Wagner, aut Nullus," but then the little mother I love, what did she think? Did it not break her darling, bruised heart?

My parents were hard working people, who went faithfully to "Shool," and who brought me up in the fear of the Lord. As a child I trembled at the sound of music, but was taught to put my fingers in my ears when profane music, "Goi" music, was played. But I learned the music of my people, and dearly loved it. As I grew older I was taught to read and write, and was allowed to help my father at his business, which was that of wig making. Many hours that I look back to now with tears in my eyes I spent in lovingly combing and fondling the "scheitels" in my father's little shop. His piety stood him in good stead, for he thrived apace, and in the "Judengasse" where we lived, his was the place that was crowded every Friday morning by a group of good-natured, gossiping Jewish dames, with bright eyes, dark skins and curved noses. They came to have their wigs fixed before the sunset of the "Shabbas." After the poor man died—may God rest his soul!—and I had most reverently said the "Kaddish," I sat "Shivah," holding my mother's hand, for the ordained eight days of prayer, and then the little shop was reopened, and the world came in again, and I carried on the business as before. I was a slim lad, and desperately in love with music—all music, be it said to my everlasting shame. I had taken holidays from my work, and had gone much about our town, a Polish one, so that gradually my eyes became opened to other things which were not Jewish, and my ears to ravishing music which was forbidden. I went several times, but in fear and trembling, to concerts of instruments, and gradually there stole over my senses the dangerous knowledge that there were other things, beautiful things, outside of the Sanctuary, and the music of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann and Wagner gradually ate as a canker worm into my heart. I grew indifferent to the observances of my religion, and my mother saw it, but held her peace. That it worried her I knew full well, for I caught her

and friendly interest in your work. You know that I have set my mind upon your 'Ocean' being given here, and I shall beg you also to give us the pleasure of playing one of your concertos. In about ten days I will write and tell you the date of the first concert of our orchestra. Meanwhile your "Chasseurs de Sibérie" will be given again on Wednesday next (the 23d). I will tell Cornelius to give you tidings of it, unless the fancy takes you to come and hear it, in order to make a diversion for your "Voix intérieures" [internal voices] of Leipsic. Write to me soon, my dear Van II., and believe me wholly your very affectionate and devoted friend, F. LISZT."

Liszt, as much as he admired Rubinstein's ability, saw very clearly, as the following extract from a letter addressed to Dr. Franz Brendel reveals. The letter is dated December 1, 1854, and "inter alia" Liszt writes:

"I am glad that you, dear friend, after some 'jerks and wrenches,' have come together again with the pseudo-musician of the future, Rubinstein. He is a clever fellow, possessed of talent and character in an exceptional degree, and therefore no one can be more just to him than I have been for years. Still I do not want to preach to him; he may now sow his wild oats, and fish deeper in the Mendelssohn waters, and even swim away if he likes. But sooner or later I am certain he will give up the apparent and the formalistic for the organically real, if he does not want to stand still. Give him my most friendly greetings; as soon as our concert affairs are settled here I shall write and invite him to give one of his orchestral works here."

Unfortunately for his own ultimate development Rubinstein has fished deeply and too often in Mendelssohnian waters. He has produced too much and yet too little; that is, too little of the "organically real." A letter to Dr. William Mason, written about this epoch, is worthy of transcription.

"My dear Mason" (he writes, December 14, 1854), "although I do not know at what stage of your brilliant artistic peregrinations these lines will find you, yet I want you to know that I am most sincerely and affectionately obliged to you for the kind remembrance you keep of me, and of which the papers you send me give such good testimony. 'The Musical Gazette' of New York, in particular, has given me a real satisfaction, not only on account of the personally kind and flattering things it contains about me, but also because that paper seems to ingraft a superior and excellent direction on to opinion in your country."

"Now, you know, my dear Mason, that I have no other pride than to serve as far as in me lies the good cause of Art, and whenever I find intelligent men conscientiously making efforts for the same end I rejoice and am comforted by the good example they give me. Will you please give my very sincere compliments and thanks to your brother, who, I suppose, has taken the editorship-in-chief of the 'Musical Gazette,' and if he would like to have some communications from Weymar on what is going on of interest in the musical world of Germany, I will let him have them with great pleasure through Mr. Pohl, who, by the way, no longer lives in Dresden (where the numbers of the 'Musical Gazette' were addressed to him by mistake), but in the Kaufstrasse, Weymar. His wife, being one of the best harpists whom I know, is now among the virtuose of our orchestra, which is a sensible improvement both for opera and concerts."

"Apropos of concerts, I will send you in a few days the program of a series of symphonic performances which ought to have been established here some years ago, and to which I consider myself in honor as in duty bound to give a definite impetus at the beginning of the year 1855. Toward the end of January I expect Berlioz. We shall then hear his trilogy of 'L'Enfance du Christ,' of which you already know; 'La Fuite en Égypte,' to which he has added two other little oratorios called 'Le Songe d'Hérode' and 'L'Arrivée à Saïs.' His dramatic symphony of 'Faust' (in four parts, with solos and chorus) will also be given entire while he is here."

"As regards visits of artists last month which were a pleasure to me personally I must mention Clara Schumann and Liszt. In Brendel's paper ('Neue Zeitschrift') you will find an article signed with my name on Madame Schumann, whom I have again heard with that sympathy and thoroughly admiring esteem which her talent commands."

"As for Liszt, I confess he made a great impression on me. His Fourth symphonic concerto (in manu-

script) is a very remarkable composition, and he played it in such a masterly manner, with so much verve, such boldness and certainty, that it gave me very great pleasure. If there is something of the quadruped in Dreyschock's marvelous execution (and this comparison should by no means vex him: is not a lion as much a quadruped as a poodle?), there is something winged in Liszt's execution, which has, moreover, all the superiority over Dreyschock's, which a biped with ideas, imagination and sensibility has over another biped who fancies that he possesses a surfeit of them all—often very embarrassing." Then follow some Lisztian pleasantries, and the letter concludes with this postscript:

"You did not know Rubinstein at Weymar? He stayed here some time, and notoriously cut himself off from the thick mass of so-called pianist composers who don't know what playing means, and still less with what fuel to fire themselves for composing—so much so that with what is wanting to them in talent as composers they think they can make themselves pianists, and vice-versa."

"Rubinstein will publish a round fifty of works, concertos, trios, symphonies, songs, light pieces, which deserve notice."

"Laub has left Weymar; Ed. Singer has taken his place in our orchestra. The latter gives great pleasure here, and likes being here also."

"Cornelius, Pohl, Raff, Pruckner, Schreiber, and all the new school of new Weymar send you their best remembrances, to which I add a cordial shake hand."

"F. L."

(To be continued.)

CHOPIN'S "MINUTE" WALTZ.

IT is said that Chopin's so-called "Minute Waltz," op. 64, No. 1, also called "Valse de petit chien," had its origin under the following circumstances: Madame Georges Sand kept a small pet dog which had the peculiarity when he felt in good spirits to move in a circle trying to catch his tail. One evening when Chopin paid his friend a visit, the dog cutting up his usual capers, the celebrated writer remarked: "If I had musical talent I would compose something for the dear little thing. This would really be quite unique."

Chopin at once sat down at the piano and improvised the pretty piece which had subsequently success everywhere.

CHOPIN AND CYCLING.

A CONTROVERSY about the evils and good of bicycling was started in the "World" last week. Somebody denounced the "Bike" (barbarous word) as immodest, dangerous, &c. This called forth a cyclone of wrath from lots of votaries of the wheel. One struck us as delightful. Here is part of it:

Let me say that I, too, am a father, with three biking girls. They bike whenever they get the chance. I have never heard any complaints of sickness since they commenced, and the complaints were frequent enough before. As for their morals, I think they have been improved, for I hold that whatever takes them off a lounge or away from a summer novel and gives them something vigorous to do in the open air is relatively more moral than lounging, dreaming and fiddling Chopin on a piano. Two of them have actually got freckles, and the only vulgarity I have detected in them is that they eat like a horse instead of a canary.

To lounge and dream and fiddle Chopin on a piano is a feat which puts Sandow's athletic performances in the shade. The moral effect of a bicycle must be good, for it robs Chopin of his fascination—his fiddling fascination, one is tempted to write—and makes young women eat like horses. Verily, the cycle is a great factor in modern life, but we are still puzzled by "fiddling Chopin on a piano." About as impossible as riding a cyclone on a cycle.

Brussels.—The Royal Brussels Conservatory met with a great loss in the death of Louis de Casembroodt, who was connected with the institution for the past twelve years. Though but thirty-one years of age he was known by all musicians, and a great friend of Gevaert.

England.—An English statistician is responsible for the startling statement that last year were given in England 148,645 concerts, which all were noticed in English papers. These notices covered 9,513,280 lines and had one person written them he would have had to write for 95,132 hours or 3,964 days.

A Margulies Attraction.—A contract was closed to-day by cable between Señor Juan Manen in Barcelona and Mr. Leon Margulies in this city for the appearance in fifty concerts in the United States, commencing November next, of Juanito Manen, the young violinist virtuoso, who for the last three years appeared in Spain, Havana and Mexico, and created a sensation by his versatility as composer and conductor.

eyeing me frequently, and she loudly sighed when I went out at nights. She redoubled her devotions, and I knew prayed for me by day and by night.

Once there came to our city a violinist, Joseph Joachim by name. I went to hear him, for the tones of a violin almost drove me mad with longing. He played. Ah, my God, can I ever forget it! I can see his sweetly serious face, with the one overhanging lock. And Oh! the look of supreme purity, nobility and power! I sat, all burning hot, and as I went out a voice, a woman's, said: "Isn't he wonderful? What a pity he is a Jew." My blood froze up and I rushed madly home. Joachim a Jew, and plays on a violin so divinely? Why, why then—a sweeping light enveloped me. I was free, I, too, could be a musician, even if I were a Jew. What synagogue dared to dictate to me. I went to my mother and on my bended knees I told her all—confessed that I would die without music; it was my life, and begged her to let me be a violinist; for was not Joachim a Jew, and had I not heard him called the king of violinists? Thus I raved on in my boyish folly, and my dear mother heard me bravely to the end. Then, can I ever forget the tenderness with which she bade me follow my will, but she enjoined me not to forget the God of my forefathers. Kissing my forehead, the good woman left me to my new joy. But that night I heard her overhead, pacing the floor of her widowed chamber. I knew that she was praying for me, and once I could have sworn that I heard the sound of soft weeping.

I left my home and went to a great conservatory in Warsaw. There I studied in a perfect fever the violin and many things about music. One year followed another like a dream. I visited my mother during the holidays and our love grew greater. I could see that despite herself she had become interested in my progress, and she listened with pride at the tales of my many successes. But not a note of my music would she listen to. I studied composition, and with such success that my teachers became proud of me. In ten years I carried off all the prizes in composition and violin playing, and left the conservatory covered with medals and honors. My mother kissed me when I showed her my various certificates, and only grew alarmed when offers were made to me for concert tours. Dear heart! she expected that after all I would settle down to wig making once more. I, a Jewish wig maker! How in the pride of my youth I loathed the shop that gave me life and the religion which my father and mother worshipped. But then I had just received a commission for my first opera, and God permitted me to be blinded for the time by my arrogance and impiety. Alas! must we not all work out our salvation through the darkness into the light and in fear and trembling!

Again I left home; this time on a professional tour to earn money and fame. I was ambitious, and my mother was most comfortably situated. So, putting on my hat, I bravely kissed her and went out into the world, to conquer it on four strings. I had success. I even was praised by my early idol, the great Joachim, and I knew by that time that others of my race had proved great in the art. Wieniawski, a fellow countryman and the supreme master now to me of all, whose genius burned him up, helped me in the most sympathetic manner, and artistically I developed rapidly. But all the while the love of musical creation agitated me, I worked incessantly; then I saw her and I forgot my art and even my mother.

One night I was bidden to a gathering where titled people listened to their superiors making music for them. Often I had refused to play at these pleasure palaces, for I was proud, headstrong, and being gifted I generally had my own way. But this night it was a case of friendship, and so I went, played, and met my fate. Commonplace all this, but for me, my life centred on the night I met her. I was smoking a cigarette (oh! finely I had forgotten my early training) in an ante-chamber when I heard the sound of a piano. Now, I abominated that instrument of tortured tin tones, and I walked away disgusted. But there was something in the ductile touch of this pianist that caused my musical ear to sympathetically vibrate. I turned carelessly toward the

music salon, and then, my eyes fell on a girl who sat at the piano.

We all in our lifetime have experienced what has been called the psychologic moment of love. I could swear that it happened when I first looked at Natali, and she returned my glance. It was something that blistered my brain, and for a moment I heard no music—nothing but a dazzling roar. Then the music sang once more, and as it filtered in my brain, I felt that I was being told in tones something that I had never dared to acknowledge even to myself. It was Chopin, that I could have sworn—a slow movement, with a lilting bass and a melody that simply enthralled me. Dio mio! but my countrymen wrote notes fit for the gods to eat. At the rich, melting close I asked the Prince to introduce me. I was presented to Mlle. Natali Czartoryski, a niece of Chopin, and an artist. Again our eyes bathed ardently together, and I found courage enough to ask her what she had played.

"The larghetto from the B minor sonata of Chopin," she replied very simply. Being a bashful man, I fidgeted a bit and thought it my duty to be witty.

"A Lar—Ghetto by Chopin! I didn't think that Chopin liked the Jews well enough to turn their 'Ghetto' into such divine music."

Then I tried to look bitter, but I am sure I only appeared very silly.

She gave me a satirical smile, and said: "Are you then a Jew? Besides I've made a mistake. It is a largo, not a larghetto." After this I became myself, and in a half hour I was enraptured in love with the pianist. I had been sufficiently in contact with the great world to have rubbed off much of my Jewish prejudices about Christian women; besides we were fellow artists, and then was she not a blood relation of a master whose music I adored?

And what came of it all, O, my brethren in Israel! what came of this sweetness of my life? The bitterness of gall and the sting of the adder. We loved, at least I thought she loved me, but I soon discovered that my fame attracted her more than my person. When the race question was discussed, as it inevitably had to be, I found a flinty rock instead of the soft, white bosom of a maiden. She allured me, but something warned me not to lose my temper when she mocked my people; I was a Jew after all, and she was Chopin's sister's child. She, being Polish, could not help her prejudices, and on my part something told me that I must never surrender. Alas! we always remain ourselves. Are we then so different that our blood cannot mingle with the Christian's? I stamped on my feelings thus, until one day I was told that my visits were odious. I took my hat and stick and never entered her house again. Shortly afterward she married a German of wealth and title, Baron Feigel by name, and later I discovered that his wealth came from a pawnshop, so I was revenged, but—cui bono?

And then my mother died. In the first supreme selfishness of my grief I smashed my beloved violin and cursed the names of Christian and Natali and music. In a perfect flood all my old religious emotions swallowed me up and carried me away. I became a bitter, censorious Jew. I cursed the day I ever heard a note of profane music, and so tried to drown my sorrow by renewing my associations in the old synagogue where my parents so devoutly worshipped. I was received with the open arms of sympathetic love. I was a brand plucked from Sheol—a strayed sheep ensnared once more in the fold. How the strings of my heart tugged as I sat wrapped in my "Talith" during the homely, archaic service of the Sabbath. But a revulsion had to follow after this tense, desperate mood. So with all due regard to decency I sold out my home and effects and made of them a present to the Rabbi Kyrowetz, who was my father's oldest friend. The kindly soul thanked me in the name of the congregation, and amid blessings and good wishes I left my birthplace forever.

I shall never tell you of the loss of the Christian maiden, only that I can never love again. But while it shook my nature to its base, it was nothing in comparison with the death of my mother. All I had not done overwhelmed me, and despite her narrow views I felt that she was right, so I gave up violin playing and turned fiercely to composition. But here I encountered an unforeseen rock. My gods in music

were Bach, Beethoven and Schumann. Yet when I composed, no matter the form, were it symphony, quartet, overture, opera or even lieder, my work seemed intensely Jewish. I, who had broken away from the tenets of my faith; I, who had grown to despise the music made in our Tabernacles. God! this was indeed a hideous trick which Nature chose to play upon me. Musical atavism, the recurrence of early tribal traits. But I would prove to Nature that I could outstrip her, and for a time I thought that I had succeeded.

When my music began to be played the critics to a man declared that with Karl Goldmark I possessed all the traits of the born Jewish composer. How I hated it all! How I tried to hunt to its source the Semitic trail of our music. I found it in Rossini, it struck me as a slap from a fist in Meyerbeer, in Mendelssohn it tripped by cooly, but its Oriental sneakiness betrayed it. Then in Goldmark I found it massive as the ruins of Karnak. Unavowedly Hebraic and gorgeously Eastern. This tempted me and I vainly sought to emulate Délibes and David in coloring. Then Bizet, a Jew and married to the daughter of a Jew. Halévy, attracted me. I did not master his trick, but saw that it largely consisted in externalization. How the Jews do glitter in the sunlight of success! They put forth every resource and leave naught to the imagination. No half lights, no delicately veiled allusiveness, but all the pomp, splendor and gorgeousness of the Orient, with its burnt blue skies and harsh, unrelieved lights and shadows. Witness Rubinstein and his pseudo-Russian music, which is neither fish nor flesh. And Wagner! Richard the Vulture, for is not his true name Geyer? What of Wagner? Jew! Jew! Jew! to the backbone and ashamed of it! Oh, what a wasted life, for he held the reins in his hands; had he declared himself a Jew he would have been the glory of his race! Oh Wagner! How hast thou juggled with thy Faith! thy immortal soul! Brahms is not a Jew—his music lacks our profile; but Verdi is, even to his name, not to speak of his face and his enormously assimilative talent.

Ah, we are all so assimilative! Where, then could I turn for an exemplar in my own race? To no one. They are all for hollow, theatric effect, as is the case with Rossini, Meyerbeer, Halévy, Bizet and Verdi, or else dress up the old classical skeleton, as did Mendelssohn, Bruch, Saint-Saëns and lots of others. There was no escape for me. The harder I applied myself to my task the more obviously became the limitations of my temperamental environment. Sick at heart, I realized that my mother was right, that do what I would I could not escape the heritage of my race. After months of useless travail, the thought—a noble, illuminating one—flashed over me. Why not, as a Jew, purely and not imitatively, eclipse all the composers of my race, and at a bound put myself into the ranks of the great masters of music, and thus win a place which is as yet unfilled by any one of us! We are beyond cavil the greatest virtuosi, but in the creative contest we must rank second best. This thought burned in my bosom for many moons, and spurred me on to many deeds of musical deriding-do.

Once I thought that I had grasped the magic skein, and I held it fast until, exhausted, I fell by the wayside. The contest has proved too unequal; I must relinquish it. I am a Jew, and yet not a true one. I have been unfaithful to both my religion and my art. I shall never see the promised land of music, but one will be born to our tribe who, without yielding one jot or tittle of his great faith, shall nevertheless go out among the peoples of the earth, and mighty shall be his name. He will be a Jewish composer, the first great Jewish composer, who shall sit on the Great White Throne with the Immortals and be embraced by them, and as Memnon feels the first rosy mists of the morn, then from its forefront shall resound our music, the music of the great Jew, who is as yet in the womb of time.

And mighty shall be the sound, and the nations shall fall prostrate and worship, saying as they beat their breasts! "Lo! he hath come and we know him by this sign. He hath made greater music than Beethoven!" And there will arise a wondrous sound of praise. And I, Yaankely Ostrowicz, who tell you all this, am as the man in the wilderness, who was called John the Forerunner. But for me peace reigneth not in my bosom, and my heart is as bronze. I have lost my all, and day and night I supplicate the Almighty. "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani."



PARIS.
Laudate dominum in sono tubæ: laudate eum in psalterio et cithara.
Laudate eum in tympano et choro: laudate eum in chordis et organo.—DAVID—BIBLE.

La convention appelle tous les talents dignes de servir la cause de l'humanité, à l'honneur de concourir à leur établissement par des hymnes et des chants civiques et par tous les moyens qui peuvent contribuer à leur embellissement et à leur utilité.—ROBESPIERRE, 1794.

Last week a company of ecclesiastics and artists met in the Church of St. Gervais for the purpose of creating a French society of religious music, having for its object:

The restoration of the Gregorian chant after the principles established by the Reverend Fathers Benedictine.

The placing in honor of the so-called Palestrina music as a model of figured music to be used in connection with the Gregorian chant on fête days.

The creation of a modern religious music which shall respect the texts and laws of the *liturgie*, while being inspired by the Gregorian and Palestrina traditions.—"L'ART MUSICAL," Paris, 1894.

EVIDENTLY the musicians of Paris have no idea that in the nineteenth century somersaults, social, civic and religious, the Catholic Church is to have any break in its existence. One would infer this at least from the zeal and earnestness with which musical leaders are at work establishing a music that shall accord artistically and religiously with its ecclesiastical character.

This society for the propagation of the plain chant pure, which has just been founded in Paris, is called the Schola Cantorum or School of Singers.

Were the names of those connected with this movement of less weight, were they those of young adventurers impelled only by a desire to create a sensation by a novel idea, one might decide that it was simply a roll of the wheel of art-fashion and regard it with curiosity. That they are who they are shows beyond question that there must be a germ of art-truth hidden in the calm depths of the Gregorian melodies which merits the serious attention of all real musicians.

Guilmant, Ch. Bordes, Bourgault-Ducoudray, Boisjolin and l'Abbé Perruchot are among the members of the "study committee." Musicians from all parts of France are seeking to become identified with the society.

What Guilmant touches is branded with truth and worth. M. Ch. Bordes has already been introduced to Americans through his profound and persistent efforts for the establishment of the music of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the organization of Les Chanteurs de St. Gervais for its interpretation.

M. Boisjolin is a savant, critic, lover of all that is historic in music, a writer on musical topics, and professor of vocal style well known to advanced and talented pupils. M. Bourgault-Ducoudray is professor of the chair of musical history in the Conservatoire, a composer, speaker, writer, in a sense an archaeologist in musical art, and one of the sound progressive spirits of the French day.

By many misunderstood to be an archaeologist pure, Bourgault-Ducoudray's researches are really made but to

bring to light what should illuminate and color modern thought. His hobby is akin to that of Dvorák, he holding that popular song is the melodic heart-beat of any nation, the spontaneous harmonizing of sentiment with local color, and that a composer cannot do better than draw upon it as a resource. The success of all unions of art and popularity in operatic creations (noticeably in his own "Thamara," the second tableau of which is a series of Oriental dances) proves this theory conclusively to his mind.

Another progressive faith of his is in the Russian school. He believes that much of our musical future is to come from that young but vigorous and picturesque spring. In a most entertaining and eloquent manner he has recently in the Conservatoire been treating the subject of French music through the period of the Revolution.

Well, the aim of this circle of savants with the good of music and high art aims only in view, is to find the correct and original line of melody in the abused plain chant music, and, finding it, to make of it a popular feature of the music of the Church.

It is a good deal like hunting for the "rise" principle in a cake of yeast, seeking the origin of the plain chant. Nobody seems to know when or where it began, or who composed the melodies—of Greek origin, perhaps—certainly of popular invention. The first we hear of it is its use in the Church at Rome before the time of "profane decadence."

Research has traced accuracy back as far as the fifth century, the era of les Révérends Père Benedictins monks, whose convent was at Solesmes in mid-France, whose Bourgault-Ducoudray was Dom Ponthier, a savant saint. He went to the manuscripts direct. His edition alone contains the exact translation of the ancient melodies.

How do they know? In the same manner as savants have proved the translations of obelisk hieroglyphics—by a sort of algebraic conclusion that if *a* is equal to *m* and *m* is equal to *y*, *a* is equal to *y*, or that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other.

The Schola Cantorum have been back in the manuscripts also, and find beyond a doubt that the Benedictine translation agrees with theirs, and is the only one of the many made which maintains the strict integrity of the original text without mutilation or cutting out. (By mutilation is meant an unconscious destruction of melody by false notes, cutting out, a neat but wholesale dropping of portions of the music for one reason or another.)

You see, before notation was common, tunes were handed down from father to son and from son to grandson, by ear!

Anyone who has ever attempted cutting paper patterns successively from each other, instead of from the first one, knows what a caricature the last one becomes. With varying ear drums the descent of a melody traditionally must result in musical caricature.

The Jewish cantors know something of this in the effect on their own beautiful ancient melodies, indeed it is with this very sort of restoration of the Oriental music of the Temple, that Mr. Sparger, of Temple Emanuel, New York, has so successfully been occupied of late years.

To M. Boisjolin, of the research committee of the new society, was given the task of proving the authenticity of the Ponthier edition. The paper upon which he has been at work is indeed an interesting one. The work has not been one for an idle or superficial person, I can assure you. To begin with, the so-called manuscript is a species of musical shorthand, from which cabalistic expression, logical sequence must drop into our quavers and semi-quavers on five lines and four spaces. Imagine a fifth century communion going through this process of dissection. Imagine the care in research to avoid the apparent trues, the care in judgment, not to come to too hurried conclusions, and the concentration, patience and faith necessary to the task.

Four other translations following that of Solésmes were found barbarously mutilated—the first that of Reims et Cambria; second, Digne; third, Paris; fourth, Pustet.

One of those is the Ratisbon edition, but I do not remember which. It is false anyway.

In the Dom Ponthier edition alone are reproduced in their integrity and splendor the traditional chants of the Roman Church. So say the research society. It seems that France is the only country that is occupying itself with this plain chant research. There seems to be something in the art-taste of the people that calls for truth and seeks simplicity. St. Grégoire le Grand was the first who commenced a collection and grouping of the melodies. From generation to generation, through negligence and inefficiency of singers, they have been degenerating, hence the various editions which are but groupings of things as they were, not as they ought to be. The only proof possible is through the manuscripts.

It is as if Shakespeare had been handed down by memory through actors of different times and qualities, each one after his kind, arranging lines to suit himself, till some person inspired with righteous indignation sought to straighten things out by means of the Shakespeare manuscripts. Well this is what this society is doing.

Speaking about this movement in Paris M. Boisjolin says: "Even in Paris, the nursery of art-truth, choir-masters of severe ecclesiastical taste are indeed rare, even when associated with organists who are so. Even among the clergy, who are the active musical agents in the Church, this sense is strongly lacking, and the greatest difficulty of all is to find those singers who could best represent the spirit of the song-worship, who will engage in it."

But when the plain chant has been fully restored, sung as it must be, without accompaniment, in its true rhythm, its fine vocalization and delicate expression will require the very best trained talent, and doubtless the graduels and alleluias will be coveted morceaux for even the most ambitious. Unfortunately we are not yet there."

Complaining recently to a choir-master of the false dronings by the choir boys, to which he was listening, the latter replied: "What can we do? They know these 'false dronings' by heart. We should have to make copies of new parts and teach them all over. And really it would not be worth the trouble; the music is more brilliant as it is, and shows off the voices better."

"The pure plain chant is the genus of the Christian spirit, the spontaneous expression of Christian faith, as opposed to the profane harmonies common in churches, as the theatre is to the Church. It is the permanent hymn of the Church; it is the universal religious feeling personified in melody, and therefore striking the ear is reflected back into the heart."

"But in order to have the melody reach the heart it is necessary that it should be interpreted truly, and the books in present use fall very far short of the truth. Liberties of all sorts are taken by the editors of the square and lozenge notation that fills the thick black books in use in the maîtrises. The square notation expresses only intervals; it does not indicate groups nor their divisions."

"The first thing to do with the old melodies is to divest them of all accompaniment, so as to get back to the original impressive rhythm and true movement which is half their power. Some of them it is absolutely necessary to treat as solos, to sing them in unison, the rhythm being too delicate for the heavy harmony. But there are others—the Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus—which, more simple and syllabic, would lose nothing of their character by a discreet organ accompaniment."

Saint Gervais and Notre-Dame-des-Blancs-Manteaux are the only two churches in Paris where sound ecclesiastical music is regularly sung. L'Abbé Perruchot, of Blancs-Manteaux, although hampered by lack of resource, has done much for the restoration of Gregorian chant in its true measure, and for the advancement of the music of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. At St Gervais M. Ch. Bordes has entire masses of the Palestrina character sung without accompaniment and with splendid effect.

Although the churches are slow to adopt the old and true music, the outlook is not discouraging for historical re-

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search, classic spirit, and the desire for good music is daily growing stronger in step with the march of musical progress.

Among the promotions and nominations in the "Légion d'Honneur," signed by the "Ministre des Beaux-Arts" on the occasion of July 14, and to be made official to-morrow (August 5) are:

Commandeur—M. Camille Saint-Saëns, Membre de l'Institut.

Officiers—M. Marmontel, the pianist, and M. Rety, sous-directeur of the Conservatoire.

Chevaliers—M. Victor Souchon, the manager general of the Society of Auteurs et Compositeurs de Musique, who has since 1880 devoted himself with disinterested zeal to the protection of the interests of musical creators; M. Lazzari, an Austrian artist, living here and distinguished in music, and MM. Paul Feerier and Raoul Tochi, dramatic authors.

The concours of the Conservatoire closed this week with the examination of classes in flute, hautbois, bassoon, clarinet, trumpet, &c.

When a century ago the Conservatoire was founded, the idea of forming musicians for the armies and for the Garde Nationale was the dominating one. There were then six professors of flute, four of hautbois, twelve of bassoon, nineteen of the clarinet, &c.

The change in this point of view alone is evidence of the progress of civilization as well as music. "Swords shall be turned, &c."

There exists but one class now for each instrument and the examinations were finished in two days. The concours were marked by a perfection far above that of the more fashionable subjects, and were said also to be far ahead of those of other years. The piece for flute was a concerto by Ferdinand Langer, a German composer, who has an enviable reputation as a writer of operas. Two first prizes, second prize, two first accessits, and a second accessit were given.

In the hautbois class, two second prizes and two accessits were given. The piece was a concertino of Guiliard.

Three first prizes were won by the clarinet class, the morceau second concerto of Weber, also two premier accessits.

Four pupils tried for the bassoon prize with a solo by Bourdeau. First prize unanimous, two second prizes and first accessit were won.

The other instruments were less interesting, but all classes had more or less honor, and the work was well done. MM. Thomas, Lenepveu, Raoul Pugno, Joncières, Jonas, Barthe, Turbau and Wegge were on the juries.

There is a distinction between first first prize, second first prize, third first prize, &c.; the first being the honor par excellence. One of the girl piano pupils broke into the most violent weeping and would not be comforted because she received but third first! At fourteen one would have imagined that sufficient honor. But the standard is high and ambition strong.

I was present yesterday in a room where one of the pupils of the preparatory piano class, a girl of thirteen, played the Henri Herz composition, which had been the test piece. Interested in the reserve force of Conservatoire-taught pupils, the host offered her Tschaikowsky's Jean d'Arc, to see what she would do with the accompaniment. No one offering to sing it, she took it for granted that it was meant as a solfège exercise. She commenced directly in her little, thin, young voice (she was of the instrumental class, in no sense a singer) and sang the entire song, every note and turn and slide correctly performed, in solfège, "sol, sol fa, me, &c.," playing her own accompaniment without a stumble or break and with charming expression.

Astonished, the host, who was a Russian, and knew the composition perfectly, gave her the overture to Glinka's "La Vie pour le Tsar," which, with all its varieties of mu-

sical catch in foreign sentiment, was played in a like artistic and skillful manner. Two pages of the "Onigine" overture, by Tschaikowsky, were played easily and correctly afterward and without sign of fatigue.

This was not even a prize pupil, just an ordinary member of a preparatory class. It does seem as if this was an excellent preparation for a piano artist. I do not know but two American singers studying in Paris now who can play their own accompaniments—with or without singing.

This week the grand organ at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, which has been completely restored to be a sister of that at St. Sulpice, was inaugurated. The ceremony lasted three hours in the afternoon. The only religious part was a Bénédiction du Saint Sacrement.

A notable trio, Widor, Guilmant and Gigout, indicated the resources of the beautiful instrument. Widor played the allegro of his Sixth symphony, the andante of the Second and the toccata of the Fifth. He played as if inspired.

Guilmant played a most exquisite and stirring improvisation on a French hymn, which stirred the greatest interest in the audience; his march on the Händel theme and the Bach prelude and fugue in E minor. Gigout played three of his own compositions, all remarkable, Grand Chœur Dialogué, Communion and toccata.

A. Niedermeyer's "Pater Noster," Haydn's "O Jesu, Deus Pacis," Mozart's "Benedictus" and "Jésus de Nazareth," by Gounod, were sung.

The organ was rebuilt by Cavallé-Coll in 1863-68, and was restored by the same hand. It has 86 stops, 110 registers, 5 claviers, 22 pedals of combination and 6,000 pipes, the longest being over 32 feet long. It is in point of view artistic, and as an exhibition of perfection in manufacture one of the most important in Europe.

A new collection of organ pieces composed by the following most celebrated modern composers has just been published by Gounin-Chidone, Paris:

Bernard.	Gazier.	Mathieu.
Boëllmann.	Guilmant.	Montalent.
Bourchère.	De Grandval.	Paladilhe.
Bordes.	Herlé.	Pierré.
Boural.	Hess.	Pinoël.
Bréville.	Hillemaier.	Radoux.
Chabrier.	Holmes.	Renie.
Chapuis.	Hde.	Reyer.
Clerc-Renaud.	D'Indy.	Rousseau.
Delamare.	Klein.	Ruest.
Desjoyeaux.	Kune.	Salvayre.
Diemer.	Lacroix.	Savard.
Donny.	Lambert.	de la Tombelle.
Ducellier.	Latouche.	Tournemire.
Eymien.	Lazzari.	Paul Vidal.
Fauré.	Lefebvre.	Vierne.
Folville.	Lenepveu.	Vinée.
Frêne.	MacMaster.	Widor.
Malherbe.	Weernsberger.	Vivet.
Gigout.	Maréchal.	

N'est ce pas, ce sont les artistes français qui ont eu le plus de succès cette année. Regardez, la saison passée à Londres; et à New York! Et voilà! la saison prochaine à New York! À Paris—cela va de soi même!

This Nelle Breval, one of the coming lights here, is one of the Conservatoire graduates of 1890, a pupil of Warot. Elénore Blanc got second prize when she got first prize. She is young, brown, a pretty Grecian type. She made her first success in Reyser's "Salambo," at the Opéra. She next sang "Selika," in "L'Africaine," successfully, but her great triumph was the creation of "Brünnhilde," at the Opéra. To create a rôle is a triumph; to create a Wagner rôle in Paris is still more distinct; to do it in the superb and sympathetic manner she did leaves her an enviable position. She has recently been, by permission of the Opéra administration, singing at the inauguration of the Théâtre Antique d'Orange "Pallas Athénée," an unpublished work of Saint-Saëns, written on a poem by Croze.

Mlle. Bourgeois, who is another of the bright promises

here, has also made success in "Brünnhilde." It is a mystery to people where this star studied. She dropped in here one day from mid-France all ready. Report has it that somebody paid all her expenses, that she has proved very ungrateful and that a suit à la Hill-Mather has been instituted to recover damages. This is not certain.

This is a great time to make a sweeping success in Paris with the money call across the Atlantic. No one need complain of lack of opportunity.

The American Miss Minnie Tracey has signed a contract at the Théâtre Khedivial at Cairo for 4,000 frs. a month. (Divide by 5.)

Mlle. Val, a first prize pupil of the Brussels Conservatoire, has been engaged here for the coming season.

Louise Nikita and her mother were this week guests at a grand "lunch" given by the Marquis and Marquise d'Oyley at their Villa Sans-Souci, Bellevue.

Mlle. Jane de Vigne, who was heard doubtless by many Americans at Aix-les-Bains this season, has signed a contract with Abbey & Grau.

A grandson of Herold, the author of "Zampa" and "Le Pré aux Clercs," is engaged to a Mlle. Clotilde Monchal. His name is Alphonse Herold. His father, Ferdinand Herold, was Préfet de la Seine.

"Don Quichotte," of Sardou, will be given at the Châtelet this winter. This piece was created by Lesueur and Pradeau. When Offenbach was director of the Gaité the idea came to him to make of it une pièce à spectacle. In its new form it will be accompanied by a score of M. Albert Renaud.

The thousandth representation of "Mignon" has been fêted at Calcutta. It was given by English artists. The name of the distinguished French composer was received with greatest enthusiasm, and M. Jouslain, French consul at Calcutta, who is a personal friend of M. Thomas, became the lion of the hour.

Excellent opéra comique has been given at Trouville this year. "Le Barbier" with "Fugère," "Les Dragons," "Mireille," "Le Songe d'une Nuit d'Été," "Portrait de Manon" and "Werther" have been given. Mlle. Parentini, who made her début this year in opéra comique here; Mlle. Wyns, Mmes. Ugalde and Grassot, MM. Lagrange and Mayer have made successes.

In August the Comédie opérétique "Triomphe du Cœur," by Pengérard Dezac and P. Vincent, with music by Mlle. Marie de Pierpont, Officier de l'Académie will be given at the Théâtre Montmartre.

M. Santiago Rieva has reached America without a moment's seasickness. He finds our country wonderful "in rush" and "in nature." He finds it a great disadvantage that he cannot speak the language and wishes now he had studied it before leaving Paris. (A hint to the wise is sufficient.) He is astonished at the extent and elegance of THE MUSICAL COURIER offices and charmed with the amiability of their occupants. He is visiting friends at Newport.

Mr. Arthur Little, the seventeen year old New York organist—and good one at that—has passed through here on his way to Vienna, where he goes to make a special study of piano.

CORRECTIONS.

M. Marsick in speaking of the pettiness of a violin artist who would refuse to play obligato passages for a singer said:

"Ce refus est un simple enfantillage, et non mérite guère qu'on s'y arrête."

The excellent proof reader of THE MUSICAL COURIER was evidently on his vacation when the sentence passed through last issue.

In writing of Mr. John Hermann Loud recently, I said that he was organist at Brookline, Mass. Mr. Burdette has been organist there many years and is now. Mr. Loud was organist of the Union Congregational Church of Weymouth, East Braintree, for three years, where he had a mixed quartet.

Also: Mrs. A. G. Thies should have been spoken of as Louise Girard, her musical name.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

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Some Critical Points in the Appreciation of Music.

BY EUSTACE J. BREAKSPEARE.

ART EVOLUTION.

THERE is a necessity for a certain "shifting rule" of criticism in approaching the works of different historical periods—that is, within a time when art (properly so called) may be found more or less developed. It will be seen how often the "aspects" or "intuitions" of art (Kunstanschauungen) have become changed. Much as we are wanting yet toward the appreciation of art as perfectly independent—distinguished from art as "applied"—no such view was possible at all among the Greeks, with whom music, in the former sense, can hardly be said to have existed. Scientific measurements of strings, painfully minute distinctions of scales, and the like, had been made; but of a musical art other than a mere servile accompaniment to poetry, or as conducing to some social end, the Greeks had no idea in the least. With Plato, as has been found, music was treated simply as a moral lever in state government. Certain of these ancient appreciations of music are highly amusing.

Plutarch admitted music as a suitable attendant upon conviviality; and, in his judgment, the art was never more beneficial than in seasons of festive relaxation and indulgence. He thought, too, that music had "the power of allaying the stimulating effects of wine!" Gradually the art sense becomes clearer, but even at the present day the maxim "L'art pour l'art" seems suspiciously heterodox to some, and by the many is hardly understood any better than it would have been in the olden time. It will be seen how necessary it is to take into account contemporary views upon the mission and function of the art—the transformation of ideals from time to time—in criticism of the work of any given period. The work of art is only to be correctly estimated when we are able to comprehend the artistic spirit and principal—the art idea, as the Germans term it—of the age to which it belongs. Nothing can be more highly uncritical than to approach antique works of art—or those belonging to distinct epochs of art—from an aesthetic outlook essentially modern. Truistic as this statement may appear, it is only too frequently lost sight of in the criticism of musical works of bygone periods. Such considerations also affect powerfully the practical reproduction of musical works; but with this province we are not so much concerned.

While certain universal musical principles remain unchanged, there are other forms and elements of the art which are continually undergoing a transformational process. Though this development is continuous, a marking off into chronological phases is yet practicable; each of these being distinguished by its peculiar ideals, its prevailing sentiment, conception, or intuition of art. The study of the historical development of an art is clearly distinct from a study of the absolute conditions of the same; but the latter presumes upon a previous inquiry into this evolutionary course of the art, and is indeed dependent upon the data here supplied—otherwise it must remain "suspended in air," so to speak. Only they who have earnestly sought after the attainment of some rule or principle in art which shall have universal, inevitable, and unvarying application, can know how impossible it is to rightly estimate the conditions of art as it exists without an accompanying full recognition of what it has been. Not only changes in outward forms or fashions, or in what we may call the objective elements of the art, but those also which correspond in the theories, sentiment, or views of art—in the "art consciousness" of the times, in short—need to be considered and evaluated. Therefore in the judgment of some particular composition, belonging to an anterior phase of art history, associated consequently with the unique art ideals of its period—no greater blunder, as we said before, can possibly be committed than to bring this work into our own modern atmosphere and compare it off hand with the efforts of contemporary art, the outcomes of a totally different spirit.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC AS CRITERION.

On strict aesthetic ground it is properly with instrumental music that these arguments are concerned. As Hanslick remarks, if an instrumental composition cannot express a definite sentiment, it is not right to say music can do it. In the combination of words and music we are removed to another platform of aesthetics. It is owing to the forgetfulness of this fact that there has been so much misconception of the nature of the musical art; a condition only possible when the union of words and tone (or program title and music, which enter under the same principle) has been confounded with that of music *pur et simple*; impressions most frequently are credited to music which owe themselves properly to the poetry or the presented idea. Poetry and music make a compound art, whose aesthetics are entirely distinct from those of music proper. This distinction is of the utmost importance. The aesthetics of music will of course have to regard the subjects of vocal music and program music; but there must previously be established the conditions of the musical art, as essentially

based upon pure instrumental forms, all others entering under mixed conditions. If we study the genesis of the musical art, we find instrumental music the outgrowth of song music, no other music existing originally than that which served as a vehicle to word expression. It will thus be seen how conflicting ideas as to the proper limits of the musical art should obtain even after the perfect differentiation of the two arts—of vocal music and instrumental music. Hanslick's book has done incalculable good in clearing the misty atmosphere which has hitherto surrounded the subject of musical aesthetics. All aesthetic writers following him may be accounted to belong to either the Hanslickian party or that which still upholds the "Gefühlstheorie." Herr Ehrlich's attempt was to show that the exclusive application of either system was impossible, a certain class of art existing for which any such emotional interpretation is clearly seen to be out of place; while, on the other hand, the "formal" theory he takes to be insufficient toward an appreciation of the aesthetic properties of many imaginative sides of art. The value of Hanslick's argument lies, after all, in its reaction against the "moonshine" philosophy of the old romantic school.

Many of the notions commonly, but erroneously formed of instrumental music are (though it is little perceived) really suggested by vocal (word and tone) music. No one has better remarked the truth, and therewith the importance of a clear recognition of the past evolutionary process of instrumental music, than has Küster, the author of the valuable lectures upon the "Formation and Establishment of Musical Judgment" ("Bildung und Begründung eines Musikalischen Urtheils"). He notes that all "objective criteria," deciding us as to the concrete significance of the work, are, after all, supplied outside the music itself; and that, in instrumental art, we only judge very broadly concerning the rapport of the musical expression with emotional life; and that our sense even of a musical logic is, in great measure, supported by "back reference" to the analogies of song music. We will render his own words upon this important point:

"In order that instrumental music may escape the danger of distancing too greatly the nature of the human voice, and thus of sacrificing its emotional contents, vocal music (in which it had its origin) is brought in occasionally as the necessary criterion. * * * This (the objective criterion) has hitherto, in song music, been afforded by the text, and in instrumental music the explanatory words of the title might seem to prove a substitute for the same. But the latter only in part suffice. The more music returns upon itself, and becomes purely lyrical, the more it evades objective criticism. However justifiable may be the subjective feeling, we must be careful as to our appreciations of the same. It is for that reason only occasionally that we can warrant the agreement of the expression with the psychical process in general. Indeed, so far it is difficult to find the rightful criterion. Next to our sympathetic instinct, we have for this purpose only a support in that logic which we have seen to declare itself, in the course of formal development, out of the nature of music itself; and so the truth must be arrived at by comparison of the results obtained in this way with their amount of practical exemplification in the works of those great masters of our art, gifted with a special and delicate sense in these matters.

Küster also illustrates, by an extract from Mozart's "Don Juan" (II., page 23), the tendency of music to gradually overstep the mere subordinate rôle of accompaniment, and while further idealizing the word contents to develop itself formally. These are his words:

"In this example we find a psychical portrayal (Seelenmaleri) in sounds, attaching itself certainly to the words, but yet transcending the limits of the same and independent in itself. Not only the transition to a rounded musical form, but also that to pure instrumental music, has been accomplished; and, together with a psychical justification, there is also proved the possibility of a definite musical subject matter."

LIMITS OF EXPRESSION.

Little is done toward discrediting the theory of emotional expression in instrumental music, as some have endeavored to do, by instancing the readiness with which Händel utilized his early Italian operatic melodies in his later oratorios, or in showing how some particular aria of Gluck allows of other words, totally opposite in character, being substituted for those in present

association. Here we perceive how important it is in respect to all musical illustrations belonging to classic periods—especially when these are intended to support some aesthetic argument—to bear in mind the fact that art in these times was still in its infantine stages of development; and how, consequently, any such data may prove valueless, or at least extremely uncertain, for the purpose of establishing art theories. Hanslick is inclined to forget this in certain references to the above writers. His argument appears to be this. If music were capable of expressing "grief," &c., then should Händel's melody not have suffered a totally different accompaniment of words. But this is assuming too much that this particular melody may be taken to represent "music" in its universal capability; which students of musical history and development may be inclined to question.

Tracing historically the cultivation of art we find gradually setting in a more perfect differentiation of the aesthetic classes, with a corresponding refinement of artistic expression. So that at the present time the same adaptation in vocal music of other words of entirely foreign sentiment would be found less easy, if not indeed impossible. A composer who would now imitate Händel's comfortable method of borrowing and extracting would simply have to be considered a sort of instrumental writer for the voice; and there is a plenitude of such writers, it may be added. This, simply owing to the fact that in any original setting—assuming it possessed of the perfect modern spirit—there would have been displayed a better understanding of all conventional idioms and nuances of expression, so as to forbid any such substitution, practicable enough in music of the old school.

Nevertheless, although such classic data can be said to have little importance for a study of this sort, modern instances, on the other hand, it must be admitted, can neither strictly be taken to prove the same; since, despite the increased wealth of refinement in modern music, there is no real extension of the capacity of music, but merely a more subtle contrivance and better appreciation of all musical and poetical analogies—music all the time, be it understood, in strict companionship with words. The fact remains that the mutual appositeness of words and music—whether in classic or modern composition—can only be properly tested when both elements are presented in union. That instrumental music cannot of its own power express determinate sentiments is true enough; but this truth is not assisted by vocal illustrations from Gluck, Händel or any other writer of back periods in art. All that the latter go to prove is how unprecise in those times was the application of musical idioms—how uninformed in fact such yet were.

Since instrumental music can, at the most, express that which exists anterior to the formation of the concrete idea—or rather is restricted to that which lies outside the limits of the latter—it is therefore impossible to attach any such idea as essential to its character, if we attempt to define the same. Let us accept it that the impressions of a musical composition upon two individuals are identical—which, however, beyond a certain limit, cannot actually be; in the transition to idea, the individual distinctions therein become apparent, and indeed very likely they may seem quite opposite. However definite the musical impression, as soon as it attempts to associate itself with outer or foreign concepts, it becomes then just as wide and indefinite.

We have at times not only to make allowance for what we may term individual nuances of the common impression, but also for cases wherein the personal feeling is highly different from the usual effect produced by the musical cause. Mendelssohn, for instance, has told it of himself that whenever he heard the "Papageno" air in the "Zauberflöte," tears always started to his eyes. In such instances it need not be supposed that the proper expression of the piece is altogether unfelt. At the same time, we see, at any rate, how much association of ideas—or perhaps an unconscious association of impressions—is inclined to interfere even with the effects of music upon the "best regulated" minds; and, consequently, the danger of others (more randomly impressionable) wholly mistaking their false associations for the actual intentions of the composer.—"Musical Opinion."

Marquis of Lorne.—The Marquis of Lorne has written the libretto for a Scotch opera. The composer is Hamish MacCunn.

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Death of Durant Da Ponte.

THE news comes from New Orleans that Durant Da Ponte, for many years one of the leading journalists and politicians of Louisiana, is dead. He died in Alameda, Cal., whither he had gone to look after some business matters. Mr. Da Ponte was a grandson of Lorenzo Da Ponte, the Italian poet, who lives in history chiefly as the author of Mozart's operas, "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni." Lorenzo Da Ponte died in this city on August 17, 1838, after having lived here a generation as full of vicissitudes as either of the two that preceded it; how checkered they were some of the readers of the "Tribune's" articles on the career of the old man published in 1887 will readily recall. When those articles, based on original researches, were printed it was the opinion of the writer that Mr. E. Ellery Anderson, the only surviving son of Da Ponte's daughter, was the only grandchild of the poet, no record having been found of the family of Lorenzo's son, Lorenzo L. Da Ponte, who died here in New York at the age of thirty-five years in 1840. This gentleman, who must have been the father of the Da Ponte whose death at the age of sixty-five is now chronicled, was professor of the Italian language in the University of the City of New York, and, we believe, among his pupils who remember him with affectionate admiration is General Sickles. If Durant Da Ponte was born in 1829, as his age would indicate, his birthplace must have been No. 342 Broadway, three doors from the small bookshop near Catharine lane, which his grandfather was then keeping with the help of his son. When the poet died his son was still an occupant of his home, No. 91 Spring street, which fact contributed to the conclusion formed in 1887 that the Andersons were the only descendants of Da Ponte. Information now comes from New Orleans that Durant Da Ponte was named after his uncle, Thomas J. Durant, of Washington, a lawyer, and once candidate for the Presidency of the United States. Durant is said to have gone to Mexico with the American Army from New Orleans, which circumstance would seem to indicate that he had gone South from New York shortly after the death of his father. He was only eighteen years old when he established an American newspaper in Mexico, but returning to New Orleans he associated himself with the "Delta," "Picayune" and other newspapers. During the war, when he fought for the Confederate States, he wrote letters to the "Dispatch." After the War of the Rebellion he returned to New Orleans, and again engaged in journalism and politics, but retired ten years ago when he acquired a large fortune from speculation. He held at various times important political offices, and was a member of the Returning Board in 1876. He was an authority on politics, mathematics and art.

A new element is introduced into the variegated Da Ponte story by the statement that Durant Da Ponte "claimed descent from the Doge of Venice, who built the bridge of the Rialto, from which the family name is taken." If such was the belief of the man just dead, he must have had information touching the life-story of his grandfather of which the world has been kept in ignorance. The question of the antecedents of Lorenzo Da Ponte was pretty thoroughly discussed here and in Germany in 1887, in consequence of the "Tribune's" interesting revelations. Robert Proelsa, a critic in Frankfurt, in particular, attempted to controvert the proposition that the poet was by birth a Jew, and that Da Ponte was not the family name, but one assumed by him and his brother out of compliment to their benefactor, Lorenzo Da Ponte, Bishop of Ceneda, who adopted them when the poet was fourteen years old, and educated them. Here Proelsa argued that the statement that Lorenzo Da Ponte was a Jew rested only on an allegation of Michael Kelley in his "Reminiscences," and that to establish it it would be necessary to tell what was the original name of Da Ponte and his father. For the world's ignorance on that point Da Ponte is himself responsible. He does not give the names of his parents in his "Memorie," nor set up any claim to relationship with the Lorenzo Da Ponte, Bishop of Ceneda, who educated him. But Kelley only gave utterance to what had long been popularly accepted and never denied, when he said of his

friend, Da Ponte: "It was said that originally he was a Jew, turned Christian, dubbed himself an Abbé, and became a great dramatic writer." This was not published until Da Ponte had been over twenty years in America. More than ten years before the poet left England he had a literary quarrel with an Italian, who continually twitted him with his change of religious faith. The title of one of the pamphlets directed against Da Ponte, who at the time was poet to the Royal Theatre, was as follows:

Breve Notizia dell' opera buffa intitolata "La Scerola de' maritati, o sia delle Corna," scritta dal celebre, Lorenz Daponte—il quale dopo di essere stato Ebreo, Cristiano, sacerdote, e poeta in Italia e in Germania, si trova secolare, maritato e asino in Londra.

There are also two scurrilous sonnets in the pamphlet, one of which is inscribed as follows (in Italian):

To the ineffable merit of the Jew, Lorenzo Da Ponte, poet of the Italian Theatre in London, who, after having been converted to Christianity in the city of Venice, embraced the Churchly state so successfully that he reached the dignity of a priest; but, come to England, would wear no other robe than that of an impostor, and kicked aside the "Dominus vobiscum" in order to increase the number of rascals.

A "Piacevoli Noterelle" was published in answer to the anonymous pamphlet, but in it no denial of the oft-repeated statement that Da Ponte was born a Jew is to be found.

The story that Da Ponte was originally a Jew did not originate with Kelley. It is scores of years older than the latter's "Reminiscences." In the New York "Mirror" of September 28, 1838, Sam Ward was Da Ponte's necrologist. Both he and N. P. Willis, then one of the editors of the "Mirror," were old and intimate friends of Da Ponte. Ward speaks with evident conviction of the fact (which from the tone of the article we can safely assume was based upon information communicated by the poet), and says that he was the son of a leather dealer in Ceneda, and was brought up by his father "under the Mosaic law" until his fourteenth year. He was then placed in the Seminary of Ceneda by the bishop, Lorenzo Da Ponte. It is evident that Da Ponte was an assumed name, and if so, while the Bishop of Ceneda may have been, the poet was not by that token descended from the Doge of Venice "who built the bridge of the Rialto from which the family name is taken."

—Sunday Tribune.

William Parry and His Methods.

THE English youth serves an apprenticeship of seven years to trade or business, and then is expected to be thoroughly proficient. Now, I have served over four such terms since I have been in business for twenty-nine consecutive years, and I must be a dunce indeed if I haven't managed to know something about it.

Such was the reply given by William Parry, stage manager for Abbey & Grau's grand opera company, when somebody remarked about his greatness in that branch of the theatrical profession chosen by him. In fact, it is asserted that he is the greatest of stage managers now alive, and his quotation of English ways was the more apt because "he was born an Englishman," whether it was "greatly to his credit" or not. Anyhow, he is now cosmopolitan enough to be a good American, and clever and adaptable enough to be allowed anything he chooses—a sort of all things to all men, says the Chicago "Post."

It is rarely enough that one meets a man to whom the epithet of "sunny" can be applied. Yet, oddly, that is about the first thing one thinks about when looking at Mr. Parry. There is a genial brightness of voice and manner and gesture, an honest frankness of eye and a wholesome "atmosphere" about the man which suggests the word at once and causes the unsophisticated to wonder how so kind and mild a man may rule an army of recalcitrant singers!

But take a seat in the dim auditorium while a full rehearsal is going on and you will understand. The glove may be of velvet, yes—but the hand hath an iron grip. The smile may be sunny enough to inspire confidence, but the eyes are keen to seek a blunder.

"Are the prime donne amenable to discipline, or are rehearsals merely a matter of chorus?" was asked.

"You saw the principals in 'Aida.' I assure you that the stars come on cheerfully to rehearsals whenever it is in the slightest degree necessary. As for fire in the acting—perhaps the rehearsal is not so great an example as regular

performances, because there is not the inspiration of the house."

"About Calvé?"

"She is not so impassioned from the start, but as the rehearsal progresses she warms up to the part and finishes it as well as though she were before a full house. She is most anxious to please and knows how interested I am in her career."

"Are not prime donne hard to manage? Are they not fanciful, and do they not disagree tremendously?"

Mr. Parry laughed. "They are nervous and sensitive. That is the artistic temperament. And they will not sing if they feel at all indisposed—for don't you see the public is always on the alert to discover a false note or the slightest indication of failing power? Besides, I really think they are more frightened of the criticisms of one another than of anything else in the world. As for getting along comfortably, I think this company is more of a happy family than any other I have ever drilled. If any of the stars are at loggerheads they do not show it, but applaud each other's efforts as the best of friends. I noticed Mme. Calvé the other night standing in the wings and applauding Mme. Arnoldson, in 'Pagliacci,' with all her might."

Mr. Parry has been gifted with a large experience in matters theatrical, yet so devoid is he of the traditional theatrical "bounce" that no one would be likely to guess of his connection with the theatre. He looks more like some shrewd and thoughtful lawyer, or a quiet and successful business man. He was born in Manchester, England, in 1855, and gave so much promise of developing into a singer that he was adopted by Mme. Theresa Tietjens, and was also the protégé of Santley, the baritone.

Thus the first twenty-five years of his career were passed in the Mapleson Opera Company, and the voice—well, in his own modest language, "there wasn't enough of that to bother with," so they did the next best thing to making a singer of him—taught him French and Italian, and started him in at stage management. They are very funny stories which Mr. Parry tells of himself at this stage of the proceedings.

One night a singer fell ill. There was no one to fill his place, and the curtain would rise in half an hour.

"What shall we do?" screamed Colonel Mapleson, and everyone but one echoed the cry. That one exception, however, had a bright idea, and cried:

"Where's Willy? Willy knows this music, doesn't he? Why can't he sing to-night?"

As it happened "Willy" did know the music. He knew the company's repertory by heart. And "Willy" sang. The performance was "Figaro," and his part that of "Antonio." It was at Her Majesty's Theatre, with Sir Michael Costa leading. "I didn't mind going on so much," says Mr. Parry reminiscently, "for I was music perfect, but I couldn't be sure about the placing of my voice. It seemed to me that I was making a terrible amount of sound, and I didn't want to drown the others. When at the end there was an ensemble—a sextet, Tietjens, Marie Rose, Trebelli, two others and myself—this fear grew to a horror. 'Goodness,' I thought, 'if I drown Tietjen's voice she will be so angry.' But I couldn't tell whether I was doing it or not. After the performance I approached a friend of mine—the first violin—and begged him to tell me if I had been singing too loud."

"Willy, my lad, we couldn't hear you even in the orchestra," was his reply.

And Mr. Parry laughs anew at the recollection and tells how, after that, when a performer was inclined to flunk, Mapleson used to hold Parry up as a sort of threat and say, "Well, if you can't go on I shall get Willy to sing your part." And Mr. Parry adds that he served thus both as a "dreadful warning" and a stop-gap for many years.

Of course in so long a career Mr. Parry has been in at the discovery of an occasional star, and one of his most interesting reminiscences is regarding Gerster.

"She had been spoken of to Colonel Mapleson as a woman who could sing, and word had been sent to her that she might come to rehearsal on trial. The hour arrived and Sir Michael Costa took up his baton, but no great singer came with impressive entrance."

"Where's Gerster?" was the cry, and the director

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grumbled, 'Coming late! This is a bad beginning,' when a little draggled woman approached. Her long and dingy waterproof cloak drabbled against her muddy boots, which were run over at the heels. Her bonnet was one which even the chorus would have disdained—and beyond that words can go no further. In her cotton-gloved hands she clasped a huge green umbrella, bursting abroad like an opening lettuce.

"Please, I'm here. My name is Gerster," said the doleful apparition timidly.

"The singers tittered. The director frowned and sniffed and took up his baton as one who should say: 'Here goes for another failure. As well get the agony over quickly.' It was pathetic, too. The lonely, dripping figure, without even a friend to perform the courtesy of an introduction. The rehearsal began.

"But before the first act was over everybody was standing up and the orchestra was beating applause on the backs of the violins. Gerster had come into her own. And you may be sure that that was the end of the waterproof and the cotton umbrella," adds Mr. Parry, "for Colonel Mapleson took her out and got her costumed, and provided her with a carriage and pair with which to drive up to the stage door and create a sensation."

A decade ago Mr. Parry decided that he would like a change, and therefore signed with Abbey & Grau, discovering only too late that there had been a clause in his Mapleson contract which provided for his re-engagement for two years if desired. This clause Mr. Mapleson decided to enforce, but left it until the opening night of "Faust" in the Metropolitan Opera House, of New York, thinking that if Mr. Abbey were suddenly deprived of a stage manager the opera would surely be a failure, since everyone is more or less nervous on a first night, and a stage manager needs all his poise and coolness in order to move things along in smooth ways.

Learning that Mr. Mapleson had sheriffs all about the street and the theatre this first night Mr. Parry disguised himself as a peddler, with long beard, glasses and ragged clothes, and as a "super" directed the whole of the stage performance without being recognized. His assistant indeed was made to do the running about, and so given the appearance of stage manager, and twice an eager officer served the papers upon the wrong man.

Christine Nilsson, who was in the joke, kept saying: "Where is Mr. Parry? Why isn't Mr. Parry here? How ever are we going to get along without Mr. Parry?" thus deepening the general confusion of the searchers. The next day Mr. Parry went back to fulfill his two years' contract; but the first night of "Faust" at the Metropolitan had come off without a hitch.

As for the chorus, Mr. Parry can give more interesting information in five minutes than one can mentally digest in a day. The present chorus of sixty-two persons, it seems, was secured bodily from the Covent Garden Theatre in London. They are all Italians, and to most of them chorus singing is hereditary. They have sung in chorus all their lives; their parents and their grandparents have been chorus singers before them. They have drunk in operas with their earliest pap. They have been able to sing opera since they first learned the usage of rhythm and harmony, for they are all Italians, and all Italians go to the opera in their mother country.

They are not over young. It would be folly to speak of the women as "chorus girls." Probably if one called out "Grandma!" suddenly every one of them would move to answer. But this is not a disadvantage, it seems, since the older chorus singer is the one who knows the greatest number of operas and who is the most practiced in the singing. The chorus people have a special master, who drills them with a piano, but they sing mostly by ear rather than by the score.

"If they would but act a little bit," sighs Mr. Parry feelingly; "but they won't. They go on and sing the music perfectly, and then go off in a hurry to cook their macaroni, feeling that they have done their duty. Very good macaroni, too," he mused.—"Sunday Journal."

The Modern Music Poem.

M. PAUL MILLIET, editor of "Le Monde Artiste," discoursed recently upon "The Theories and Errors of the Modern Music Poem." That at least was the attractive title of his paper, which, however, dealt very little with the announced theories and errors, but chiefly with the methods of Wagner and the supposed ignorance of modern critics. In the opinion of the lecturer, any method of composition is only of service to him by whom it is invented, and those who are gifted should speak in the form that their genius dictates; composers, in fact, should avoid systems as they would fly from the plague. The musical poem, the lecturer said, had given rise to numberless theories. There was scarcely a composer or a poet but who would dictate how poetry and music should be united, but there were scarcely two who would agree. Wagner by the power of his genius was able to hide the weak places of his system, but it was not so with his imitators. To them Wagner's method was as much a hindrance and a snare as a giant's armor would be to a

dwarf. Wagner maintained that the legend was a more suitable subject for musical treatment than the events of history; but Meyerbeer, in "Les Huguenots," had given as powerful a musical expression of the passions of "Raoul," "Marcel," and "Valentine" as Wagner had of the emotions of "Wotan," "Fricka" and "Brünnhilde."

Gluck effected a revolution in dramatic music. He said that the true function of music was to assist the poem, to strengthen the expression and the interest of the situations, and he had left the receipt which he had followed in the composition of "Alceste" and "Orfeo"—viz., Preserve the truth in the declamation and the recitative, and do not hinder the action by superfluous ornamentations. But the observance of these axioms would not produce a masterpiece, because it was the *man* and not his *method* that made the greatness of a work. Methods were peculiar to the geniuses who invented them. Every artist worthy of the name evolved his own theories and systems, which were dependent on his mental peculiarities and the race from which he had sprung. Moreover, artists modified their deepest opinions according to circumstances. Of the many erroneous ideas to which the modern music poem had given birth there were none more striking than those which affected the treatment of melody. Composers strove to follow Gluck in making melody subservient to the text, and to imitate Wagner in surrounding it with harmonic complexities until reason was lost in wild fantasy. Melody, however, found a shelter from scientific complications in England. English composers preserved their sensitiveness to the simple beauty of melody. They put therein neither science nor system, but their heart. It was an old way, but there was never yet a better to stir the emotion of the listener. Why, then, was so much heard of methods of composition? Why did not the critics show that a system of procedure was but the means by which the genius showed its taste? Why did they not show the disastrous consequences which resulted from a composer fettering himself with a system foreign to his genius? Why did not critics do their duty in this matter? Because they were ignorant. Of fifty writers who arrogated to themselves the right to discuss art there were only ten who had the aptitude and the indispensable knowledge to do so. And, what was worse, every one of the fifty thought himself included in the ten.—"Musical Times."

The Longevity of Composers.

THERE is a popular belief in the minds of many outside of our profession, writes Dr. Waltern Pegg in the "Jewish Messenger," that the life of an artist, either instrumental or vocal, is full of peril to health and longevity. This is not entirely correct. It can be said that a certain physical exhaustion which must accompany highly sustained effort of mind or body is specially deleterious in the case of an artist, but exertion need not produce ailment. People were intended to exert themselves. Does the parliamentary orator speak for four hours without fatigue? Or the playwright continue without highly wrought and sustained attention, practiced advisedly and without necessary injury to his brain? Do medical men see 100 patients in the course of the day without severe mental tension? Let the people that encourage this erroneous idea dismiss it from their minds; there is nothing demoralizing in deliberately and for a definite purpose putting one's self or others through the experience of a highly strung series of emotion.

It is even a good and very healthy function of art to raise one's feeling to their highest degree of intensity. It is a part of a correct system of discipline, calculated to bring the emotions into high condition and healthy activity, and to keep them in good state—may I say?—of repair. The body is intended and suited at times to bear an extreme tension of its muscles. The athlete, professional or other-

wise, is perfectly aware of this; and when he is rubbed down, attended to and wrapped up in his hot blanket after violent exercise, either in the boat or in the field, &c., he is not alarmed at feeling himself going off into a profound sleep through sheer exhaustion, for he is aware that such systematic exertion and exhaustion must be undergone in order to raise his physique to its highest state of power and health. Thus it is the laws which regulate the life and health of the emotions are exactly similar, and these laws prescribe regular steady exercise, rest, recreation and sometimes tension. In itself the habitual exercise and discipline of the emotions, for instance in music or the sister art, has not an evil effect, but quite the reverse: it is the very condition of health.

Composers as a rule have been remarkably healthy and long lived. Händel was 74 years of age when he died; Lalande was 76; Bach was 65; Scarlatti was 66; Haydn, 77; Palestrina, 70; Spohr, 75; Marcello, 63; Gluck, 73; Paisiello, 75; Cherubini, 82; Beethoven, 57; Rossini, 78; Piccini, 73; Meyerbeer, 70; Auber, at the advanced age of 88, still composed, and was in the enjoyment of almost robust health; friend Verdi will be 81 years on October 10; Charles Gounod, who recently died at a ripe old age, was in robust health, with all the energy of a young man of 25, to within a short time of his demise; and also C. Saint-Saëns and many other artist composers one could mention as enjoying vigorous health and ripe years.

On the other hand, one must chronicle several deeply lamented maestros who died in the glory of their young manhood. It is difficult even now to write or speak of these without emotion. Glorious Mozart died at the early age of 35, a short, sad life, full of the rarest promise; Mendelssohn died when only 38; Purcell died when but in his 37th year; Pergolesi was only in his 26th year; Bellini, 33; Chopin, 39, and Schubert only 31.

May I add, the result of the delicate state of health as a rule in artists is not due to tendencies inherent in the executive art itself, so much as to the pitiless and unfair conditions which have been too often imposed upon them by the public and society?—"Home Journal."

Italy.—The last musical and dramatic season in Italy has been quite disastrous. Twenty-three dramatic and four opera companies have disbanded.

Slavic Songs.—Under the title of "Slovanstvo v snych Spevch" (Slavonia and its Songs) Louis Kuba has made a great collection of songs which are popular in Slavonic countries. It includes the songs of Bohemia, Silesia, Moravia, Slavonia, Poland, Lusacia, Little, White and Great Russia, Montenegro and Croatia, with a promise of an addition shortly of Servian and Bulgarian songs.

Mme. Gounod.—Mme. Gounod and her son Jean are gathering material for a "Memorial" concerning the composer of "Faust." The great composer kept a diary in which he noted day by day what interested him most. This as well as his correspondence which his friends are furnishing to the widow ought to make the "Memorial" highly interesting as an autobiography.

Rodolphe Kreutzer.—Kreutzer, who died at Geneva, Switzerland, in 1831, was born at Versailles, France, in 1767. His father was a German musician at the French Court, and his first teacher on the violin. He wrote many operas and his acquaintance, while in Vienna, with Beethoven led the latter to compose in his honor the "Kreutzer Sonata" for violin and piano. He wrote his celebrated studies while at the Conservatory of Paris. Six years before his death he ceased playing in public owing to an accident which deprived him of his left arm. Queney engraved in 1809 Kreutzer's portrait, which is now being reproduced by M. A. Massart for Henry Kling, who has lately achieved much to revive the honored memory of one of France's greatest violinists.

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Franz Liszt Described by Some of His Admirers.

COMPILED BY ANDREW DE TERNANT.

IN a previous series of articles in this magazine the present writer endeavored to present Franz Liszt as described by those who belonged to the same profession as himself. The following reminiscences, being from writers possessing for the most part no technical knowledge of our art, may not be so valuable from a musical point of view, but the description of their personal intercourse with the greatest pianist of this century, in many instances of a chatty nature, will serve, it is hoped, as a supplement to the more critical observation of his musical contemporaries. In no case have any of the following recollections been selected from the published biographies or lives of Liszt, but from sources which have escaped the attention of most students of musical literature. Let us commence with the recollections of

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The author of the charming fairy tales, which are still admired by young as well as old people, in his usual graceful style, gives a description of a Liszt concert in 1840:

"In Hamburg, at the City of London Hotel, Liszt gave a concert. In a few minutes the hall was crowded. I came too late, but I got the best place—close upon the orchestra, where the piano stood—for I was brought up by a back staircase. Liszt is one of the kings in the realm of music. My guide brought me to him, as I have said, up a back stair, and I am not ashamed to acknowledge this. The hall—even the side rooms—beamed with lights, gold chains and diamonds. Near me, on a sofa, reclined a young Jewess, stout and overdressed. She looked like a walrus with a fan. Grave Hamburg merchants stood crowded together, as if they had important business 'on 'change' to transact. A smile rested on their lips, as though they had just sold 'paper' and won enormously. The Orpheus of mythology could move stones and trees by his playing. The new Liszt-Orpheus had actually electrified them before he played. Celebrity, with its mighty prestige, had opened the eyes and ears of the people. It seemed as if they recognized and felt already what was to follow. I myself felt in the beaming of those many flashing eyes, and that expectant throbbing of the heart, the approach of the great genius who with bold hands had fixed the limits of his art in our time. London, that great capital of machinery, or Hamburg, the trade emporium of Europe, is where one should hear Liszt for the first time; there time and place harmonize; and in Hamburg I was to hear him. An electric shock seemed to thrill through the hall as Liszt entered. Most of the ladies rose. A sunbeam flashed across each face, as though every eye were seeing a dear, beloved friend. I stood quite close to the artist. He is a slight young man. Long, dark hair surrounded the pale face. He bowed and seated himself at the instrument. Liszt's whole appearance and his mobility immediately indicate one of those personalities toward which one is attracted solely by their individuality. As he sat at the piano the first impression of his individuality, and the trace of strong passions upon his pale countenance, made me imagine that he might be a demon banished into the instrument from which the tones streamed forth. They came from his blood; from his thoughts; he was a demon who had to free his soul by playing; he was under the torture; his blood flowed, and his nerves quivered. But as he played the demonia disappeared. I saw the pale countenance assume a nobler, more beautiful expression. The divine soul flashed from his eyes, from every feature; he grew handsome—handsome as life and inspiration can make one. His 'Valse Infernale' is more than a daguerreotype from Meyerbeer's 'Robert.' We do not stand before and gaze upon the well-known picture. No, we transport ourselves into the midst of it. We gaze deep into the very abyss, and discover new, whirling forms. It did not seem to be the strings of a piano that were sounding. No, every tone was like an echoing drop of water. Anyone who admires the technic of art must bow before Liszt; he that is charmed with the genial, the divine gift, bows still lower. The Orpheus of our day has made tones sound through the great capital of machinery, and no one found and recognized, as a Copenhagen has said, that 'his fingers are simply railroads and steam engines.' His genius is more powerful to bring together the great minds of the world than all the railroads on earth. The Orpheus of our day has preached music in the trade emporium of Europe, and (at least for a moment) the people believed the gospel. The spirit's gold has a truer ring than that of the world. People often use the expression 'a sea of sound' without being conscious of its significance, and such it is that streams from the piano at which Liszt sits. The instrument appears to be changed into a whole orchestra. This is accomplished by ten fingers, which possess a power of execution that might be termed superhuman. They are guided by a mighty genius. It is a sea of sound, which in its very agitation is a mirror for the life task of each burning heart. I have met politicians who, at Liszt's playing, conceived that peaceful citizens at the sound of the 'Marseillaise' might be so carried away that

they might seize their guns and rush forth from hearths and homes to fight for an idea! I have seen quiet Copenhageners, with Danish autumnal coolness in their veins, become political bacchantes at his playing. The mathematician has grown giddy at the echoing fingers and the reckoning of the sounds. Young disciples of Hegel (and among those the really gifted and not merely the light-headed, who at the mere galvanic stream of philosophy make a mental grimace) perceived in this sea of music the wave-like advances of knowledge toward the shore of perfection. The poet found the rein of his heart's whole lyric, or the rich garment of his boldest delineation. The traveler (yes, I conclude with myself) receives musical pictures of what he sees or will see. I heard his playing as it were an overture to my journey. I heard how my heart throbbed and bled on my leaving home. I heard the farewell of the waves—the waves that I should only hear again on the cliffs of Terracina. Organ tones seemed to sound from Germany's old cathedrals. The glaciers rolled from the Alpine hills, and Italy danced in carnival dresses, and struck with her wooden sword while she thought in her heart of Cæsar, Horace and Raphael. Vesuvius and Ætna burned. The trumpet of judgment resounded from the hills of Greece, where the old gods are dead. Tones that I knew not—tones for which I have no words—pointed to the East, the home of fancy, the poet's second fatherland. When Liszt had done playing the flowers rained down on him. Young, pretty girls, old ladies, who had once been pretty girls, too, threw their bouquets. He had indeed thrown a thousand bouquets into their hearts and brains.

"From Hamburg Liszt was to fly to London, there to strew new tone-bouquets, there to breathe poetry over material working day life. Happy man! who can thus travel throughout his whole life, always to see people in their spiritual Sunday dress—yea, even in the wedding garment of inspiration. Shall I often meet him? That was my last thought, and chance willed it that we met on a journey at a spot where I and my readers would least expect it—met, became friends, and again separated. But that belongs to the last chapter of this journey. He now went to the city of Victoria—I to that of Gregory the Sixteenth."

HEINE.

There are several reminiscences of Liszt to be found in the collected works of the great German author. Heine, writing in 1844 at Paris, says:

"When I some time ago heard of the marvelous excitement which broke out in Germany, and more particularly in Berlin, when Liszt showed himself there, I shrugged my shoulders and thought quiet, Sabbath-like Germany does not want to lose the opportunity of indulging in a little 'permitted' commotion; it longs to stretch its sleep-stiffened limbs, and my Philistines on the banks of the Spree are fond of tickling themselves into enthusiasm, while one declaims after the other, 'Love, ruler of gods and men!' It does not matter to them, thought I, what the row is about, so long as it is a row, whether it is called George Herwegh (Saphir), Fanny Essler or Franz Liszt. If Herwegh be forbidden we turn to the politically 'safe' and uncompromising Liszt. So thought I, so I explained to myself the Liszt mania; and I accepted it as a sign of the want of political freedom on the other side of the Rhine. But I was in error, which I recognized for the first time at the Italian Opera House where Liszt gave his first concert, and before an assembly which is best described as the élite of society here. They were, anyhow, wide-awake Parisians: people familiar with the greatest celebrities of modern times, totally blasé and preoccupied men, who had 'done to death' all things in the world, art included; women equally 'done up' by having danced the polka the whole winter through. Truly it was no German sentimental, Berlin-emotional audience before which Liszt played—quite alone, or rather accompanied only by his genius. And yet, what an electrically powerful effect his mere appearance produced! What a storm of applause greeted him! How many bouquets were flung at his feet! It was an impressive

sight to see with what imperturbable self-possession the great conqueror allowed the flowers to rain upon him and then, at last, graciously smiling, selected a red camellia and stuck it in his buttonhole. And this he did in the presence of several young soldiers just arrived from Africa, where it did not rain flowers but leaden bullets, and they were decorated with the red camellias of their own heroes' blood, without receiving any particular notice either here for it. Strange, thought I, these Parisians have seen Napoleon, who has been obliged to supply them with one battle after another to retain their attention—these receive our Franz Liszt with acclamation! And what acclamation!—a positive frenzy, never before known in the annals of furor."

Heine relates the following curious conversation he had with a medical man about Liszt:

"A physician whose specialty is woman diseases, whom I questioned on the fascination which Liszt exercises on his public, smiled very strangely, and at the same time spoke of magnetism, galvanism and electricity, of contagion in a sultry hall, filled with innumerable wax lights, and some hundred perfumed and perspiring people, of histrionic epilepsy, of the phenomenon of tickling of musical cantharides, and other unmentionable matters, which, I think, have to do with the mysteries of the bona dea; the solution of the question, however, does not lie perhaps so strangely deep, but on a very prosaic surface. I am sometimes inclined to think that the whole witchery might be explained thus—namely, that nobody in this world knows so well how to organize his successes, or rather their mise en scène, as Franz Liszt. In this art he is a genius, a Philadelphia, a Bosco, a Houdin—yea, a Meyerbeer. The most distinguished persons serve him gratis as compères, and his hired enthusiasts are drilled in an exemplary way."

This amusing anecdote about Liszt and the once famous tenor, Rubini, is also told by Heine:

"The celebrated singer had undertaken a tour with Franz Liszt, sharing expenses and profits. The great pianist took Signor Belloni about with him everywhere (the entrepreneur in general of his reputation), and to him was left the whole of the business management. When, however, all accounts had been settled up, and Signor Belloni presented his little bill, what was Rubini's horror to find that among the mutual expenses there appeared sundry considerable items for 'laurel wreaths,' 'bouquets,' 'laudatory poems,' and such like 'ovation expenses.'"

"The naive singer had, in his innocence, imagined that he had been granted these tokens of public favor solely on account of his lovely voice. He flew into a great rage, and swore he would not pay for the bouquets which probably contained the most expensive camellias."

That Heine could appreciate Liszt seriously, these extracts testify sufficiently:

"He (Liszt) is indisputably the artist in Paris who finds the most unlimited enthusiasm as well as the most zealous opponents. It is a characteristic sign that no one speaks of him with indifference. Without power no one in this world can excite either favorable or hostile passions. One must possess fire to excite men to hatred as well as to love. That which testifies especially for Liszt is the complete esteem with which even his enemies speak of his personal worth. He is a man of whimsical but noble character, unselfish and without deceit. Especially remarkable are his spiritual proclivities; he has great taste for speculative ideas, and he takes even more interest in the essays of the various schools which occupy themselves with the solution of the problems of heaven and earth than in his art itself. It is, however, praiseworthy, this indefatigable yearning after light and divinity; it is a proof of his taste for the holy, for the religious. * * *

"Yes, Franz Liszt, the pianist of genius, whose playing often appears to me as the melodious agony of a spectral world, is again here, and giving concerts which exercise a charm which borders on the fabulous. By his side all piano players, with the exception of Chopin, the Raphael of the piano, are as nothing. In fact, with the exception of this

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last named artist alone, all the other piano players whom we hear in countless concerts are only piano players; their only merit is the dexterity with which they handle the machine of wood and wire. With Liszt, on the contrary, the people think no more about the 'difficulty overcome'; the piano disappears, the music is revealed. In this respect has Liszt, since I last heard him, made the most astonishing progress. With this advantage he combines now a reposed manner, which I failed to perceive in him formerly. If, for example, he played a storm on the piano we saw the lightning flicker about his features; his limbs fluttered as with the blast of a storm, and his long locks of hair dripped as with real showers of rain. Now when he plays the most violent storm he seems exalted above it, like the traveler who stands on the summit of an Alp while the tempest rages in the valley; the clouds lie deep below him, the lightning curls like snakes at his feet, but his head is uplifted smilingly into the pure ether."

The following remarks on Liszt, to be found in Heine's letters to his friends, are also interesting:

"That such a restless head, driven and perplexed by all the needs and doctrines of his time, feeling compelled to trouble himself about all the necessities of humanity, and eagerly sticking his nose into all the pots in which the good God brews the future—that Franz Liszt can be no quiet piano player for tranquil townfolks and good natured night-caps is self-evident. When he sits down at the piano, and has stroked his hair back over his forehead several times, and begins to improvise, he often storms away right madly over the ivory keys, and there rings out a wilderness of heaven-height thought, amid which here and there the sweetest flowers diffuse their fragrance, so that one is at once troubled and beatified, but troubled most."

To another he writes:

"I confess to you, much as I love Liszt his music does not operate agreeably upon my mind; the more so that I am a Sunday child, and also see the spectres which others only hear; since, as you know, at every tone which the hand strikes upon the keyboard the corresponding tone figure rises in my mind; in short, since music becomes visible to my inward eye. My brain still reels at the recollection of the concert in which I last heard Liszt play. It was in a concert for the unfortunate Italians, in the hotel of that beautiful, noble and suffering princess, who so beautifully represents her material and her spiritual fatherland, to wit, Italy and Heaven. (You surely have seen her in Paris, that ideal form, which yet is but the prison in which the holiest angel-soul has been imprisoned; but this prison is so beautiful that everyone lingers before it as if enchanted, and gazes at it with astonishment.) It was at a concert for the benefit of the unhappy Italians where I last heard Liszt, during the past winter, play, I know not what, but I could swear he varied upon themes from the Apocalypse. At first I could not quite distinctly see them, the four mystical beasts; I only heard their voices, especially the roaring of the lion and the screaming of the eagle. The ox with the book in his hand I saw clearly enough. Best of all, he played the Valley of Jehoshaphat. There were lists as at a tournament, and for spectators the risen people, pale as the grave and trembling, crowded round the immense space. First galloped Satan into the lists, in black harness, on a milk-white steed. Slowly rode behind him Death on his pale horse. At last Christ appeared, in golden armor, on a black horse, and with His holy lance He first thrust Satan to the ground, and then Death, and the spectators shouted. Tumultuous applause followed the playing of the valiant Liszt, who left his seat exhausted and bowed before the ladies. About the lips of the fairest played that melancholy smile."

Heine also relates:

"On one occasion two Hungarian countesses, to get his snuff box, threw each other down upon the ground and fought till they were bloody!"

CAROLINE BAUER.

The lady whose revelations in her "Mémoires" about various royal and princely personages furnished the contributors of "Society" papers with a large amount of "copy" at the time of its publication, writes as follows concerning Liszt's intimacy with Prince Licknowsky in 1844:

"I had heard a great deal in Ratibor of mad Prince Felix Licknowsky, who lived at his neighboring country seat, and who furnished an abundant daily supply for the scandalmongers of the town. Six years before that time the prince had quitted the Prussian service owing to his debts and other irregularities, and had gone to Spain to evade his unhappy creditors, and to offer his ward to the Pretender, Don Carlos. Three years afterward he had returned from Spain with the rank of Carlist brigadier general, and now he lived on his hermitage, near Ratibor, by no means a pious hermit. And then, one evening, shortly before the commencement of the 'Letzter Waffengang,' when I was already dressed in my costume, the prince stood before me behind the scanty wings of the Ratibor stage, to renew his acquaintance with me. He had aged, his checkered life not having passed over him without leaving traces; but he was still the same elegant, arrogant libertine he was at Prague, of whom a journalist wrote: 'Prince Felix Licknowsky, like Prince Pückler,

belongs to those dandies, roués, lions who attract the attention of the multitude at any cost by their contempt of men, their triviality, impudence, liaisons, horses and duels; a kind of modern Alcibiades, every dog cutting the tail of another dog. Within the first five minutes I learned from the prince's lips: 'My friend Liszt has lately been living with me at my hermitage for several weeks, and we have led a very agreeable life together.' Yes indeed, in Ratibor, the people related the wildest stories of this pasha life! The following forenoon the prince invited us to a déjeuner à la fourchette at his 'hermitage,' as he liked to call it. We inspected the park, which contained many fine trees; I tried the glorious 'grand' which Liszt had consecrated. But I was not to rise from the table without having had a new skirmish with my prince from Prague—preux chevalier. The conversation turned about Director Nachtigall, and suddenly Licknowsky said roughly:

"Just fancy, this Nachtigall had the impudence to call here and invite my friend Liszt to play upon his miserable Ratibor stage. A Liszt, and my guest, to play in Ratibor, and with a Nachtigall—unheard of! You may imagine that I gave this Nachtigall a becoming answer."

"The bit stuck in my mouth, and, trembling with indignation, I said sharply:

"My prince, am I not your guest, too? And do not I play in Ratibor, and with a Nachtigall? If your friend Liszt had done nothing worse here than play the piano in Ratibor he would not have degraded himself in any way."

"Ah! the town gossip of Ratibor has your ear, too, I see!" Licknowsky said, with a scornful smile. "But of course we are not going to quarrel."

Caroline Bauer also relates in her "Mémoires" the following anecdote about Liszt and the haughty Princess Metternich:

"Liszt had been introduced to the princess and paid her a visit in Vienna. He was received and ushered into the drawing room, in which the princess was holding a lively conversation with another lady. A condescending nod of the head was responded to the bow of the world-renowned artist; a gracious movement of the head invited him to be seated. In vain the proud and spoiled man waited to be introduced to the visitor, and to have an opportunity of joining in the conversation. The princess quietly continued to converse with the lady as if Franz Liszt were not in existence at all, at least not in her salon. At last she asked him in a cool and off-hand manner:

"Did you do a good stroke of business by the concert you gave in Italy?"

"Princess," he replied, coldly, "I am a musician, and not a man of business."

"The artist bowed stiffly and instantly left."

"Soon after this Prince Metternich proved himself to be as perfect a gentleman as he was a diplomatist. At Liszt's first concert in Vienna he went to him and, entering the artist's room, cordially pressed his hands before everybody, and, with a gracious smile, said softly:

"I trust you will pardon my wife for a slip of the tongue the other day; you know what women are!"

FANNY KEMBLE.

Mrs. Kemble, in her chatty book, "Records of Later Life," relates a pleasant incident in September, 1842:

"Our temporary fellowship with Liszt procured for us a delightful participation in a tribute of admiration from the citizen workmen of Coblenz, that was what the French call saisisant. We were sitting all in our hotel drawing room together, the maestro, as usual, smoking his long pipe, when a sudden burst of music made us throw open the window and go out on the balcony, when Liszt was greeted by a magnificent chorus of nearly 200 men's voices. They sang to perfection, each with his small sheet of music and his sheltered light in his hand; and the performance, which was the only one of the sort I ever heard, gave a wonderful impression of the musical capacity of the only really musical nation in the world."

Mrs. Kemble also gives her impression of Liszt at Munich in 1870:

"I had gone to the theatre at Munich, where I was staying, to hear Wagner's opera of the 'Rheingold,' with my daughter and her husband. We had already taken our places, when S. exclaimed to me, 'There is Liszt.' The increased age, the clerical dress had effected but little change in the striking general appearance, which my daughter (who had never seen him since 1842, when she was quite a child) recognized immediately. I went round to his box, and, recalling myself to his memory, begged him to come to ours, and let me present my daughter to him. He very goodnaturefully did so, and the next day called upon us at our hotel and sat with us a long time. His conversation on matters of art (Wagner's music which he and we had listened to the evening before) and literature was curiously cautious and guarded, and every expression of opinion given with extreme reserve, instead of the uncompromising fearlessness of his earlier years; and the Abbé was indeed quite another from the Liszt of our summer on the Rhine of 1842."

LOLA MONTEZ.

The once notorious actress, who, after a series of adventures married one of the mad kings of Bavaria of this century, causing some uproar at Munich, frequently met

Liszt during his travels in Germany, and her biographer relates how they divided honors at Dresden in 1842.

"Through the management of influential friends an opening was made for her at the Royal Theatre at Dresden, where she met the celebrated pianist, Franz Liszt, who was then creating such a furore that when he dropped his pocket handkerchief it was seized by the ladies and torn into rags, which they divided among themselves—each being but too happy to get so much as a scrap which had belonged to the great artist. The furore created by Lola Montez' appearance at the theatre in Dresden was quite as great among the gentlemen as was Liszt's among the ladies."

Lola Montez, during the last few years of her life, devoted herself to lecturing in various European cities, and the following is extracted from a published one entitled "The Wits and Women of Paris":

"There was a gifted and fashionable lady (the Countess of Agoult), herself an accomplished authoress, concerning whom and Georges Sand a curious tale is told. They were great friends, and the celebrated pianist Liszt was the admirer of both. Things went on smoothly for some time all couleur de rose, when one fine day Liszt and Georges Sand disappeared suddenly from Paris, having taken it into their heads to make the tour of Switzerland for the summer together. Great was the indignation of the fair countess at this double desertion; and when they returned to Paris Madame d'Agoult went to Georges Sand and immediately challenged the great writer to a duel, the weapons to be finger nails, &c. Poor Liszt ran out of the room and locked himself up in a dark closet till the deadly affray was ended, and then made his body over in charge to a friend, to be preserved, as he said, for the remaining assailant. Madame d'Agoult was married to an old man, a bookworm, who cared for naught else but his library; he did not know even the number of children he possessed, and so little the old philosopher cared about the matter that when a stranger came to the house he invariably, at the appearance of the family, said: 'Allow me to present to you my wife's children;' all this with the blandest smile and most contented air."

Lola Montez also says in her lecture:

"I once asked Georges Sand which she thought the greatest pianist, Liszt or Thalberg. She replied, 'Liszt is the greatest, but there is only one Thalberg. If I were to attempt to give an idea of the difference between Liszt and Thalberg, I should say that Thalberg is like the clear, placid flow of a deep, grand river; while Liszt is the same tide foaming and bubbling and dashing on like a cataract.'"

MRS. ELLET.

This lady, in an account of an autumn holiday on the Rhine, relates:

"Liszt, with his wonted kindness, had offered to give a concert in Cologne, the proceeds of which were to be appropriated to the completion of the Cathedral; the Rhenish Liedertafel resolved to bring him with due pomp from the island of Nonnenwerth, near Bonn, where he had been for some days. A steamboat was hired expressly for this purpose, and conveyed a numerous company to Nonnenwerth at 11 in the morning. The Liedertafel then greeted the artist, who stood on the shore, by singing a morning salute, accompanied by the firing of cannons and loud hurrahs. They then marched with wind-instruments in advance to the now empty chapel of the cloister of Nonnenwerth, where they sang, and thence to Rolandseck, where an elegant dinner was prepared for the company. All eyes were fixed on Liszt; all hearts were turned to him. He proposed a toast in honor of his entertainers; and at the conclusion of his speech observed with justice that nowhere in the world could any club be found like the Liedertafel in Germany. When the banquet was over they returned to Nonnenwerth, where a crowd of people from the surrounding country was assembled. The universal wish to hear Liszt was so evident that he was induced to send for a piano to be brought into the chapel, and to gratify the assembly—listening and rapt with delight—by a display of his transcendent powers. The desolate halls of the chapel once more resounded with the stir and voices of life. Not even the nuns, we will ven-

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ture to say, who in former times used here to offer up prayers to heaven, were impressed with a deeper sense of the heavenly than was this somewhat worldly assembly by the magnificent music of Liszt, that seemed indeed to disclose things beyond this earth. At 7 o'clock the Liedertafel, with Liszt at their head, marched on their return, and went on board the steamboat, which was decorated with colored flags, amid peals of cannon. It was 9, and quite dark when they approached their landing. Rockets were sent up from the boat and a continued stream of colored fireworks, so that as the city rose before them from the bosom of the Rhine the boat seemed enveloped in a circle of brilliant flame which threw its reflection far over the waters. Music and hurrahs greeted our artist on shore; all Cologne was assembled to give him the splendid welcome, which in other times only monarchs received. Slowly the procession of the Liedertafel moved through the multitude to the hotel, where again and again shouts and cheers testified the joy of the people at the arrival of their distinguished guest."

MINASI,

the once popular painter, who sketched a portrait of Thalberg during his first sojourn in London, also wrote an account of an interesting conversation about Liszt:

"The purpose of my requesting an introduction to Mons. Thalberg was, first, to be acquainted with a man of his genius; and next, to request the favor of his sitting for his portrait, executed in a new style with pen and ink. His total freedom from all ceremony and affectation perfectly charmed me. He appointed the next morning at 9 for his first sitting; and in my eagerness to commence my task, and make one of my best studies, I was in his breakfast room a quarter of an hour before my time. While he was taking his breakfast I addressed him in my own language; and when he answered me with a most beautiful accent I was delighted beyond measure. I felt doubly at home with him. Since then I find that he is a perfect scholar, possessing, with his finished pronunciation, a great propriety of conception.

"While I was putting on paper the outlines of his profile (a striking feature of his face), I inquired whether he was acquainted with my friend Liszt in Paris. He remarked that Liszt had disgraced himself with all impartial persons by writing against him with violent acrimony in the public prints; and which act he himself acknowledged was the result of professional jealousy. I was the more grieved to hear this, because I had entertained the highest respect for Liszt, who, as I told Thalberg, would never have demeaned himself had his father been living; whose last words to his son were: 'My son, you have always conducted yourself well; but I fear, after my death, some designing knave will lay hold of and make a dupe of you. Take care, my dear son, with whom you associate.' In one instance Liszt met Thalberg, and proposed that they should play a duet in public, and that he (Liszt) should appoint the time. Thalberg's answer was: 'Je n'aime pas d'être accompagné,' which greatly amused the Parisians. Upon another occasion, Liszt made free to tell Thalberg that he did not admire his compositions. Thalberg replied: 'Since you do not like my compositions, Liszt, I do not like yours.'

"To the honor of Liszt, however, it should be stated that, having called upon Thalberg, he acknowledged his errors, making him a solemn promise never to offend in the same manner, adding that the cause of his attack upon him arose from jealousy of his rival's high talents, which made him the idol of the Parisians, and by whom he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Thalberg dismissed the subject with me, by doing justice to himself as a public performer; at the same time declaring that Liszt is one of the greatest pianists in Europe, and he concluded with the following generous admission: 'Nevertheless, after all that has passed between us, I think Liszt would do anything to oblige me.'"

MACREADY.

The once popular novelist, the Countess of Blessington, on May 31, 1840, invited many distinguished personages to her London house to meet Liszt, and among those who came were Lord Normanby, Lord Canterbury, Lord Houghton (then Mr. Monkton Milnes), Chorley, Rubini, Stuart Wortley, Palgrave Simpson, and Macready, the famous tragedian. Liszt played several times during the evening, and created an impression on all those present, especially on Macready, who notes in his diary:

"Liszt, the most marvelous pianist I ever heard; I do not know when I have been so excited."

AN ANONYMOUS GERMAN ADMIRER.

The following recollections of Liszt's first visit to Stuttgart were published in a periodical many years ago. Though it appeared without any signature, the author seems to have been on intimate terms with the great musician:

"Liszt played several times at court, for which he received all possible distinctions which the King of Wurtemberg could confer upon an artist. The list of honors was exhausted when the royal princesses wished to hear once more this magician of the piano keys quite privately in their own apartments. Liszt, our truly chivalric artist, accepted

with delight such an invitation, expecting less to show himself as an artist than to express his thanks for the many honors received. It must have been rare enjoyment for a royal family which recognized in art only a graceful pastime and a delightful intoxication of the senses, with an agreeable excitement of the sentiments; for no artist in the world understands better than Liszt how to survey at a glance the character and the most hidden recesses in the hearts of his audience. This very fact is the cause of his wonderful effects, and will secure them to him always. He played on that occasion Weber's 'Invitation à la Valse,' with his own effectual, free, final cadenza, his 'Chromatic Galop' (which causes all nerves to vibrate), and a few of his transcriptions of Schubert's songs—those genuine pearls, the richness and coloring of which none can show so well as himself, being a unique and most perfect master of the art of touch. And, finally, in order to show something at least of his immense bravura, he played a little concert piece. The most gracious words of acknowledgment were showered upon him. Liszt, enraptured by the truly heavenly eyes of one of the princesses, which, rendered still more beautiful by a singular moisture, were fixed upon him, declared his happiness in thus being able to express his thanks for the many honors conferred upon him.

"Among all the princes of Europe, however, there is none so little inclined to accept of services without remuneration as the King of Wurtemberg. This is one of the many chivalric traits in the character of that monarch; no other rewards artists in such royal style. On the next morning I was with Liszt, each of us smoking a real Havana comfortably on one end of the sofa. Liszt was telling me of his last visit to court, when one of its servants entered. He placed a roll of 150 ducats in gold upon the table, and presenting Liszt with an open receipt, asked him to sign it. Liszt read: 'Received for playing,' &c. Aloud, and in a tone of astonishment, Liszt repeated the words, 'Received for my playing?' and, rising with that peculiar aristocratic grace, he says in a mild, condescending tone: 'For my playing—am I to sign this document? My friend, I imagine some clerk of the court treasury has written this scrawl.' Upon which the servant, interrupting, said that it had been written by Herr Tagel, Counsellor of Court and Director of the Court Treasury. 'Well,' said Liszt, 'take back the receipt and money, and tell' (raising his voice) 'the counsellor from me, that neither king nor emperor can pay an artist for his playing—only, perchance, for his lost time, and' (with haughty indignation) 'that the counsellor is a blockhead if he does not comprehend that. For your trouble, my friend,' (giving him 5 ducats) 'take this trifle.'"

The writer goes on to say:

"The servant, in utter astonishment, knew not what to answer, and looked at me. But Liszt's slight figure was erect, his finely cut lips were compressed, his head was boldly thrown back, so that his thick hair fell far down on his shoulders; his nostrils were expanding, the lightning of his keen and brilliant eye was gleaming, his arms were folded, and he showed all his usual indications of inward commotion. Knowing, therefore, that Liszt had by that document been touched in his most sensitive point, and that this was nothing more nor less than a small battle in his great contest for the social position and rights of artists—a contest which, when a boy of fifteen years, he had already taken up—I was well aware of the impossibility of changing his mind for the present, and therefore remained silent, while the discomfited lackey retired with many low bows, taking money and scroll with him. Whether he really delivered the message I know not; but I was still with Liszt when he reappeared, and, laying the money upon the table, gave Liszt a large sealed letter, which read as follows: 'The undersigned officer of the Treasury of Court, commanded by His Majesty the King, begs Dr. Liszt to accept, as a small compensation for his lost time with the princesses, the sum of 150 ducats.' Liszt handed me the paper, and with a silent glance I interrogated him in return. It is an old fact that the soul is always most clearly reflected in homely features, and I distinctly read in his face reconciliation and the kindest feeling again. He sat down and wrote on a scrap of paper with pencil: 'Received from the Royal Treasury 150 ducats.—Franz Liszt,' and gave it to the servant very politely, accompanied by another rich gift. There was never afterward any further allusion to the affair.

"The price of admission to Liszt's concerts was unusually high, so that they could only be frequented by the wealthier classes. At a party the conversation fell upon the subject, and it was regretted that for such a reason many teachers and scholars, in spite of their great anxiety to hear the great master, were prevented from doing so. I told Liszt this, and he answered: 'Well, arrange a concert for them, only charge as much or as little as you think proper, and let me know when and what I shall play. Immediately a committee was formed, and a concert, for teachers and scholars only arranged, to which the price of admission amounted to only 18 kreutzers (about sixpence). Quantities of tickets were sold, and immense galleries had to be erected in the large hall. Liszt viewed with delight the juvenile multitude, whose enthusiasm knew no bounds, and I never heard him play more beautifully. With a delighted heart he stood amid a shower of flowers which

thousands of little hands were strewing for him, and when at last six veritable little angels approached in order to thank him, he embraced them with tears in his eyes—not heeding the fact that the grown-up people were appropriating his gloves, handkerchief, and all they could get hold of, tearing them up into a thousand bits to keep in remembrance of him. On the next morning we brought him the proceeds of the concert (nearly 1,000 florins). He declared that he had felt happier in that concert than ever before, and that nothing could induce him to accept the money, with which the committee might do as they pleased, and if, after so much delight, they did not wish really to hurt his feelings he would beg of them never to mention that money to him again. It was appropriated to a Liszt Fund, which will continue to exist forever, and a poor teacher's son, on going to college, is destined to receive the first interest.

"Liszt was once at my house, when a woman was announced to whom I was in the habit of giving quarterly a certain sum for her support; it being a few days before the usual time, she gave as an excuse (it was November) the hard times. While providing for her I told Liszt in an undertone that she was an honest but very indigent widow of a painter, deceased in his prime, to whom a number of brother artists were giving regular contributions in order to enable her to get along with her two small children. I confess, while telling him this, I hoped that Liszt, whose liberality and willingness to do good had almost become proverbial, would ask me to add something in his name, and was, therefore, surprised to see him apparently indifferent, for he answered nothing and continued looking down in silence. After a few days, however, the widow reappeared, her heart overflowing with thankfulness and her eyes filled with tears of joy, for she and her children had, at the expense of a man whose name she was not permitted to know, received beautiful and new winter clothing, while kitchen and cellar had been stored with every necessary for the coming winter. Now all this had been arranged by the landlady of a certain hotel at which Liszt was then stopping. A piano maker, who had not the means to erect a factory, needed but to convince Liszt of his rare ability, and immediately he had at his command over 80,000 frs. This man is now dead, and Liszt never had received a farthing of that money back."—London "Magazine of Music."

(To be continued.)

Musical Humbugs.

MR. LOUIS C. ELSON, in a book on "Musical Humbugs," combats the view which obtains in many minds that "anybody will do to teach a beginner." It is a fact frequently forgotten that the child mind, as being further removed from that of an adult, is so much the more difficult to understand. It is absolutely necessary for teachers to have some grasp of psychology. This may be acquired through actual experience, or it may be gathered from study. Better still, it may be the result of both practical experience and theory. But this fact must impress itself on every teacher, viz., that his general knowledge of other minds is based very largely on introspective analysis. The teacher has only one mind from which he may gain direct knowledge of mental phenomena. That mind is his own. His own thinking itself becomes the object of his thought. The more nearly other minds approximate in culture to his own, the more easily can he communicate with them. It may be doubted if children are introspective, and if they are, they are not able to record the results of their analysis. It happens, then, that the knowledge of child mind is inferential, and so the more difficult to acquire. It is therefore necessary to secure the most skilled teacher for the youngest pupils, the teacher who can best communicate with a mind in which the factors, though similar to those present in his own mind, are crude and undeveloped. And he has to guard carefully against the presupposition of knowledge and interest which are entirely absent.

A new fact is only of value when it can in some way be brought into connection with past experiences. The teacher's difficulty then, is to find out what are those past experiences, so that he may bring new features into connection with them. Why is it then that our teachers, if one may judge by text books, almost always begin at the wrong end? It is almost invariably to begin with a definition, whereas the definition is only a way of summing up a large experience. The scales should be taught before even the definition of a scale can be of value to the pupil, and though text books may be admirable for securing success in examination, and though they may be useful after a considerable experience of the subjects with which they deal, yet there is a strong tendency to use them indiscriminately, and at far too early a stage in the pupil's progress. The best teacher is certainly needed for the youngest pupils, but it is by no means necessary to secure the best musician. The question of teaching is not sufficiently considered. Though it does not demand so much knowledge of music to teach music to a child as to an advanced student, it certainly demands a greater knowledge of the art of teaching. The two things are quite separate.—London "Musical News."

* Our readers must remember that this is Thalberg's story, which is probably without the slightest foundation in fact.

China's Sing-Song Girls.

IN the artistic development of the banquet John Chinaman has passed all rivals, ancient and modern, by the creation of the sing-song girl. This is a wonderful combination of waiter, valet, vocalist, instrumentalist, raconteur, steward, pipe-bearer, cigarette holder, flirt, and above all a thing of beauty and a joy forever. There is nothing like unto her in the heavens, the earth, or the waters beneath the earth. She came into being about a thousand years ago, a century or so after the sages and philosophers of the Flowery Kingdom had established the system of keeping the sexes as far apart as law, custom, and the police can separate them.

In the good old days women and men met together at the banqueting board. The new system shut them out altogether. They were forbidden to attend public functions; then to dine with any man save their own immediate relatives by blood or marriage, and, lastly, to eat at the same table with these unless especially invited. So it has remained ever since. At the great dinners of high officials no woman is ever present. At the parties given by merchants, mandarins, bankers, and rich property owners the wives and daughters are absent, or, at the farthest, are looking at the guests through venetian blinds, loopholes in the walls, or the narrow slit between the door and doorway.

But, no matter how much you legislate and make foolish customs to the contrary, men cannot get along without women. So by degrees the sing-song girl came into existence. Who first invented her is a matter on which history preserves a discreet silence. In the beginning there is no doubt that she was a person of not the highest type morally. Then it occurred to some sapient person that there would be more satisfaction, even if there were less fun in a moral and decent dinner. The experiment was so successful that it was tried by everybody and became popular. The respectable sing-song girl and the unobjectionable feast are now the universal rule.

To meet a sing-song girl in all her glory you must go to a dinner where the guests are congenial and of about the same rank. Where the host is a great banker and his friends small merchants, or where he is a powerful mandarin and they inferior officials, there are always a certain condescension on the part of the former and a nervous uneasiness on the part of the latter which play havoc with goodfellowship. A birthday party and a banquet in honor of the birth of a son are about the best events in which to participate.

You arrive at the house, and, amid the barking of house dogs and curs, you are ushered into the reception room, which adjoins the banqueting hall. Here you are met and welcomed by the host. The apartment is large and high. Handsome chairs and tables range the walls. On two sides are bunks or Chinese bedsteads, large enough for eight people to lie upon, on which are handsome opium layouts, scissors, cleaners, sponges, matches and decorations. On a centre table is a tea caddy filled with oolong or souchong, cups and bowls. On a second table, for those who have acquired European tastes, are champagne, sherry, whiskey, brandy and bottled soda.

In a corner of the room are the sing-song girls. They range in number from three upward. At a very luxurious dinner there may be two to each guest. This, however, is rare. The cost is very great, and when there is such a multitude they interfere with one another. One to a guest is the most convenient number, and seems to be preferred by regular diners out. One to every two guests is also common. The artists are young women whose ages are anywhere from sixteen to twenty-eight. They are very pretty from a Mongolian standard and attractive even from our own. Their lips and cheeks are delicately tinted and their brows and necks lightly powdered with *poudre de riz*. Their hair is a marvelous work of art, brushed, oiled, stiffened, perfumed and set full of wonderful pins. Diamond or jade earrings hang from exquisite ears; a necklace encircles the throat; bracelets, bangles and jade rings half conceal fair arms and a score of rings load down slender and graceful fingers. As for the costumes, their splendor baffles description. Each suit consists of a coat and pair of trousers of the finest silk, satin or brocade.

The coat is cut very much like a French workingman's blouse, but it is far more neat and shapely. The trousers are simple cylinders which fall to the ankle and disclose the finest silk hosiery and the daintiest embroidered shoes. The color of the clothing is infinite in variety. No two girls use the same color. No tint is employed which is sombre or subdued. Scarlet, crimson, vermilion, ruby, garnet, cherry, magenta and blood, among the reds; sulphur, straw, salmon, gold, lemon, orange chrome, gamboge, topaz, saffron and turmeric, among the yellows; ultramarine, sapphire, turquoise, azurite, gendarme blue, Prussian blue, cobalt blue, violet, lilac and mauve, among the blues; grass, copper, malachite, uranium, Nile green, lettuce, young banyan and emerald, among the greens, are favorites. The Chinese dyers and silk dealers recognize 900 different "bright" colors, and from this long list the sing-song girl picks the raw material of her clothes. The coat is of one color, the collar and edging of a second. In

addition to this the material is brocaded, painted or embroidered. The effect of a dozen persons dressed in this manner is startling in its brilliancy. Nor is it lessened by the rich silken robes worn by the Chinese gentlemen present or by the banners and chromatic decorations of the apartment.

The sing-song girls chat with one another a minute or two and then become silent as one of the number executes an instrumental solo. She plays well, keeping accurate time and displaying here and there considerable talent. But the music, even at its best, is not altogether satisfactory to the American ear. There is no shading in the quantity of sound. Every note is equally loud. The notation differs from our own. Two consecutive notes are sometimes merely a small fraction of a half-tone apart, and sometimes two or three tones. The key varies, or rather, there is no real key whatever. It is major one moment and minor the next. Within five minutes the key may change a dozen times. Besides this, nearly everything is in the upper register. The full lower notes are almost unknown. Ordinary music starts with E on the treble clef and expires somewhere far up in a shrill squeak.

By the time two or three pieces have been performed the guests have all arrived and the company adjourns to the dining hall. This is a handsome and capacious chamber similar in furnishing to the reception room. In the centre is the dinner table, which is longer, wider and higher than those employed at home. The chairs are huge but very comfortable affairs of finely carved ebony, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. They are built after a model which would meet the approval of a fat men's club, being large enough for a giant. Additional ease is given to the guest by arranging the chairs nearly two feet apart. After your place is designated, you remove your coat, hand it to an attendant, and take your seat.

Then the sing-song girl comes forward with a low stool and sits half behind you to your right. The girls have relinquished their musical instruments, and now each bears a silver tray on which are a water pipe, cigar lighters, cigarettes and cigars. This they lay on the floor beside them. The waiters bring in the first course. The girls arise and serve the guests from the central dishes. At first they do it in a dignified and serious fashion, transferring the food to your plate, bringing delicacies to you from various parts of the table, filling your teacup and pouring into your drinking cup the hot wines and liqueurs so popular with the Mongolian. All the time they keep up a running fire of conversation, joking one second and telling a pithy story the next, making fun of you at one moment and of your neighbor immediately afterward, humming an air, whistling a catch, imitating a bird, doing anything and everything to provoke mirth and laughter.

At the end of fifteen minutes or as soon as there comes a lull in the proceedings a recess is taken and a truce declared with eating. The girls have foreseen it, and, as the guests lean back in their chairs, offer them their choice of pipe, cigar or cigarette. In many cases a smart girl will have found out a man's preference, and have it at his lips before he realizes what she is doing. Those who prefer to sit still remain in their chairs, others rise and stroll around the two rooms and such halls as may be open to guests, and still others lie down on a bunk and try the seductive fumes of opium. In the meantime the girls have handed their fans to the host and taken seats in a corner of the apartment alongside the orchestra. The fans are of ivory or silk and contain a list of popular songs and pieces beautifully inscribed upon the sticks. The host selects one or more and returns the fans to the owners. The number chosen is nearly always a song, and may be anything from a simple ballad to a part song requiring every one of the performers.

No manuscript nor roll is produced. Such an act would be considered *infra dig.* by a Chinese professional. No one can be a successful artist unless she can carry in her memory the words and music of at least 500 compositions. Generally the piece is a vocal solo, duet or trio. The singers accompany themselves on a zither, mandolin and violin. Their colleagues may play second or similar instruments, while their male orchestra brings in the heavy work. This is amusing, if not annoying. One tom tom, the bass, consists of snake skin drawn over what seems an ancient beer keg, and is played with a bar of wood like a druggist's pestle. The tenor tom tom is snake skin stretched over a ring of 6 inches in diameter and supported on a light bamboo tripod. The former makes a noise similar to that of the "Cooper's Chorus" in "Boccaccio," the latter a sharp report like that produced by striking a lead pencil against a dry and empty cigar box. There may be method in the madness, but it is not apparent to ears profane. The boom of one tom tom and the rat tat tat of another plunge into the most touching part of a pathetic ballad or the dying strains of a love song. In addition to these are a triangle which rings without any relevancy, a gong which fires off with miraculous inappropriateness and a cymbal with a clash and echo a full minute long, that explodes whenever the prima donna begins her best work.

When the recess is over the guests resume their seats, and the dinner starts anew. But the girls, artful creatures, introduce the first surprise. They rise, and in a twinkling

doff coat and trousers and display a second suit beneath, more gorgeous than the first. In cold weather they frequently wear three, four and even five suits, one over the other. In warm seasons they wear two. The first change, or transformation, as theatrical people would style it, is made in public. The others are made in a dressing room especially set aside for the purpose. They come back to their stools, and chaff and chat, serve and assist as before. By this time the ice is broken, and a little harmless mischief is allowed. Your girl, instead of putting a *bonne bouche* on your plate, will transfer it to your mouth direct, and sometimes to her own. She'll go even farther and nibble some dainty and place what remains between your lips. She will caress your hand and wrist and pat your shoulder. She shows no aversion to an arm around her waist, and does not object to a stray kiss. But don't try it on her lips! If you do she will throw her head up or down like a flash, and leave on your mouth, nose or chin the scarlet paste she employs to beautify her lips. In this case you pay forfeit to the damsel and, if the laughing guests insist upon it, to the oldest son of the house. In any case, besides being laughed at and decorated with red paint, you will pay at least a dollar for your thoughtlessness and temerity.

So goes the dinner on. There comes a second recess longer than the first, a third or fourth, a fifth, even a tenth. The banquet may close at midnight, but not before. Usually it keeps on until the early hours, and even to sunrise and the following day.

Toward the close the sing-song girls retire. Each guest presents his own girl with a sum of money according to his means, and rewards such other girls as may have pleased him. The host or his steward pays them their honorarium, and off they go, worn out but much wealthier than they came. Behind them march the orchestra and servants carrying the paraphernalia of the profession.—"Sun."

Music Meaning in Literature.

MUSIC is a fundamental element in literature, and in poetry it is of the inner life. The maker of verse who forgets this is in danger, and hard upon the rocks of disaster. In poetry music covers a multitude of sins, in proof whereof look at Swinburne in the past. He has written and is writing verse the meaning of which is not apparent at a first reading—possibly never, yet lulled and magnetized by the rhythm and song of the lines, an indescribable charm is experienced and the senses thus won put the intellect to sleep, so that it matters little or nothing to us what the stanzas mean or whether they mean anything. This of course is the abuse of music, for poetry should have thought in it also, but it is a remarkable illustration of the wonder-working of tune-fulsness in literature. Swinburne, above all living poets—and this was true of him before Browning and Tennyson had gone—has a genius for metrical and musical effects. He is a "wunderkind" in this respect; his gift here is phenomenal, and consequently his lines stick in the memory, and to hear his words read is to be affected somewhat as one is affected by the recurrent moanings of the sea or the rhythmic sighing of pine trees—nature's glamour of music-making.

It is becoming rather fashionable among some of the younger poets to sacrifice music to strength or to dramatic realism. Taking a hint from Browning, they grow harsh, abrupt or explosive, according to the subject-matter and the situation. But they will do well to bear Swinburne and Swinburne's triumphs in mind and to conclude that the singer who strays from his songfulness is off the main road, and running the risk of being lost to his true vocation.—"Exchange."

Jules Bertrand.—The writer of "Les Rameaux" Jules Bertrand, words set to music by Faure, died in the Calais hospital, at the age of eighty-four. He also wrote a pamphlet on Malibran and a piece "Entre l'amour et l'amitié," which was given at the Comédie Française. Jules Bertrand was the father of the well-known artist Marie Laure.

St. Petersburg.—From the standpoint of foreigners the musical interest in St. Petersburg is centred at the Aquarium and the Krestovsky Garden. At all other places of amusements Russian troupes hold forth. The French company at the Aquarium is doing well, and the best society frequent the concerts of Edouard Strauss at the Montplaisir.

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"L'ATTAQUE DU MOULIN" AT COVENT GARDEN.

"L'Attaque du Moulin" at Covent Garden.

WE reproduce in this issue the illustrations of scenes from Bruneau's opera, "L'Attaque du Moulin," reproducing the same from the London "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," one of

or German uniforms had to be discarded, the narrative being transplanted into last century, much of the spirit and atmosphere of the opera necessarily losing its original character and flavor. The Parisians would have been tempted to mob the poor choristers had they been uniformed as Prussians, as they were

dramatic composition, with the leit motif as its basic musical idea, but developed with such freedom and apparent indifference to tradition as to give it new and attractive elements. Bruneau is evidently one of those gifted and original natures that cannot avoid interesting us. The artists thus far engaged by Ab-



MADAME DE NUOVINA.



MONS. COSSIRA.



MONS. GLIBERT.



MADAME DELNA.



MONS. ALBERS.

MONS. A. BRUNEAU.
(Composer.)

MONS. DOUVET.

MONS. FLOU.
(Conductor.)

the most enterprising of London weeklies. The opera has been a success from its first production at Covent Garden, the only opera house where it has been staged in accordance with the prescribed formulas of its composer, librettists and others interested in its design. In the Paris productions the Prussian

in London, where a faithful adherence to instructions was easily accomplished.

The work may be heard here next season, but it must necessarily be given by French artists only if we are to have the temper of the opera conformed with. As heard by us in London it is an intensely

bey & Grau for New York are not adapted to make up a cast equal to the London cast. Nor can we ever hope to find such a mise en scène under these enterprising and energetic managers, who do not appear to care to imitate the methods of the European opera houses. With all due respect to the

conductors of the Abbey & Grau Company neither of them has the capacity to do with an orchestra what we heard M. Flon do at Covent Garden a few weeks ago.

Portraits of the Principals.

MONSIEUR BOUVET.

To say that the eminent French baritone is a fine singer and a fine actor is to say little; M. Bouvet is a great artist—one of the most complete perhaps we have on the lyric stage to-day. Another baritone may have a finer voice or a more imposing stage presence; there may be more accomplished vocalists than he, or actors whose histrionic effects are more obvious; none can compete with M. Bouvet in his creations, in the bigness of his conception and in the versatility of his talent. He is best known here by his two superb impersonations of the "Bishop" in "Le Rêve" and the "Miller" in "L'Attaque du Moulin," and esteemed highly and justly. But he should be seen as "Figaro" in Rossini's "Barbiere," in "Le Roi d'Ys," in "Cleopatra," "Le Chevalier Jean," "Le Roi Malgré Lui" and last but not least as "Alfio" in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Who has not seen M. Bouvet in this last part cannot imagine its resources, and of all "Alfios" we have seen his is the only one which makes the idea of "Rustic Chivalry" clear to everybody. Though an essentially modern artist, and in greater sympathy with works dealing with purely human element, M. Bouvet has an extensive knowledge of the Wagnerian repertory, and is a most admirable "Wotan." Nor is his artistic versatility limited to stage possibilities alone. M. Bouvet is an admirable painter, and his works have figured for many years past in every Salon in Paris. He has been exceptionally lucky this year, having not only received a prize for his canvas, but also a handsome sum of money from the state, who purchased it for one of the French national galleries. With all that, his creation of "Father Merlier" in "L'Attaque du Moulin" will remain yet as the greatest proof of his talent, and deserves to pass with his name into the history of the lyric art. Our portrait is from a photograph by Besique, Paris.

MONSIEUR COSSIRA.

Like Mme. Calvé, M. Alvarez, MM. Escalais and Duc, and many other talented French singers, M. Cossira hails from the South of France; to be more precise, he is a genuine Gascon, having been born at Orthis, in the Béarnais, near the Spanish frontier. He received his musical training under the direction of M. Gaston Sarreau, a teacher of some eminence at Bordeaux, and, after a course of studies extending over two years, was engaged at the Opéra Comique, Paris, where, however, he remained only one year. We see M. Cossira next at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, where in 1886 he sang in twenty-seven consecutive performances of "The Huguenots." From 1889 to 1891 he was engaged at the Opéra House, Paris, under the direction of MM. Ritt and Gailhard, and during this time sang all the tenor repertory with the exception of such parts as tradition reserves for a *tenore di forza*. The best work he has done there is in connection with M. Saint-Saëns' "Ascanio," in which opera he created the title rôle. Some of the best performances of "Lucia," with Mme. Melba, took place also when M. Cossira was the "Edgardo."

At present M. Cossira is engaged at Brussels, where he made his *réentrée* in the production of "Tristan und Isolde," sung then for the first time in French.

Though the Covent Garden audiences have had the opportunity of admiring M. Cossira's talent on many occasions, it may be safely said that the accomplished tenor made his great hit when M. Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin" was produced and truly his "Dominique" is likely to linger in our memories for many a year to come. Not only was the conception of the whole part excellent from every point of view, but the singing was perfect, and the beautiful solo of the second act was given to perfection. M. Cossira intends to take up in future the Wagnerian repertory, and the tenor parts in "Walküre," the "Meistersingers" and "Tristan und Isolde" have been assigned to him for the winter season in Brussels. Let us hope that his fine voice will come out safely from the ordeal, and that he will return next year to Covent Garden in as good form as we have been pleased to see him this year. Our portrait is from a photograph by Dupont, Brussels.

MONSIEUR CH. GILBERT.

"I am twenty-eight years of age; I have a repertory of thirty-three parts; at twenty-two I was engaged at the Opéra Comique in Paris; I am now engaged at the Monnaie in Brussels; and last week I had the honor of singing before the Queen at Windsor Castle: voilà tout! Such is the laconic information volunteered by M. Gilbert, and while appreciating the modesty of this excellent artist, we will complete the data without causing him to blush. M. Gilbert is a nephew of Fechter, whose art met with so much appreciation in years past here; and he owes part of his musical education to the valuable advice he received from his aunt, Mme. Fechter. He embraced the musical career against the wishes of his family, and repaired to Paris "on his own account." Admitted to the Conservatoire there, he obtained after three years' studies the three first

prizes: for singing, the opéra and the Opéra Comique prize. For the last named theatre he was engaged at once; after that he went to Brussels, and now he is with us, distinguishing himself in every part he undertakes. An excellent musician and a very quick study, M. Gilbert has a remarkably fine and powerful voice, a dignified style of singing and the talent for taking infinite pains with anything he is given to do. It was he who, at the dress rehearsal of "L'Attaque du Moulin," sang the difficult part of "Father Merlier," and discharged his task so admirably that the elaborate *mise en scène* was not stopped for a moment on his account. His own part in M. Bruneau's work is that of the "Village Drummer," and in it he is perfection itself. Our portrait is from a photograph by Dupont, Brussels.

MADAME DE NUOVINA.

The success achieved by Mme. de Nuovina in her creation of the part of "Françoise" in M. Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin" places her in the front rank. To those who have seen her at the Monnaie in Brussels in the rôles of her repertory, and who have been able to appreciate her talent, that success has come as a foregone conclusion, but it came as a surprise to our Covent Garden audience, who have seen Mme. de Nuovina in the production of "L'Attaque du Moulin" for the first time in her true light. In other words, the distinguished artist has appeared until then in parts either unsuitable to her talent or where she had to struggle against comparisons. This time Mme. de Nuovina was given a part which eminently suited her; but had she been even preceded here in the creation, we would without hesitation proclaim her "Françoise" unrivaled for power and fine dramatic instinct, and above all possible comparisons.

Mme. de Nuovina belongs to that rare phenomenon on the lyric stage known as "being a lady by birth and education," and her innate and acquired refinement is seen in all her stage business. As an artist she may be classed among the Caron type, *i.e.*, essentially for creating rôles, but there is much to be admired in her conception of parts in the standard repertory. Our portrait is from a photograph by Dupont, Brussels.

MADAME DELNA.

This young artist appeared at Covent Garden heralded by a fame which it was given to few to reach in so short a career as hers. That much of the praise bestowed on Mme. Delna is well deserved cannot be doubted for a moment; that the lady is open to much improvement is quite patent as well. Mme. Delna has an extraordinary temperament, a fine voice and features capable of expressing every emotion; she accentuates well in singing, and there is no lack of style in her delivery. Only she feels more than she knows how to express, hence her "Marcelline" in "L'Attaque du Moulin," powerful though the creation be, fails to move one as it ought to, for the whole business is too excessive, and not in keeping with the surroundings. "Marcelline" is a peasant woman and should be natural before all. How would Mme. Delna interpret "Niobe" if she exhausts tragic gait and gestures for a modern mother crying over her dead sons? We do not want poses of antique statues and singing before the prompter's box in a lyric drama dealing with everyday joys and sorrows, and Mme. Delna has so much talent that we are sure that when she will know as much as she feels what is excellent in her now will become incomparable. Our portrait is from a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

MONSIEUR ALBERS.

The very first appearance of the distinguished Belgian baritone has hall-marked his value as a notable acquisition to Sir Augustus Harris' company, and each successive performance of his came to strengthen the highly favorable opinion conceived of him. The part of the "Capitaine Ennemi" in "L'Attaque du Moulin," though consisting of a few recitatives only, is of the greatest difficulty and of very great importance; but the amount of tact and artistic care displayed by M. Albers here make the part one of his best achievements during the present season, and we cannot imagine anybody going through a trying task with more dignity and more gratifying results. Our portrait is from a photograph by Sereni, Bordeaux.

MONSIEUR PHILIPPE FLON.

Seldom has an operatic conductor appeared with less introduction to an audience, and never before perhaps was it given to one to conquer public opinion so immediately and, let us say at once, so deservedly. Hardly had one heard the first few bars of the "Navarraise" at the production of the work—the occasion of M. Flon's debut—than everybody felt there was an uncommon talent presiding over the destinies of the première, and a spontaneous tribute of recognition rewarded the eminent chef d'orchestre, as time after time he was recalled after the termination of the performance. But it is at rehearsals that one learns best to know a conductor, and M. Flon is certainly one of the most remarkable leaders we can remember within our experience. He has the inestimable knack of knowing exactly what he wants, and he has at his command the means of getting his intentions carried out immediately; then he has the precious gift of a splendid memory—in point of fact, we have seen him conducting "Tristan und Isolde" without the score, and that incomparable artistic instinct

which allows him to guess the most subtle intentions of the composer.

All these qualities have a solid foundation based on an exceptionally fine musical education—in fact, on no less than nine years' study at the Brussels Conservatoire, under MM. Gevaert and Dupont for composition, Brassin for the piano and Maily for the organ. M. Flon is a composer whose successes were emphatic enough to court fame in one guise alone—his "Figaro de Marseilles," "Le Panache blanc," a divertissement and a ballet, "Myosotis," have been all performed in France and Belgium, the last thirty-two consecutive times at the Monnaie—but conducting was his avocation, and it was the good fortune of MM. Massenet and Bruneau, and the delight of all music lovers, that the rehearsing and the mounting of their works were entrusted to the admirable talent of the young maestro. M. Flon is hardly thirty-three years of age, but for the last ten years he has been enjoying a considerable reputation in Belgium and even in France, for it was he who first conducted "Lohengrin" in the provinces there, having mounted the work at Rouen. To his Continental reputation he can now add the laurels bravely and justly won at Covent Garden. Our portrait is from a photograph by Lormier, Boulogne.

MONSIEUR ALFRED BRUNEAU.

After all that was said about the production of "L'Attaque du Moulin" there is little more to be added about the composer. His works speak for him, and if we put M. Bruneau as the head of the evolution in modern lyric France we shall have paid the eminent composer a most fitting tribute of admiration and appreciation. Of the chosen few among the many called, M. Bruneau seems to us destined to do for the French music drama what Wagner has done in the same demesne for his own country; and if, in the choice of his subjects, he will persevere in dealing with the human element pure and simple, and if, as is his avowed intention, he will look for inspiration only to what is of his time and of his country, he will teach a grand lesson to his contemporaries—a lesson which, it is hoped, will be taken seriously to heart. For nothing which is human should be foreign to us who are bat human. Our portrait is from a photograph by Benque, Paris.

MONSIEUR BONNARD.

Unfortunately we have not been able to procure in time to be included with the rest a portrait of M. Bonnard. Among the many parts in which this young singer has been heard at Covent Garden that of the "Sentinelle Ennemie," in "L'Attaque du Moulin," is to be put greatly to his credit. The part consists of a single song and a short dialogue, but both were admirably sung, and the melancholy keynote of a soldier's impending doom so well characterized that the whole performance may be said to have been a perfect creation. The merit is all the greater as M. Bonnard had to undertake at a moment's notice the part of the French officer in the drama, and thus he did excellent work in two characters at opposite poles in point of conception and musical significance. He made his debut at Lyons in 1889 and subsequently during the next two years was engaged at Marseilles, Algiers and Antwerp.

At Algiers he was in the original production of Bizet's "Jolie Fille de Perth," and at Antwerp in the first performance of "Werther" and "L'Ami Fritz." In 1893, in London, he was the "Arelquino" in "Pagliacci," the "Tressilian" in "Amy Robsart," &c. Recently, during the present season, he has appeared with success as "Ramon" in "La Navarraise," and as already stated, as the "Sentinel" in "L'Attaque du Moulin." M. Bonnard is engaged for the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels for the season of 1894-5 as first tenor in opéra comique. He is a good actor, and possesses a pleasing tenor voice of high extension. He has made an excellent impression this season at Covent Garden, notably in the rôle of "Tybaldt" in "Roméo et Juliette."—Jean Sans Peur, in the London "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News."

Verdi and Thomas.—Although Verdi is eighty he is not the patriarch of musical composers as many people think. The honor belongs to Ambroise Thomas, who was born in 1811, and is consequently three years the senior of Verdi.

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MUSIC SENT FOR CRITICISM.

C. C. MÜLLER, *Harmonization of Melodies*

A SECOND edition of the second series of "Tables for the Writing of Exercises in the Study of Harmony" is now put forth by the celebrated theorist, C. C. Müller. These exercises are arranged in conformity with S. Sechter's "Fundamental Harmonies" and "adapted for the New York College of Music."

Those persons who have studied on this system will hail with delight Professor's Müller's little book, because it presents new melodies which are graded and classified so carefully under different heads as to present apt illustrations of principles already fully stated, and which may here be readily supplied with chords in the style recommended.

The author begins by advancing ten principal succinct rules for guidance in the treatment of the melodies he offers, which will be specially valuable to persons who have not been taught on this master's principles; and also sixteen suggestions which all students will do well to keep in mind during attempts at harmonization. It is not sufficient that these should be read and passed by, or understood to be theoretically correct, or seen to be practically good. All must be thoroughly grasped, retained and acted upon. The student should keep vividly before his mental vision such directions habitually while exercising his skill as a harmonist, if he would attain to even mere grammatical correctness.

It is easy to memorize the ten commandments called the Decalogue, but unless the spirit of them is noted and they are so well pondered as to become settled principles of action their proper application in special cases will not be made, and the education therefore left incomplete. As moral agents we explain our actions by direct reference to their teaching. The musical composer similarly refers to laws in justification of his decisions.

As a book for teachers it will recommend itself by the general disposition of the matter. There are twenty-five lessons. Each lesson occupies one page; each melody fills exactly one staff, and all else is symmetrical in this sense. At the top of each page a few lines of special directions are offered; then immediately follows a melody, fully harmonized in the manner recommended; that is to say, in condensed score, or system of two staves. To this succeeds a melody to be treated in the same style, a vacant bass staff being printed below it that may receive the student's own markings, and thus save him the use of a second book for such manuscript work. If all this be done in pencil, alterations may be readily made, for the paper is strong enough if it be treated considerably.

Students of harmony who have adopted any of the systems in general use in America may greatly wish to learn how to supply a given melody with chords, and will order this work as promising to give the necessary information. It will do so; but it is the opinion of the reviewer that they need some intermediate instruction, that this "second series" may present fewer difficulties, and especially those persons who are auto-didacts in art, not from choice but necessity, residing so far from any great centre of civilization as to be unable to procure the services of a master.

It is not unusual to find that the most patient, hard working, thorough and conscientious students (who have written all the exercises found in Richter, and also the appendix to his book on harmony, or have worked steadily through any similar treatise that is fully laid out and not too greatly condensed) lose heart and become thoroughly discouraged when called upon to put a satisfactory bass part and two means to a simple melody. They may have wrestled with problems in figured bass to such good purpose as to be able to supply given basses with three or more smooth, fluent, singable parts above them, however hard, unpromising, uncouth, harsh, crude or difficult to treat such chordal successions may be.

These students may be able to parse all the harmonies, perceive all the roots (present or absent), comprehend the connection with preceding and succeeding chords, and pass satisfactorily any examination on such subjects, showing most conclusively that they have had great experience with harmonies and their progressions, usual or unusual (as in sequences or in novel modulations), and yet, if asked to perform such operation not in the direct line of this figured bass study, will betray complete bewilderment. If, for instance, three parts are to be placed below instead of above the part given, difficulties apparently insurmountable unexpectedly arise which baffle the taught, and sometimes even astonish the teacher. He well knows the difficulty of harmonizing satisfactorily certain apparently artless passages which from experience are found puzzling, and therefore may propose something extremely easy, say the notes of a grace (called a turn) on the keynote, written out in minims (half notes), each one to be supplied with a full chord. It is quite surprising how badly such a comparatively easy operation will be performed by students long accustomed to weave unbroken melodies over a bass, while conforming exactly to the directions given respecting the resulting harmony, however complex or far fetched it may prove.

To learn the cause of failure, it is sufficient to see

that in figured basses the subject matter is virtually all given. Nothing is left to the imagination, inventive genius or even choice of the student; but now for the first time he is called upon to think for himself.

Harmony is a science, depending on mathematics, on principles of acoustics, &c. In figured basses it is chiefly a generalization of all ordinary chords and discords, which are here indicated by a few signs or figures. Therefore it is a sort of musical shorthand, by which a composer may rapidly jot down his intentions as regards harmonic combinations while engaged in the comparatively slow process of writing out all the notes of one part, say that of the first violin.

The act of taking a figured bass part, and forming from it a quartet of melodies, making at every instant a complete harmony, is precisely analogous to taking the shorthand notes of a stenographer and translating them for the compositor. Such an operation is educational chiefly in this sense, that it compels attention to the theme, to the style of the author, and leads to the exercise of some few editorial functions; but it does nothing, or next to nothing, in the ways of helping a writer to provide subject matter of his own. It will not give him the ability to invent original ideas, or even teach the art of expressing known thoughts in different words; he must follow the argument or statements made in the language given, and not indulge in independent thought or expression.

A poor woman living by her needle may be presented by kind people with a sewing machine, that she may accomplish more; but now it is soon learned that, not having sufficient constructive ability to design a complete garment, she must be content to put together parts fashioned by more highly skilled persons, and beneficent friends are disappointed. This illustrates also the mental incapacity of the mere figured bass student, and often a teacher's dissatisfaction. Whoever wishes to construct harmonies for a given melody, of the plainest, shortest and simplest kind, must put forth other powers than those employed in working exercises from figures. If these powers be hitherto untried, he must develop them patiently, and be content with the consciousness of a steadily growing increase of skill, however slowly the process may proceed. The perception of the fact that the mental action is of another nature will alone teach patience. It is easy to see that were he called upon to string together but three chords to fit three notes (say, C, D, E, forming the melody), and he can perform such an act in several different ways, the faculty of choice must be exercised, and perplexity as to choice will be great in proportion to the number of possible ways within his powers. It generally happens that the simpler the melody, the greater the number of harmonizations which present themselves to the mind at once. The intellect is, however, occupied in other new ways; the selection or rejection of chords being merely mentioned in illustration of the fact.

If proof be wanted, that it will not be found an easy task to invent three good, fluent, singable parts to ordinary gamut, look at the accompaniments to the slow scales that are given by ordinary singing tutors, or listen to a singing master when he extemporizes accompaniments while giving a lesson in vocalization, or, better still, try to perform the task in writing. This is truly the "pons asinorum" of the music school.

It is certainly easier to give an intelligent assent to the fifth proposition of Euclid, that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another, than to provide harmonies for the second tetrachord of a major or minor scale, for this, as shown, involves inventive powers able to conquer acknowledged difficulties.

Here it may be asked, why need executive musicians (who do not intend to compose, but merely want to play and sing, to draw fees and give pleasure) trouble themselves about theory? This question is precisely like that raised in the classical school respecting the writing of Latin or Greek verses. When we learn to construct merely English verse it is not that we may all become poets, but learn something of the structure of poetry, so far at least as to be able to appreciate good workmanship, to detect false quantities, &c., and derive gratification from the marvelous manner in which good writers triumph over difficulties which to us may have proved insurmountable.

One may say, without fear of contradiction, that a reader or reciter of poetry must at least understand the technical formation of the work he recites, its poetic feet, its alliteration, rhyme, caesural pauses, and so forth, to say nothing of its spiritual significance, and therefore no performer should essay a fugue unless able to analyze it similarly, see how parts depend upon parts in a structural sense, as well as perceive the character of the emotion which distinguishes it. Too often performers (both pianists and organists) cannot do this; hence a bad rendition, and music lovers are betrayed into the remark, "I don't like fugues."

A great many plodding students of harmony are estopped at this "asses' bridge," who would gladly welcome any assistance that would help them over. Therefore the following course is advised.

If it be accepted and followed the work under notice will be made more immediately available:

(1) Having added three parts to a given bass, following

the figures, add now a fourth, fifth, sixth and then a seventh part.

Here all is virtually given as shown, and it being manifestly difficult to invent an entire scheme of harmonization without preliminary advice, and with some students impossible, let them first of all attempt the construction of a single part. It is proposed that they proceed step by step and attempt these operations.

When three parts are given, find a fourth; when two extreme parts are given find two means or inner parts; when two inner parts are given, find two extremes; when the bass only is given, find three upper parts, and lastly when the upper part is given, supply three lower ones.

Hence (2) procure a good choral book; copy out several chorals, omitting the alto part; close the book and insert the missing alto part.

This will be done from a knowledge of the chords, of what is wanting to complete them, &c. The result will now be compared with the book. The newly invented part will differ somewhat, but will not necessarily be erroneous; see if it be better or worse, and if possible learn what determined the author in making his choice of notes.

Did he, for example, obtain a better melody, keep the part in a tonal range better suited the voice?

Then (3) proceed similarly, omitting the tenor part. As this is often less passive, and perhaps takes a larger share of the most eloquent intervals (that is to say, thirds and discords, rather than mere filling up fifths, and never takes the leavings of the harmony, as contraltos are compelled so frequently to do, in our modern hymns, which are in so many particulars badly constructed), it demands somewhat higher powers to indent. Next (3) take the three upper parts, and then find a bass.

Lastly (4), copy all but the melody, and find out a melody.

The act of supplying a fourth part when three are given cannot fail to exercise powers hitherto dormant, and the self-taught may have his decisions verified or complemented by reference to the book used. Proceed now (5) to copy out chorals, omitting, and then afterward supplying (*i.e.*, inventing) the two inner parts. The bass and soprano, although mere outlines, are real, well-defined boundaries, and will give pretty strong hints as to the nature of the harmonization employed. Perhaps it will be well to repeat this operation most frequently, for it calls into play the greatest number of intellectual faculties with the least amount of mental friction.

Now (6) copy the bass, and supply three upper parts. Here the absence of the figures makes demands on the constructive ability, and hence it will be well to select for first trials chorals that have short lines or phrases, mostly common chords, and are in simple major keys.

That German chorals are better than modern hymns may be readily proven: it is sufficient here to point to the fact they more rarely have stagnant basses.

Then follows (7) finally the attempt to perform the act of inventing harmony for a given melody by copying the soprano alone and constructing for it a harmonic plan. Several such schemes may be formed, and then all may be compared as before with the book. Such errors as having too many cadences in the key of the piece will be noted, as well as a general monotony, stagnation or lifelessness, want of energy, vigor, definite intention or evidence of intention (as when, instead of preparing the mind for a cadence in some related key, the general trend of the harmony seems to point to some other key, &c.), being detected. Considerations relative to the signification of the words and the nature of the harmonies calculated to bring out their full meaning must be deferred until much freedom is acquired.

If illustrations are sought respecting this matter take up Bach's "Passion Music" according to St. Matthew, and note how differently the same melody is treated when the words become more and more profoundly earnest and solemn.

One reason why chorals are chosen as most suitable for the acquisition of the power to supply harmonies to an existing melody is because the notes are of equal length, and are commonly supplied with one chord each. Of course they may have two or more chords each, and continuously, as taught in counterpoint of the second and third species; but there are no melodic notes, such as passing notes, that may be slurred over, treated as auxiliaries and therefore need not be supplied with chords, which might clog or impede their motions.

When the pupil turns to the work that instigated the reviewer to propose these preparatory efforts, he will find themes which are much more florid in character, both tonally and rhythmically; but from what has been said and done he will be qualified to cope with the problems they present.

G. Schirmer, New York.

HOMER, N., BARTLETT, *Three Songs*

These songs form op. 134 of this conscientious, painstaking and unwearied composer. They have no connection one with another. The first, "What Means This Tear So Lonely?" ("Was will die einsame Thräne," by Heine, dedicated to Mrs. Carl Alves), is an elaborate construction which will interest musicians as well as vocalists. It is original

in style, novel in harmonization and design as regards accompaniment, and more ambitious in an artistic sense than other songs planned with an eye to popularity.

No. 2, "Dearest Robin," is simpler, being a quaint little melody in G minor, with words fully in keeping with the pastoral poetry. It is really a dialogue between "Robin" and a "Maiden" (a duet for one voice at a time). The hints at imitative counterpoint in the accompaniment and suggestions found among the marks of expression lead one to suppose that when sung by Mrs. Bessie Grovesteen Dutton, to whom it is dedicated, it will not fail to have its due effect.

No. 3, "Contemplation," with French and English words, and dedicated to Jessie Bartlett Davis, is the gem of the set, well suited to mezzo-soprano voices and very interesting to accompany. The rhythmic structure, the discords, whether prepared or unprepared, resolved or otherwise formally treated; the unexpected turns of harmony and modulation and other salient features, mark the artistic aims of the writer and call up sympathetic responses in kindred souls. A vocalist must be cold indeed not to warm into enthusiasm and deliver her phrases with a becoming earnestness when associated with such instrumentation, pulsating strongly with passion and a depth of emotion not to be made known by words. An accompanist must be impassive, jaded and totally unfit for participation in art life who can deliver these passages with indifference or mere mechanical accuracy, remaining otherwise indifferent to their significance.

This song is unreservedly recommended.

Musical Bores.

THE AMATEUR OF MANY THEORIES.

I FIRST met Canon Blusterble at a little dinner specially arranged for the purpose. I am a composer, and he is supposed by his friends to be a very cultured musician, so our mutual acquaintance B, who is a poet, thought it would be a good thing for us to know each other. Canon Blusterble is a chaotic kind of a man as regards his temperament, and as to his appearance, not unlike the portraits of Dr. Johnson. We had hardly sat down to dinner ere he opened his batteries on me. I had casually remarked to my friend B that Mme. Calvé was making a great success in New York. The canon laid down his fork and glared at me steadily.

"Mme. Calvé?" he queried, shaking his huge head, as if eager to begin the fray. "And who may Mme. Calvé be?" I explained that she was the most dramatic actress on the operatic stage.

"Sir," exclaimed the canon, clutching both ends of his napkin, "Sir, I notice you young men praise operatic singers for their acting. Now, my theory is that one of the first requisites of a singer is that she should sing. No, sir, you have not one singer on the stage at the present time who can at all equal Grisi or Malibran—not one! Why, when we went to the opera in those days—and the opera was then something to be remembered—we were connoisseurs, sir. We knew when a singer sang out of tune, and some of those who now adorn your operatic stage we should simply have hissed off. What singers, may I ask, have you to equal either Malibran or Grisi? Ah! they were supreme beings—gifted creatures. There is something," here Canon Blusterble leant back in his chair, and looked at the ceiling, "there is something divine in the human voice. Something of which no acting can take the place. It is as if—"

"Champagne, sir?"

"* * * It is, as I was saying, as if we heard all that music is capable of, all the paths which human beings are able to express in a beautiful vocal organ. You may be fond of the orchestra—I am myself, for I compose—you may be fond of the orchestra, but, sir, I maintain that no instrument the hand of man ever fashioned can at all equal the human voice. Then we come to the consideration of whether it is really advisable that singers should act; whether indeed it may not incommode their production of voice, and according to my theories—"

"But Mario acted well," I ventured to suggest, taking the opportunity of the canon's having some difficulty in saving a fork from falling.

"Mario, sir, was a genius—a born genius. There is not, and never will be, such an artist." Here the canon hummed an operatic air to himself, and when he had finished muttered "beautiful, beautiful!"

"You do not think that beautiful I can see," he exclaimed, looking at me. "I presume you belong to the modern school that objects to vocal melody in an opera. Now let me tell you that you do not really know what a melody is when sung by such an artist as Mario. It thrilled one with its pure beauty. Had he been a stick on the stage and had he sung as he alone could sing it would, I assure you, have drawn tears from my eyes. That was music. Now a fifth-rate German vocalist sings your Wagner all out of tune, and you do not even hiss him. I have a theory that all musical feeling has departed from these Islands—departed with the advent of a love for Wagner's music."

Here he paused, as if to gather fresh force. I glanced appealingly at B, who gallantly came to my rescue by turning the conversation. Then we both had to listen to a dissertation on poetry, which lasted for a considerable time. At length the tide of eloquence again turned toward music.

"I was saying when our friend B interrupted me, that musical feeling has departed from this Island—I should have said from this world. For what composer, save Wagner, have we had since Beethoven? Where now are the great men who once walked this earth? Where, indeed? The composers who are now placed on pedestals are pigmies—yes, sir, pigmies—compared with the immortal Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven."

"Brahms is considered—"

"Yes, sir, I know he is supposed to be a great composer. But I find him dull, intolerably dull. The one thing I like in him is that he does not attempt what you moderns are pleased to call program music. Now Beethoven—"

"But surely you will allow that Beethoven composed with some definite idea in his head?" I exclaimed in one breath. The canon paused, while he contemplatively looked into his wine glass. It was the lull before the storm.

"You have," he said, settling himself in his chair, as if he had a verdict to deliver, "You have touched upon a theory of mine particularly dear to me. That Beethoven did have some idea to which he composed I think we must allow has been proved. But my point is that his music is fine in spite of and not because of that. We then come to the question of whether music is not an art which expresses more than men can understand. Perhaps you do not take my meaning? Music in my opinion is a language which far transcends any of our ideas or thoughts, and so to join it to such definite things as words is to drag the heavens down to earth. It is one of the fallacies, in fact I may say that it is one of the greatest fallacies of the present age to think that—"

What was the greatest fallacy of the present age, according to Canon Blusterble, I never heard, for B suggested that we should adjourn to the drawingroom. We went. There was a grand piano, and I feared the worst. "Ah!" exclaimed the canon, "we can now put practice in the place of theory. Will you let me hear something of your own?" I played him a march from an opera I was composing.

"Ah, strangely enough," he remarked, when I had finished, "your composition reminds me of one of my theories. It is briefly this." I shuddered. "Since Wagner there has been no great composer, nor any sign of one. This does not surprise me. I long ago came to the conclusion that some new tone-color is required; that Europe is becoming effete in artistic matters, and that the tide of art which once ebbed from the East is now flowing back there. If I had to advise a young composer I should say 'study Oriental music,' for I am convinced that the future of the world lies in the East. Get as much Oriental coloring as possible in your music, that is my advice. Allow me to say, however, that I noticed some consecutive fifths in the composition you have just played. They were not intentional, I hope." I explained that I wanted them for a particular effect. "Ah, my young friend, let me warn you against their use. I once heard a very clever definition of consecutive fifths, which if it were known to students would effectually prevent the use of these distressingly harsh chords. It was this: 'The sounding of two keys simultaneously.'"

I pointed out that if you play a chord of five notes you are sound five keys at once. "Yes, that is true," he answered, "but the effect of five keys sounding at once is soft. I know you can show me many passage in Wagner's work in which consecutive fifths are employed. But I cannot accept Wagner as a musician—as a poet, a dramatic poet, if you will, but not as a musician. That is a distinction that is not often made. After many years of close study of Wagner's music, I have come to the conclusion that it is not music at all. And that brings me to a pet theory of mine." Then the canon paused to ask permission to smoke. My friend and I were crouching in our easy chairs and my friend's eyes gleamed homicidally. "Let me give," went on the canon, puffing his cigar with complacent dignity, "Let me give an illustration of my meaning. In the building of a cathedral, everything is orderly, is arranged for the general effect, and is above all, in true proportion. I need not dilate on this idea. You will see its application to music. It is my theory that musical tones are the bricks, the stones, as it were, of the musical composition. Now, you do not design a cathedral to imitate any material thing—the laws of architecture are instinctive in the human breast, and the building grows from itself. So with music. The true musical composition develops within itself, is molded to a form which has been found by generations to be the best, the most fitting. Take the symphony form, for instance. You cannot give any reason for it any more than you can for the pinnacles of a cathedral; and yet, if you be a musician, you feel that it is the only way in which music can be constructed. It is part of the music itself. Now Wagner wanted music to follow the situation of a drama or be an interpretation of a literary poetic idea. He threw ordinary forms overboard, and made his music imitative and to express some idea not contained in the music itself. It is as if a building were made in the form of an elephant;

it is like cutting hedgerows into shapes of peacocks; it is as if—"

A slight sound of snoring from the direction of B's chair interrupted the canon. "Ah," he said, as he relighted his cigar, "the purely literary intellect is constricted in its range. We musicians"—and he indicated me with a flourish of his cigar—"We musicians are more universal, more, if I may say so, æsthetic in our conversation and tastes. Well, while I am on the subject, I may say that I have another theory with regard to music, and that is in its relation to color."

I rose hastily from my chair, and made as much noise as I could with a syphon of soda water in order to awaken B. It had no effect, and I sank back with a sigh into my chair. "Now, color," continued the canon, when I had reseated myself, "is the soul of music, the beautiful flesh which covers the skeleton of form. There is indeed some relation between color and music, the harmonies, in particular. Certain instruments produce certain colors to my mind, thus the horn is a soft red, the trombones vermilion, the double basses purple and the violins a beautiful prismatic color, varying from blue to sunset gold. And more particular do certain chords suggest certain colors. Accordingly when I compose my anthems, of which, no doubt, you have heard, I hang pieces of silk of beautiful tints on a screen before my writing table. Being church music of course I choose colors of absolute purity, and eschew your immoral purples and violets, as well as your passionate reds."

"I should have thought," I exclaimed, "that a stained glass window would have given you more inspiration."

"Not at all, sir," rejoined Canon Blusterble. "It would be entirely against my theories. A stained glass window is a picture, and my theory is, and in this I think I am supported by most authorities, that music cannot describe material things—the inspiration obtained by gazing at beautiful colors is quite another matter. While I am speaking of the anthems I have written, I may as well say that I have adopted Wagner's theories as to the repetition of words. Nowhere in my compositions will you find even a single word repeated. Now if you—"

"Dear me," I interrupted, looking at my watch, "I had no idea it was so late. I must go. B rose from his seat trying to look as if he had not been to sleep, and the stream of the canon's eloquence for a moment was dried up. But going down stairs he theorized, stopping on each stair, while he laid a heavy and emphatic hand on my shoulder. He theorized while we were putting on our coats; he theorized on the pavement before getting into his cab. "Now remember my advice!" said he, as he lit his fourth cigar. "Go to the East for your tone-color, and avoid consecutive fifths. Admire but fear Wagner and—ah that reminds me of another theory! May I give you a lift, and we can continue our conversation in the cab?" "Which way do you go?" I asked innocently. "Westward," he replied. "I am going toward your favorite quarter the East, I exclaimed, "So, good-bye." * * * And I fled.—London "Musical Standard."

National Conservatory of Music.

THE annual entrance examinations of the National Conservatory of Music of America will be held at the Conservatory Building, 126 and 128 East Seventeenth street, as follows:

Piano and Organ.—September 4, from 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.
Singing.—September 6 and 7, from 9 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 5 P. M., and on the evening of the 7th. Chorus from 8 to 10 P. M.
Violin, Viola, Contrabass, Cello and Harp.—September 8, from 10 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 4 P. M.
Orchestra and all Wind Instruments.—September 8, from 2 to 4 P. M.
Composition (Dr. Dvorák's Class).—November 1, from 9 to 12 A. M. and 2 to 5 P. M.

Edwin W. Glover.—Edwin W. Glover has severed his connection with the College of Music, Cincinnati, and will give private instruction.

Has He a Sweet Tone?—Mr. Havemeyer, the president of the Sugar Trust, is said to be an excellent violinist. So was Nero, and the people at this day, as at that, have to pay the fiddler.—Baltimore "Sun."

A Music Library for Boston.—The Public Library will soon come into possession of a collection of books on music that is perhaps the finest in its line in the United States. It was the collection of Mr. Allen A. Brown. Years have been spent in the accumulation of this library with the view of making it comprehensive and complete in several departments. Besides operas, oratorios, masses and such works it contains symphonies and other orchestral compositions of the masters, with dictionaries, histories, biographies and other forms of literature relating to the art. Altogether there are about 12,000 titles in the catalogue.

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BRITISH OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
LONDON, 15 ARGYLL STREET, W., AUGUST 8, 1894.

SIR AUGUSTUS HARRIS has arranged to start his grand operatic tour of the principal cities of Great Britain and Ireland on the 27th of this month. The orchestra, chorus and artists are specially chosen from the company at Covent Garden. Mr. Armando Seppelli, of Covent Garden, and Mr. Leo Feld will be the conductors. The repertoire will include Wagner's "Tannhäuser," "Die Meistersinger," and "Lohengrin;" Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots," Gounod's "Faust" and "Philemon et Baucis," Bizet's "Carmen," Massenet's "La Navarraise," Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," Gluck's "Orfeo," Bach's "Lady of Longford," and Verdi's "Falstaff." Miss Pauline Joran heads the list of operatic sopranos.

The second edition of "Little Christopher Columbus" was given at the Lyric Theatre on the 2d inst. before a crowded house. Miss Florence St. John in the part of "Christopher" and Miss Geraldine Ulmar in the part of "Guinevere," both delighted the audience with several new songs, duets, and dances, which have been added to the play, and the catchy melodies received a warm welcome, two of the most popular duets being one between "Christopher" and "Mrs. Block" (J. F. Sheridan), and another between "Christopher" and "Guinevere." Both Mr. Sheridan and Mr. E. J. Lonnen, who played the part of "O'Hooligan," were enthusiastically received. Miss Mabel Love complied with the request for more after her dance with Mr. Lonnen, in the "Marionette Courtship." This second edition bids fair to be as popular as the old version which ran about a year.

I hear further reports of the success of Miss Margaret Mackintyre at the Cape, where at a series of six concerts at Johannesburg she received £1,400. At one of her concerts she introduced the cathedral scene and prison act from Gounod's "Faust." Miss Mackintyre has two brothers in South Africa, and this tour out there was made more for pleasure than for business, and little did she dream that she would meet with such a hearty reception and that the people would pay her the compliment of such a long series of well attended concert performances.

"Little Jack Shepherd," the burlesque by Mr. H. P. Stevens and Mr. W. E. Yardley, with music by Mr. Meyer Lutz, Alfred Cellier and Florian Pascal, will be reproduced at the Gaiety Theatre on the last of August.

Much satisfaction is expressed on all sides with relation to the decision of the court that musical compositions are not included in the clause of the American copyright law applying to books, and until this judgment is set aside music can be printed in England and copyrighted in America. This, I think, will encourage many London publishers to put their compositions on the American market.

The Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company will commence their annual tour for 1894 and 1895 at the new Theatre Blackpool on the 13th inst. From here they will go to Birmingham, Belfast, Bradford, Dublin, Edinburgh, Gloucester, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle and other principal cities of the United Kingdom, playing in each all the way from one to ten weeks. This company has produced upward of 100 operas, and during the coming season they will draw upon this large repertoire: Berlioz' "Damnation of Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Rienzi," "Carmen," "Aida," "Romeo et Juliette," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Faust," "Il Traviata," and others, besides adding the following novelties: The new opera "Jeannie Deans," composed by Mr. Hamish McCunn, to a libretto by Mr. Joseph Bennett; Tasca's new opera "At Santa Lucia," the English version of which is by Mr. William Grist, and Bruneau's "L'Attaque du Moulin." "Die Meistersinger" will also be given, and the "Merry Wives of Windsor," Ambrose Thomas' "Mignon," Goring Thomas' "Esmerelda" and other operas. It will be remembered that every opera given by this company is sung in English. The principal artists engaged are Madame Marie Dumas, Miss Louise Meisslinger, Miss Mary Linck, Miss Minnie Hunt, Miss Lillie Heenan, Miss Alice Esty, Mr. E. D. Hedmond, Mr. Frank Wood, Signor Abromoff, Mr. Lempriere Pringle, Mr. William Llewellyn, Mr. Fox and Mr. Alec Marsh, with the following newcomers: Madame Pauline L'Allemande, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. William Paull, Mr. Wilson Sheffield, Mr. Winckworth and Mr. Fischer Sobell.

Madame Pauline L'Allemande is a native of Syracuse,

N. Y., and received her musical education at the Conservatoire, Dresden. Her first appearance was made in the part of "Zerlina," in "Don Giovanni," before the German royal family at Königsberg. Her success led to other engagements, and a tour through the chief cities of Prussia, where Rubinstein heard her sing and recommended her to further study with Madame de la Grange, of Paris. After a thorough course with this noted professor, Madame L'Allemande again sang in Germany, and Dr. Richter was so pleased with her work that he voluntarily agreed to produce the "Barber of Seville" at the Vienna Opera House for her, personally conducting the performance, at which the Emperor Francis Josef was present. After a tour in Russia she went to America and sang with the American Opera Company, and the Boston Ideal Opera Company, afterward organizing a tour of her own through the United States and Mexico. During this time she has acquired a repertoire of over eighty operas, and the Carl Rosa Company are to be highly congratulated on securing such a capable and well-known prima donna.

Mr. W. H. Stephens is a Cornishman. He studied at the Royal College of Music, and made his first appearance on the stage in the part of "Locksley" in "Ivanhoe," and since that time has sung various tenor rôles in opera in English.

The other new tenor, Mr. Fischer Sobell, is an Australian, who began his operatic career in that country at an early age. The success he readily acquired led him to come to London for study, where he won the Sir Thomas Elder Scholarship at the Royal College of Music in 1883. This entitled him to three years' free tuition, which was extended for two years more, after which he continued his studies in Paris and Germany, and has since sung in Berlin, Brussels, Antwerp, Frankfurt and other continental cities. His success there brought him several good offers for engagements.

The Carl Rosa tour will be conducted by Mr. Claude Jaquinot and Signor Ardit, and the general management will continue in the able hands of Mr. T. H. Friend.

MISS PAULINE JORAN.

Miss Pauline Joran, who has just been engaged for the dramatic soprano rôles in Sir Augustus Harris' provincial tour, has mounted the ladder of fame very rapidly. She was born near Chicago on August 3, 1870, from very artistic parents, her father, an Austrian, being a painter and also a musician, and her mother a teacher of music. With her two sisters she was early taught to play the piano, both solo and concerted work, making an appearance in public at an early age. After the death of her father they removed to California, where she began the study of the violin at twelve years of age with Charles Goffrie, who had played at Covent Garden for thirty years under Sir Michael Costa.

Here she resided for some two years, playing frequently at public functions. At a farewell concert given just before their departure for Honolulu, she played with the orchestra a piano concerto by Mozart, and the Wieniawski concerto for violin. After a pleasant sojourn at Hawaii, they proceeded to Australia, where they gave an extended concert tour embracing all the principal cities of that country. Returning to America they organized what was known as the Misses Joran Concert Company (and were assisted by one vocalist), making an extensive tour throughout the South and Mexico. While in the capital of the latter country she had the advantage of taking singing lessons with Signor Testa, an Italian master living there. After five years of concert-giving, at the earnest recommendation of several friends, including Sarasate, they proceeded to Berlin, where Miss Pauline continued her studies on the violin with Mr. Sauret and the voice with Professor Hey. From the German capital they came to London, where she took lessons in voice-culture with Mme. Louise Liebhart, who at the time of Titiens was one of our leading prima donnas. Madame Liebhart was most enthusiastic over Miss Joran's vocal and histrionic abilities, and introduced her to the Carl Rosa Opera Company, by whom, after a trial performance of "Arlene," in the "Bohemian Girl," in Manchester (March, 1893), she was engaged for the rest of the season. During that time she sang several rôles. When Mascagni was here during the following season at Covent Garden, she had the opportunity of singing the part of "Beppo," in "L'Amico Fritz" for him, playing the introductory solo and the accompaniment on the violin. This was in the foyer at Covent Garden, and among those present was Sir Augustus Harris.

So pleased were the composer and impresario with her work, that she was engaged for the part on the spot, and created it in England, Sir Augustus Harris making a contract with her for the years of 1893-4. During last summer she had several months' study in Italy, where the Italian masters were most enthusiastic over her voice and decided talent. Here she learned several rôles in Italian, and became conversant with the language. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of wide range, and from the dearth of contraltos Sir Augustus Harris has cast her many times for contralto rôles, which, although out of her range vocally, she has by aid of her other talents always made a success. Fortune has favored her several times, the most important perhaps being her singing of the part of "Marguerite" at only two hours' notice, being formerly cast for the part of "Siebel" on the same night.

The vast audience forgot that she was a substitute, and cheered her to the echo, among the most enthusiastic being Sir Augustus Harris himself, who stood up in the front of his box and applauded vigorously. This, with several appearances in the higher rôles has led him to give her the present prominent position of leading dramatic soprano in his company for the Provinces, where she will play the parts of "La Navarraise," "Santuzza" and "Carmen," all Calvé's favorites, together with "Marguerite," "Nedda" and "Alicie." Miss Joran has also been offered the part of "Beppo" in "L'Amico Fritz" at the opening performance of the new Teatro Nazionale of Milan in September, negotiations with Sir Augustus Harris now pending. It is thus that one of our bright American girls has won such a good position for herself in such a short time.

FRANK V. ATWATER.

Ruskin and Music.

THERE seems to have passed among musicians a flutter of glad surprise when, upon the publication of Miss Wakefield's book of extracts taken from the works of John Ruskin, they learned how many beautiful and helpful things our great art critic had said about music. Burying themselves in acquiring necessary technical skill, and looking for their education to the school books alone, comparatively few students spare an eye or an ear for what is going on in other men's gardens, or for inquiring what others are doing or thinking in artistic circles outside their own. So, no doubt, among musicians, Mr. Ruskin has had but an inattentive audience as year by year he dropped his words of true wisdom fit for ears artistic. It may be that it is only now, when such words of his as directly deal with music have been gathered as into a garland, that the musician has become fully aware of the beauty and the suggestiveness of Ruskin's thoughts. No doubt to many these will now prove a new and glad possession.

But there may be a further gain if it is shown that these extracts after all are but occasional utterances, emanations of a "singularly spiritual mind" it is true, yet not the great business of the author's life; and that if we are to get the greatest profit from Ruskin's teachings, we—musicians I mean—should approach this master of criticism in a different manner than by the easy, but not always satisfactory, short cut of extracts.

To those who look below the surface there are in every noteworthy work of art virtues that lie hidden away, unrecognized by those who expect much less than can be got for the asking. Whence comes art? Why does it exist? are questions seldom held with any degree of persistency before the minds of musicians, or indeed of any body of artists who, not seeing more than halfway and resting on second causes, going no farther, not infrequently are lacking in clear and well founded judgment. Now it is just at this point that Mr. Ruskin has come in and done his greatest and most helpful work. And, to quote Professor Dowden in his study of the Victorian literature, "No other truth can be quite so important for our own age, or for any age, as the truth preached so unceasingly and so impressively by Mr. Ruskin." But, it may be said, Mr. Ruskin is a critic of paintings and architecture; he is not a musician. Surely that is not a material point. We need scarcely be reminded how helpful it is when an æsthetic argument has to be tackled or a subtle beauty explained if the mind can be appealed to through the eye and through the ear. For, when these are addressed simultaneously, the lesson comes with double force. The architect works through tracings of solid stone and light and shade in masonry, and the musician through aerial pulsations, subtle interchange of vibrational forms and interlacings of deeply affecting tone color; but the source of both arts—of all arts—is the same; their object and their lessons are identical. It should matter very little to a musician that a book deals with the practice and principles of architecture. It should cost him little trouble to translate into musical thought every great fact, and almost every detail, and losing the material aspect of artistic things, he should find it delightful to trace their origin to a source common to all, and to think of architecture through music and to read the deeper meaning of music through the lessons of architecture. We might point specially to one book of Ruskin, which, while it speaks to the architect, should have a meaning for all artists. I speak of "The Seven Lamps." Hear what says Holman Hunt, not an architect but a painter. The book had been lent to him for a few days. He writes: "I returned it before I had got half the good there was in it; but of all readers none so strongly as myself could have felt that it was written expressly for him. When it was gone," he says, "the echo of its words stayed with me and pealed a further meaning and value in their inspiration whenever my more solemn feelings were touched in any way."

If a painter can so use the book, why not a musician? Few, indeed, are the aids that a young musician finds at hand to guide him when (his mind pliant and his enthusiasm as yet unchilled) he is most ready to receive impressions. But here he may read, to his advantage, of the dignity of art and its true bearings; here he may learn the sources from which spring sublimity and beauty; here learn the

duties laid upon a true artist, the virtues he must cultivate; reading, he is shown that sacrifice is the truest gain, truth the only safety, life the great object of his study, memory his sweetest pleasure, obedience the crowning grace of the victorious.

The sympathetic leader in the issue of July 14 should have the effect of reminding us of our indebtedness to Mr. Ruskin. It would be well if our teachers would urge upon musical students a closer study of the books of this author, correcting the mistaken notion that his work lies outside their province. It might, too, with advantage, be further recommended that his lessons should be read, not only in this pleasant book of extracts, but in his fullness, "wholly, and with diligence and attention."—James C. Culwick, in "Musical News."

Lugini's Tale.

A CERTAIN performance of "Il Trovatore" was one of the strangest experiences I have ever had the fortune or misfortune to encounter. As the chief actor is now dead, I take the opportunity of telling something about it.

In 1880 I was in Frankfort in connection with one of the large music publishing houses of that city. Having a passing knowledge of the art of music and some little power with the pen, I was also employed as critic at the opera for one of the chief musical papers of the district.

A pleasanter city to live in than Frankfort one can hardly wish for, and as my friends were both numerous and good-hearted time sped swiftly along. I had not long frequented the opera house—which, as every one knows, is one of the finest in Europe—before I noticed a strange looking man, always badly dressed and not over well washed. He would lounge about the corridors and lobbies to all appearances a welcome guest; be the house ever so full or the seats double their usual price, this old man was always to be seen either listening to the music or talking to some of the attendants in the lobbies. No one could give me any very precise information concerning him. When I asked who he was the only answer ever given was, "That is old Lugini." At last I doubted if he had any other name at all, and called him "The Nineteenth Century Flying Dutchman."

About eighteen months or so after I saw him first I was sitting under the trees in the Palm Gardens one lovely July afternoon listening to a military concert and drinking black coffee. Our musical season was nearly over. The weather had become very hot, and the city was full of strangers, Francisco Columbatì, one of the greatest tenors of the day, was singing at the Opera. He was to appear in "Il Trovatore" that night. Everybody who had heard him said that his rendering of the part of "Manrico" was something magnificent, and I looked forward to a great treat. I had not been sitting under the trees long before old Lugini—with whom I now had a slight acquaintance—entered the gardens and was soon seated beside me. Perhaps the excessive heat had affected him, for I had rarely seen him look more wretched and tired. Suddenly the band struck up the turreted scene music from "Il Trovatore." The brilliant sunshine, the blue cloudless heavens, the crowds of well dressed pleasure-seekers, the laughter, chatter and noise of the children at play, the bright flowers, shrubs and delicate foliage of the trees, all joined together to most effectually counterbalance the sadness of the music, so much so that its usual power was altogether lost.

"What a piece to play at an open air concert!" I remarked to Lugini. "Not a note 'tells' here. One wants a dull, dark, sunless winter's day for that stuff to be properly understood. By the way, will you join me to-night at Columbatì's performance of 'Il Trovatore?' It is sure to be splendid."

Lugini looked at me from beneath his rough, shaggy eyebrows for a few moments and then said, "You'll never make a good critic. You are too enthusiastic over it all. I'll come with you. Your style is infectious."

At 7 we met. The lobbies were full of people hurrying to their seats. English tourists in homely tweeds mingled with Frankforters, or those of them who had not gone to Homburg or Wiesbaden dressed in their finest clothes. Many strangers stopped to gaze at the handsome roofs and frescoes, balustrades and rich carving. Not a few cast wondering eyes as we hurried up the main stairs, wondering, like many more had done before them, who the badly dressed old man was. He looked so out of place amidst the gay throng. The conductor had just raised his baton as we reached our seats, and in a few moments the curtain rose. Everything seemed to go well that night. The great tenor was in capital voice; the other members of the cast excelled themselves; the orchestra played magnificently; the house was crammed and most enthusiastic. I need not detail the performance. Everybody knows the opera. After perhaps "Faust" it is the best known grand opera in Europe. The libretto—nothing; the music—everything.

As the old melodies rang through the house I noticed that Lugini grew somewhat restless. At the close of the first and second acts he would not leave his seat, and when I returned in time for the third act I noticed that he was

much excited. The well-known "Soldiers' Chorus," in C major, which opens the act, was well sung with great spirit. The words were hurled out at the audience as if each singer was thirsting for their blood. Lugini's eyes glistened as he heard, and the perspiration stood out on his forehead in little beads. The act proceeded, and his excitement became more apparent, and as "Manrico" moved to the front of the stage and sang that grand aria "Di quella pira," Lugini sat up like one enchanted. He fixed his eyes on the singer; his whole frame seemed to be tingling under some tremendous excitement. His chest heaved, and his breath came thick and fast. With a burst of song, perhaps never equaled in the annals of opera in Frankfort, Columbatì took the high A at the close of the aria with a shout and an eloquent ring that was really marvelous to hear. "Leonora" joined in with her short passage, scarce audible through the thunders of applause that rang from all parts of the house.

Again "Manrico" dashed into the aria, singing every note as if his whole future depended upon it. Lugini sprang from his seat and, covering his face with his hands, hastily left the house. His excitement was not natural; there was a look of horror on his face, a haunted air about him, as if he would fain keep some unpleasant thing from him. I joined him in the lobby. He was as white as a sheet, and was hastily putting on his cloak and hat. A roar of applause which nearly shook the theatre sounded above us, and yet Lugini went on unheeding. Silently I followed him. Something seemed to tie my tongue. We were soon out of the building. I gave him my arm. He led the way, and in a few minutes we were in his rooms. I had never been there before. They were dark and dirty, with a cheerless air about them, and yet I noticed he looked round them with no little pride. For a few moments nothing broke the silence save the loud ticking of a large clock in the corner of the room. A dull light was shed from an old oil lamp. In the gloom I could see Lugini's pale face, still bearing traces of the tremendous excitement he had just passed through. The house was in an old back street, and no noise came from the street to break the death-like stillness.

At last Lugini pulled himself together and with a haggard look on his face said: "I'll tell you the story of my life, and that will explain all. I wish to God I had not gone to the opera!"

And then in a low, painfully low voice, at times broken by sobs, he told me the following story, which, without exception, was the most impressive recital I have ever listened to:

"Years ago, when 'Il Trovatore' had been only produced a few years, and was still the rage in Italy, I was engaged to go and sing in the part of 'Manrico,' in Malta. My name is not Lugini; it is Salterali, and was at that time known throughout the length and breadth of my native land. When this engagement was offered me I had been married but a year—a year of perfect happiness, a year of unclouded joy, a year of knowing what it was to live in a heaven on earth.

"My wife and I set off for Malta. We reached the island on a Saturday afternoon. The sun had just set, leaving a dull red glow on the churches, palaces, mansions and batteries, as we sailed slowly up the grand harbor, and beheld for the first time in our lives the city of Valetta. We had rooms in the Strada Reale, and when we sat by the window that evening and saw the moonlit street, the dim shadows of the Governor's House, and the long lines of little lights, heard the strange yet pleasant noises from the street, and smelt the fragrant odors from the wealth of flowers in the Governor's gardens, we both put up a prayer to heaven that our lot might ever be overshadowed by such happy and glorious halos.

"Soon the time for my appearance at the Opera House arrived. My wife, not feeling well, stayed at home. What a sight met my gaze as the curtain rose! The house was packed, not a vacant seat to be seen! The whole place is made up of rows upon rows of boxes, and each seemed to contain more lovely women and more exquisite jewels than another.

"I sang my best. I acted as only an Italian can in the rôle. During the third act, as I was singing 'Di quella pira,' I somehow seemed to forget where I was, and I only thought of my wife. Her face would not leave me. Her image seemed to be impressed on my mind.

"At last all was over. I hardly knew what I did during the last act. My wife seemed to hold me enchained, and although I tried to throw this off and think of my part I could not.

"I hurried home, refusing many pressing invitations to supper from kind and generous friends. As I reached our door I heard a shriek of pain and agony. I burst it open. Oh, God! I shall never forget! There lay my wife in bed—one mass of flames! I had come from singing of flames to find my wife burning!" Lugini stopped speaking, and sobbed like a child. I felt inclined to do the same. I now knew how the opera so affected him; now knew the burden he carried about with him.

Years have passed since I heard the tale I have just told, but so much did it impress me that I have never seen "Il Trovatore" without thinking of Lugini's tale.—S. Fraser Harris, in "Magazine of Music."

A Funny Symphony.

JAMES M. TRACY.

THE following sketch is a humorous colored picture of the Schumann E flat symphony, after Grove—The composer's four friends, and the symposium "Kitzinger" and cigars.

In listening to the performance of the Symphony Orchestra of Schumann's E flat symphony the other evening we were forcibly reminded of what Dr. Julius Knorr once said to us concerning the disposition, habits and life of the great composer at Leipzig.

Schumann and Knorr for many years were the closest of friends. At one time they were co-editors of the Leipzig "Signale," the then best musical paper of Germany.

Naturally this brought them much together, the tendency of which was to harmonize their every action and thought. Knorr was a good scholar, a fine pianist and a successful story teller, while Schumann composed, like a genius, superbly, was also a fine scholar and a brilliant writer. The two together made a very powerful combination of musical and literary talent, hard to excel or butt against, as many found to their sorrow. Both loved their lager and billiards fondly, indulging in them beyond prudence or reason. They seldom wended their way home before the wee small hours of the morning, and not then did they seek the much needed rest which nature demanded, but one set about composing, the other to practice what had been composed the night before. It was in this way that most of Schumann's music was composed, thus furnishing a good reason for many people to call this music beer-crazy.

Schumann had other associates besides Knorr, who used to sit up late with him drinking lager and playing billiards. We design to have the different movements of this E flat symphony represent the characteristic dispositions of his four friends, so we assign one of them to each movement, Schumann making the first:

Vivace, Schumann; molto moderato, Knorr; andante, Mendelssohn; religioso, Dr. Hauptmann; vivace, David, the violinist.

This quintet of Leipzig's most noted musicians deserves a large space in the musical history of that city, and what better or more fitting than is found in this E flat symphony?

There is no doubt Schumann had all these famous men in his mind when writing that wonderful work, for the different movements represent their real characteristics almost exactly, which we shall try to make perfectly clear.

We find these musicians one evening seated around a mahogany table in the most noted lager beer saloon of Leipzig. Schumann, possessed of nervous excitable, vivace temperament, seemed unusually irritable on this particular evening, evidently intending to have a battle with some one. Fire was in his eyes, and activity apparent in every movement he made. Now the first movement of the symphony is suggested by the waiter, who had been called upon to bring on the first round of Kitzinger beer. In turning on the faucet too quickly, the beer foamed and ran over the "seidel." Schumann, tenacious of securing his full pint, as guaranteed by the German Law, was raving; he flew at the waiter with demoniac intent. He used emphatic words, and demonstrated with his arms and other parts of his body until the room seemed about to tumble in. The vivace movement with brasses, kettle drums, contrabasses and all other instruments of the orchestra were strained to their utmost in making what noise they could to represent his actions.

Schumann once aroused could not be pacified until his entire energies of body and nerves were spent. Animated fire shone from his eyes; lager beer combustion was about to take away the poor waiter, well represented by Nikisch's trombones, horns and kettledrum player. Such a trio as they produced—distended the ear drums so they were incapable of distinguishing pitch or define what is termed a musical tone. The irregular vibrations of the ear drums produce only noise—a well-known fact to scientists and musicians. Such startling effects of vision and hearing as were seen and emitted by the flying arms of the string players and blasting of bass instruments startled even the stolid nerve centre of those cultured people who occupy the highest priced seats, and who usually sit motionless from the beginning to the end of a concert, except now and then to give a vacant stare at some friend, or make adagio movements with a diminutive fan of very bright color. Really, the class of whom we speak seemed amazed at such a demoniac demonstration of orchestral noise, wondering no doubt what it all meant. Did it mean Mr. Nikisch was losing his senses, or was fitting himself to become a brass band conductor?

This movement had gone far enough, so Dr. Knorr arose to offer the olive branch of peace. The doctor was a quiet, peaceable, well cultivated gentleman, and having Schumann's interest at heart did not wish him accused of misdemeanor by committing a murderous or scandalous act. By his urbane, persuasive eloquence the din, which had now reached its greatest height, was brought to a close. Dr. Knorr then ordered a fresh supply of Kitzinger,

and for a moment after, prosit! all was hushed in quiet repose.

Moderato was commenced while the five gentlemen sipped their sparkling lager, which they continued to do to the last drop, without being further disturbed. The very ingenious, skilful conversational powers of Dr. Knorr held the five gentlemen spell bound during the continuance of this second movement. It was then voted to call the movement "moderato, galante, repose."

Andante. Cigars with beer were ordered for the third round, as Mendelssohn loved an andante smoke; in fact, could not spin a "song without words" unless he had a good cigar in his mouth. The andante, as played by Mendelssohn in his calm, pleasant, conversational manner, proved one of the most dreamy and bewitching "songs without words." It represents him in one of his happiest moods. The movement was so timed as to bring it to a close just as the last puff at the cigars was given and the beer had been drained dry in the glasses. When Mendelssohn took his seat he was warmly applauded for so successfully bringing his andante to a sweet, sad reposeful end. The beer and cigars had disappeared.

Religioso. Dr. Hauptmann, the learned man in counterpoint, fugue and religious composition, as he rose to order the fourth round of beer, said: "Gentlemen, your music is all very well, but it lacks dignity. I have formulated an ecclesiastical motet which I am anxious to bring to your attention and which I am sure will satisfy your tastes in that direction. You know my learning is great, my religious inclinations and training unquestioned, and being well advanced in years, desire your candid opinion on one of my best religious efforts, for I shall soon be called hence. The subject is well handled, as might be expected from one so learned, showing how harmony and counterpoint can be made a most powerful religious agent when employed by skilful hands, even in the absence of all genius, or, when created by rule." The motet was carefully pictured out by the classical lips of Hauptmann, and when he took his seat was voted a hearty "Amen."

Vivace. We now come to the fifth and last movement of the symphony, vivace. The beer had commenced to show its potent influence on the conversational powers of the distinguished party. It is Herr David's number and turn. In rising to order the fifth and last round of the schon Kitzinger lager, he remarked, with a sly wink: "You know I can draw a fiddle bow over the strings of a violin faster than any other living man, and, while I am no dance master, can play dancing, lively tunes with the best of them." With this little speech, David commenced the fifth and last movement of the symphony with a bright, lively, noisy tune of popular character; a second one, and finally a third followed nearly of the same purport. They were made to dance about each other for some time, then they were joined together for a while, but finally he returned to the original religious theme—to placate Father Hauptmann we presume; but to conclude the brilliant work of the evening he introduced a jig, which was made to appear in double quick time, giving the brass, wood, reeds, strings and timpani players all they could do. The whole orchestra had exerted themselves to such a degree as to become crimson red in their faces, and, as the last drop of the fifth round of beer had been drunk, the party broke up and retired to their respective homes. Such is the story of Schumann's E flat symphony.—"The College Forum."

Musical Fish.

"TALKING fishes" make a very antique jest. We have it indeed, on the grave authority of Valentin, the learned historian and naturalist of Dutch India, that a mermaid was taught not only to speak, but to spin and to understand the tenets of Christianity; but a mermaid is not quite a fish. It is not commonly believed that fishes have any power of utterance, but although the fact is not proved absolutely, yet so far as we have read there is such a mass of testimony from divers regions, contributed by observers of such credit that the fact is no longer doubtful. Sir Spencer St. John recounts that in one of his Bornean expeditions he continually heard a booming sound which rose indubitably from the water; his Malay crew asserted that it was made by a fish of which they caught a specimen presently. If we may trust our recollection of the passage in "Forests in the Far East," it proved to be a creature resembling the lamprey in the respect that it attached itself to the boat. Somewhat similar, apparently, is the ocaljoc, the drummer fish of the Niagara, the voice of which is described as "buzz-buzz." So it is reported by Pallegoix that a fish called by the Siamese "dog's tongue" fixed itself to the timbers of a boat "et fait entendre un bruit très sonore et même harmonieux."

At the mouth of the Pascagola River, in the State of Mississippi, a bay on the north coast of the Gulf of Mexico, and at Baltimore, the same phenomenon is asserted; in the last instance they attribute it to a species of catfish. The Swan River, in Australia, has its "trumpeter," and the fishing folk of Lisbon assert that the corvina, which does not seem to be identified, utters a droning sound. At Caldera, in Chili, near the landing place, a very pleasing sere-

nade is heard sometimes. The music resembles that of a harp, with a range of four notes at least; the incurious people of the neighborhood have no theory about it. But a like concert is usual at various points off the Indian coast, and there of course its origin is well understood—that is, the natives may be right or wrong, but they have an explanation. Dr. Buist describes it "as long distinct sounds like the protracted booming of a distant bell, the dying cadence of an Æolian harp, the note of a pitchpipe or pitchfork, or any other long drawn out musical note." It became much more sonorous when a listener put his head to the planks of the vessel. Next day the boatmen presented Dr. Buist with a number of fish which, as they said, produced the music—a species very plentiful, in size and shape like our perch.

Sir Emerson Tennent heard such stories in Ceylon, and he paid a visit of inquiry to Batticaloa. They were amply confirmed. To Sir Emerson the notes sounded like "the gentle thrills of a musical chord or the faint vibration of a wine-glass when its rim is rubbed by a moistened finger. It was not one sustained note, but a multitude of tiny sounds, each distinct and clear in itself, the sweetest treble mingling with the lowest bass." As usual, the harmony deepened in volume when the ear was applied to the woodwork of the boat. In Ceylon, however, it is assigned to mollusca, and Sir Emerson satisfied himself at least that the theory was consistent with the circumstances, for the musical creatures were certainly stationary; he could pass beyond their range and return to it, when the concert recommenced. And later discoveries assure us that the idea is not so absurd as it would have seemed formerly.—"Evening Post."

Vocal Methods Reviewed.

Paper No. 6.

"VOCAL REINFORCEMENT," BY EDMUND J. MEYER.

"THE LEGITIMATE SCHOOL OF SINGING," BY CHARLES FRANCIS MARIA DE RIALP.

BEFORE entering the field of discussion the writer desires to tender a partial apology to the author of "Vocal Reinforcement." The two authors were coupled because they agreed fraternally in the fallacy of the "reinforcement" or "placement," or the "focusing" of the human tone in cavities either non-existent or impossible to approach.

It must be acknowledged that these prominent teachers do not stand unsupported. They can lean comfortably upon Chater, Lum and a host of others. Mr. Meyer, though deceived, is no more in error than these others.

But De Rialp is valuable as an example of the very wildest of untamed theorists. A concluding and conclusive paper will be worth while; for it will show the magnificent recklessness with which many authors, even of this late and responsible day, charge up against the solid ranks of physical laws which have been marshalled in unimpeachable array by all the past masters of the acoustic and physiological sciences.

Perhaps a few other instances may be briefly noted:

La Villa only a very few years ago advertised in the musical columns of the New York "Herald" a new and miracle making method—or school, if De Rialp prefers the term. The secret was withheld for many weeks—and what do you think it was?

The protrusion of the upper jaw! Try it, dear reader, and summon a surgeon if you succeed!

Abercrombie, when in Boston, published an article in that most learned city—whose denizens, as Krehbiel so wittily remarked, "know so very much that isn't so!"—declaring that the throat was lined with little hairs, and that the voice failed when these little hairs were worn off!

As was earlier asserted, these papers arise from a sincere sympathy for the large and growing class of youthful students; and the hope is cherished that they will realize that the very highest pretensions, which pass undisputed even in our largest cities, which are put forth by the best known names of teachers demanding and commanding the highest prices—that these pretensions are in sober truth such arrant nonsense, such unblushing falsities, that a mere schoolboy, with his very first text books of acoustics and physiology, could utterly and indisputably expose them! Why will not these would-be maestri inform themselves at least in a primary degree? Why will they not step around the corner to the nearest book store, spend a few pennies for copies of Blaserna's and Huxley's simplified works, or for numbers of Appleton's Scientific Series? Such writings may not give the special laws for the artistic singing voice, but they distinctly will give the fundamental laws upon which these special laws are founded. They will make forever impossible such sublime impertinence as this:

(P. 70). "The correct dimension of the staccato (impossible as it may seem) is the space between the frontal bone, just above the eye, and the upper gum, just above the eye-tooth. The sound must be impulsive and contained within this limit. In transgressing these lines * * * the pupil will separate it (the staccato) from its basal sound."

Can this be surpassed? In plain English, the staccato tone, or its vibrations, must be made in a solid space—there is a novelty!—having for one of its "limits" or boundaries a point above the upper gum, which point does not exist! Here the sound must be "impulsive and contained." That means—well, it means, to speak with precision, the hypochondriac ghost of the twilight shadow of nothingness! There is no even hypothetical explanation of it upon any acoustic, physiologic, psychologic or gastronomic grounds. Let us abandon the vocal "gums" and peer a little farther.

Chapter XIII., on the production of the chromatic scales, flings to the voiceless winds "mere musical notation," not so implying but directly declaring, as follows: "The accurate production of a chromatic sound is one of the daintiest and most delicate achievements of the art of singing. Let us approach the study of chromatic sounds at its aesthetic point of view, avoiding its purely mechanical side—the determination of semitones, according to mere musical notation."

"It (the chromatic scale) is thus a blended scale. * * * The painter blends his colors by the eye. Let the eye then be the singer's aid in the blending of his tones. I have found that, guiding a succession of musical tones by the eye, we have entire control over them, mastering them so thoroughly that it seems as if the eye in its steady watch prevented the possibility of their falling into a false tonality. Again we read: 'Since the chromatic scale is more difficult to render than the diatonic scale we must redouble the watchfulness of the means concerned in its production—namely the eye and the temple.'"

This transmutation, this swap of the senses is not so novel an idea as might be supposed. In his youthful years the writer used to listen, wonderingly, to that immortal colloquy between Chicken Little and Fox Lox:

"Chicken Little, the sky is falling!"

"How do you know, Fox Lox?"

"Because I saw it with my ears, I heard it with my eyes, and a great piece fell on my head!"

Here we appear to have firmamental proof of the auditory powers of the optic nerve. Yet, despite the facts of nursery lore and the unimpeachable testimony of a De Rialp, and even making allowance for the decisions of the physicists that all the senses are but modifications of the one sense, touch, we have not yet arrived at the stage where we sing with a kodak and witness art galleries with ear trumpets!

It is no wonder that a musical friend at my side, one who is a graduate from Oxford and has the well deserved degree of Musical Doctor, interrupts me to narrate his discouraging experience.

"Since I was a choir boy," he laments, "I have tried every possible means to learn something about the voice, and have bought and studied everything on the subject that I could hear of. Randegger said: 'Sing from here.' Another teacher: 'Sing from here.' Still another said: 'Sing from the diaphragm.' Then again one would say: 'Focus the tone at the bridge of the nose;' another, 'at this point of the mouth;' another, 'at that'—till I got so that I did not even know which end to sing from and gave up the whole matter in despair and disgust."

It is useless to go further. The object of this series of papers will have been attained if the aspiring student of voice will see for himself whether the express declarations of his present or prospective teacher clash directly with plain common sense, as do almost all the laws and rules so far quoted. Beyond this he should study for himself the principal laws of sound and of general vocal physiology, and see that none of them is contradicted even by the theoretical and time wasting talk of the lesson hour.

Surely the honest teacher should study more seriously, should approach the problem, the difficult problem of the singing voice, from every direction, and should employ for his trusting clients only such rules and practices as have been tested with extreme care and thoroughness.

JOHN HOWARD,

137 East Fifty-third street, New York city.

Neupert's Son Dead.—We announce with regret the death of Robert Isidor Neupert, the only son of the late Edmund Neupert, the pianist. The young man, who died July 26 at Christiania, Norway, was compiling a life of his distinguished father. Mrs. Hilda Neupert, now doubly bereaved, is in Norway.

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CHICAGO OFFICE OF
THE MUSICAL COURIER, 220 Wabash Avenue,
August 18, 1894.

EVIDENCES of the end of the summer vacation are numerous. Artists and teachers are returning from the country, studios are being renovated, and on all sides one sees active preparation for the opening of the fall season. The prospect is that Chicago will have an unusually active time in the musical world this year. The schools of music are receiving many applications, and in addition to the old established institutions there have been several new organizations formed. The principal of these is the Columbian College of Music. Max Bendix, A. D. Duvivier, W. C. E. Seeboeck and Henry Schoenfeld are the musical directors of this school. E. R. Bacon is the president, and T. C. Lombard is the secretary and treasurer. Mr. Lombard has had large experience in this field, and the outlook for the college is bright.

The summer night concerts at Company D Armory close this week. The patronage has steadily increased since the end of the strike and the audiences of the last few nights have completely filled the large hall. The programs of the closing concerts have been varied and attractive. Mr. Bendix has given a number of young artists the opportunity to be heard in these concerts and the result of his generosity has been most satisfactory. On Tuesday evening Mr. R. W. Stevens played the romance and rondo from Chopin's E minor concerto. Mr. Stevens is a young pianist who bids fair to become an artist. He is painstaking and conscientious and has considerable poetic feeling. On Friday night Mrs. Meyer S. Emrich sang the polonaise from "Mignon."

Mrs. Emrich is young, has a charming presence and captivating manner. Her voice is a high dramatic soprano which has been carefully and artistically trained. Her phrasing is musically and her execution exact and even. In her vocalization every tone is distinct and the intonation is always true. She sings with much feeling and surely has a brilliant career before her. She was recalled again and again, and finally repeated the last part of the polonaise. Mr. F. W. Zimmerman sang "Salve Dimora," from "Faust." He has a sympathetic tenor voice of good quality in the lower and middle registers, but his upper tones are pinched and throaty. He took the high C in the falsetto and marred the effect of the phrase thereby. Vigo Anderson, the well-known flutist, conducted a polonaise of his own composition on Friday night. The work is finely scored and has much melodic beauty. It shows thorough knowledge of orchestral effects.

Leonard Wales' new opera will be produced at McVicker's Theatre early in September. The work is said to be somewhat on the order of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," and to contain some clever dialogue and good music.

WALTON PERKINS.

Wagner Festival.

THE Wagner Festival of the Seidl Society in the Brighton Beach Music Hall was inaugurated last evening.

The artists engaged for this event of three nights' duration are Marie Tavary, Giuseppe Campanari, William H. Rieger, Emil Fischer, William H. Stephens, William Schuster, Adolph Silbernagel, Emil Senger and Marie Maurer.

The first of the three evening concerts which will constitute the festival will take place on Tuesday and will be of remarkable variety, while true to the Wagnerian school. The program last night included, among other numbers, the superb "Kaisermarsch," the prelude of "Die Meistersinger," the "Ride of the Valkyries," "Am Stillen Heid," and "Fanget An!" from "Die Meistersinger," rendered by Mr. Rieger; the grand duo from "The Flying Dutchman," by Mme. Tavary and Signor Campanari, and the great funeral music from "Siegfried," with Mr. Rieger as "Siegfried."

The second concert of the festival will take place this evening, and its program will include "Lohengrin's" variation, by Mr. William Stephens; "Elsa's Dream," by Mme. Tavary; the beautiful "Evening Star" romanza, by Signor Campanari; the grand "Tannhäuser" septet, by Messrs. Stephens, Campanari, Fischer, Rieger, Silbernagel, Schuster and Senger, and "Wotan's Farewell" and the magic fire scene from "Die Walküre," by Mr. Fischer.

The third and last concert of the series will take place to-

morrow, and there will be given, among other things, the "Tannhäuser" grand march, the overture and bacchanale "Venusberg" (Parisian version), from "Die Meistersinger," the prelude to the third act, "Dance of the Apprentices," and "Procession of the Meistersingers;" Hans Sach's "Monologues," by Mr. Fischer, and the famous "Meistersinger" quintet, by Mme. Tavary, Miss Maurer, Mr. Rieger, Mr. Stephens and Mr. Fischer.

Some National Songs.

A WRITER in a recent number of the "Chor- gesang" compares the German Volkslied, or song of the people, to a sweet scented, tender blossom nestling among moss, and no one will deny that in this particular realm of poetry and music the German nation occupies a foremost place. The last three numbers of the "Chor- gesang" contain a brief history of the German Lied.

THE GERMAN LIED.

So far back as the days of Tacitus the Germans, says the writer, were wont to honor in song the noble deeds of their heroes, but it was not till the livelier lyrics of Provence had found their way into Germany that the Volkslied proper can be said to have come into existence. It won the hearts of the people at once, however, and it was not long before the peasant, the shepherd, the huntsman, the sailor, the wanderer, each came to have his own songs in which to celebrate the pleasures and bewail the pains of his calling. The mourner, too, turned to the song for comfort and consolation, while the devout found in it the happiest means of expression for his aspirations and his prayers to the throne of the Eternal. Thus each singer felt that the joy and the sorrow of his song were his own joy and his own sorrow, and hence, also, the abundance of this poetry and the great variety of its contents and moods. There is, in fact, not a human emotion that is not depicted in the German Lied.

LOVE SONGS.

In these songs the expressions of love are naturally among the most tender—from innocence to the trembling heart that has been disappointed and deceived. The singer will express in gentle whispers his longing for his chosen one; he will murmur notes of dull despair over breach of faith; he will praise beauty, the blue eyes and "rosy cheeks red as the wine;" he will call his beloved "my thought by day and night," "my light, my sun," or "my soul, my flesh and blood." Sometimes, indeed, he compares her to the flowers—the red rose, the white lily, the forget-me-not.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

More pathetic is he at the bitter hour of parting and during absence. He cannot go forth on his wanderings without looking back to get a last glimpse of his love; and when he is far away, he recalls the last evening with her who must now be working alone in the stillness of her little chamber; he stands by the window by moonshine and laments the distance between them, and a longing for home goes out in his song. He would fly back, had he but wings; no hour passes in the night that his thoughts are not of the object of his heart; but when he finally does return his mood is changed, and it is "with a wreath of gay flowers in his hat and his staff in his hand" that he sounds his new note of triumph to "smiling Heaven," which has restored him in safety to "his treasure."

THE NOTE OF SORROW.

The song does not always tell us of such a joyful meeting, however. When "Herr Ulrich" returns from the wars "singing till forest and field echo with his song," he is interrupted by the melancholy tolling of the church bell, and he meets a funeral procession wending its way to the grave with his beloved. "When he lifts the coffin lid and the wreath which conceals the face of his Annelis he utters not a syllable, for his heart is broken with a yearning sorrow." Saddest of all is the sorrow of the returning lover at breach of faith during his absence. He wanders through the meadows plucking the flower, and moans, "Were she only dead! I could put a wreath on her grave;" or, "How I should like to die, then all would be still and at rest."

SCHUBERT AND THE LIED.

Space forbids more than reference to the songs of May, spring and summer, or to the charming melodies composed by Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann and many other great masters for the nature songs of the people. But mention may be made here of an article on Franz Schubert which Antonin Dvorák has contributed to the "Century," as one of the series of "Great Composers Written by Themselves." According to the Bohemian master, Schubert in the Lied is not only the first in point of time, but no one has ever surpassed him. With the Lied, he created a new epoch, as Bach did with the piano, and Haydn with the orchestra. All other song writers have followed in his footsteps, all are his pupils, and it is to his rich treasure of songs that we owe, as a heritage, the beautiful songs of such masters as Schumann, Franz and Brahms. Schubert composed and accompanied, and Vogl, the famous tenor, interpreted and was lionized. Thus it came about that

these songs were gradually made familiar in Viennese circles; but little did the Viennese think that what they heard was to create a new era in music.

THE PRUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

What a strange power slumbers in the Volkslied and its music! How it can elevate the mind, touch the heart and kindle in the soul a love for the noble! How, too, when it sings of right and freedom, king and country, it will inspire the people with courage and patriotism! And no song is more capable of this than the Prussian National Hymn, anent which the "Daheim" furnishes some interesting information.

On December 17 last this well-known song celebrated the centenary of its publication. It was after the return to the Prussian capital of Field Marshal Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, after his successful engagements with the French at Pirmasens and Kaiserslauten in Bavaria, that there appeared in the "Spenerische Zeitung," of December 17, 1793, a poem entitled "Berliner Volkslied." It was signed "Sr.," and had "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz!" as the opening words. The poem had been sent to the paper by Dr. Balthasar Gerhard Schumacher, who was in the habit of signing his Latin translations "Sutor" or "Sr.," but he was not the writer.

THE QUESTION OF AUTHORSHIP.

The real author was a German Protestant clergyman—Heinrich Harries (1767-1802)—and the hymn first appeared in its original form in the "Flensburger Wochenblatt" of January 27, 1790, as a "Song for the Danish Subjects to Sing on the Birthday of Their King." In 1873 Dr. Ochmann took up the question of authorship and established Harries' claims, while Dr. Wolfram succeeded in proving that Schumacher, at any rate, was not the original writer. The last two verses of Harries' song had reference to Danish affairs, and were therefore omitted by Schumacher; but in 1801 Schumacher published another version, also adding two verses, and the song in its newer form was published with the melody arranged for four voices by Hurka. The "Daheim" of December 16, 1893, gives Schumacher's two versions, and on April 21, 1894, returns to the subject and adds the first five verses of Harries' poem. Verses two and three are exactly identical with the corresponding verses of Schumacher, and the similarity between the two poets in the remaining parts proves conclusively enough that Schumacher, in his altered version, was only printing the work of an earlier imitator of "God Save the King." Except in the melody and the rhythm, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz!" has nothing in common with the English "God Save the King;" and we now see that originally it was not dedicated to the Prussian ruler, but was written in honor of a Danish sovereign.

THE MELODY.

More curious is the story of the melody, about which the "Daheim" of June 9 has an interesting note. The writer refers to a volume published at Paris and bearing the title "Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créquy de 1710 à 1803." It contains a strange declaration made by three old ladies of the convent of Saint Cyr. The document, which was signed on September 19, 1819, is quoted in full. It sets forth that the three undersigned have been requested to write down what they know of an old motet, which is generally regarded as an English melody. The said melody, they continue, is the same as that which they had often heard in their community, where it had been preserved traditionally since the days of Louis XIV., the founder of the convent. It was composed by Baptiste Lully, and at the convent it was the custom for all the girls to sing it in unison every time Louis XIV. visited the chapel. It had also been sung on the occasion of a visit from Louis XVI. and his queen in 1779, and everyone in the house was familiar with the song and the music. The ladies are quite certain that the melody is exactly the same as that which is called English. As to the words, they state that they have always been instructed that Mme. de Brinon, a principal of the convent, wrote them, and that the poem dates from the time of Louis XIV. The text runs:

Grand Dieu! sauvez le Roy!
Grand Dieu! sauvez le Roy!
Vengez le Roy!
Que toujours glorieux
Louis victorieux
Voye ses ennemis
Toujours soumis.
Grand Dieu! sauvez le Roy!
Grand Dieu! sauvez le Roy!
Vive le Roy!

THE SONG OF THE PRUSSIANS.

Last year was the centenary of another well-known song and little-known poet. According to the "Daheim," Bernhard Thiersch was born on April 26, 1793, and was the author of "Ich bin ein Preusse," which was written in 1830 for the King's birthday celebration at Halberstadt. It was first sung to the melody "Wo Muth und Kraft in deutscher Seele flammen," but the music now in use is the composition by Neithardt.

TWO THURINGIAN VOLKSLEDER.

The German wanderers' songs and travelers' songs are almost unique. Elise Polko, in a recent number of the "Gartenlaub," tells a touching story in connection with

"Der Wanderer" and "Ach, wie ist's möglich," two Thüringian songs known all the world over. "Der Wanderer" was composed in 1837 by Friedrich Brückner, father of Oskar Brückner, the cellist, and "Ach, wie ist's möglich" was the composition of Brückner's friend, Kantor Johann Ludwig Böhner, both of Erfurt.

In May, 1849, Wagner had to make his escape from Dresden, and he arrived at Erfurt on his way to Paris, to be conducted across the frontier by Brückner and Böhner. As he was being accompanied through the streets in the moonlight, he stopped suddenly to listen to some female voices singing "Ach, wie ist's möglich," and to the horror of his friends would not budge till he had heard the last note. "I know the melody," he said. "It is sung everywhere. Let me hear every line. What a beautiful parting song! I wish I had composed it!"

As he took his seat in the close vehicle that was waiting impatiently to take him further on his journey a soft voice started "The Wanderer":

Wenn ich den Wanderer frage:
Wo willst du hin?

and all joined in the refrain:

Nach Hause, nach Hause

But at the last line:

Hab' keine Heimat mehr!

a choking voice called out "Da capo!" Then the horses started, and as the party passed out into the moonlight, and that lament "Hab' keine Heimat mehr!" (I have no home now!) became fainter and fainter, the lonely fugitive buried his face in the cushions and wept bitterly.

"THE CANOPY SONG."

Very different is the merry "Kanapee-Lied," whose history Max Friedländer endeavors to trace in No. 2 of the "Vierteljahrsschrift für Musikwissenschaft." Few German popular songs, he says, have attained such a venerable age or enjoyed such wide popularity, it being sung by students and workmen all over Germany and in German Austria and German Switzerland. Its survival is entirely due to oral transmission, for it is not included in any of the present collections of national songs, nor has it been printed in any Commer's-book during the last century. Wittekind has imitated the metre in his "Krambambuli-Lied" (1745), and Koromandel in his "Doris und Dorothee." Till the middle of our century the melody of the "Kanapee-Lied" was identical with that of the "Krambambuli-Lied," but a few decades ago the "Kanapee-Lied" assumed a new form and was set to a new melody.

"THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER."

From the German "Canopy Song" to the American "Star-Spangled Banner" is a far cry. It is Mr. John C. Carpenter who tells, in the "Century" for July how this song came to be written, and he says that of all national airs this breathes the purest patriotism: "Those of England, Russia and Austria are based upon a sentimental loyalty, long outgrown by this agrarian and practical age. 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' while it is animated, patriotic, defiant, neither cringes nor boasts; it is as national in its spirit as it is adequate in the expression of that spirit."

Francis Scott Key, the author, was a practicing lawyer in Washington who had a liking for the military profession, and who therefore became aide-de-camp to General Smith. It was during the British invasion, in 1814, that the famous song was written. Key, who had been taken prisoner by the British, watched from an enemy's ship the attack on Baltimore. The British, thinking themselves safe avoided Fort McHenry, but in doing so fell under the guns of the Lazaretto on the opposite side of the channel. In the long night which followed, Key could learn nothing of the fortunes of the fight; but in the morning, when he was straining his eyes to see which flag floated over the ramparts, he was able to discern dimly the American flag still proudly defiant, and in that supreme moment was written "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Bayreuth.—The Wagners have caused something of a scandal in Bayreuth by having their St. Bernard dog treated at the city hospital. Dr. Landgraf, their family physician, and at the same time chief surgeon at the hospital, operated on the dog in the regular operating room. While the Bayreuthers do not object to Siegfried's reading birthday poems to Frau Cosima's pet animals, they are bitterly opposed to the use of their hospital for veterinary purposes, and they moved their City Council to pass a resolution condemning Dr. Landgraf severely for his conduct.

Helen Carroll.—Berlin, August 19.—The lavish hospitality of Miss Helen Carroll, an American girl, who has taken Château Fantaisie, near Bayreuth, for the summer, is attracting the attention of the whole country. Numerous American women are her guests for the whole festival season, and she entertains them with royal generosity. The château has sixty rooms. It belonged formerly to Duke Alexander of Würtemberg, but changed hands soon after his death. Miss Carroll's expenses in keeping it as an open house for her friends are reported here with exactness by all the dailies. She is said to have laid out \$5,000 in getting her equipages to Bayreuth, \$2,500 in rent for the château, and \$50,000 in general expenses.

English Song Writing.

WE have long ago grown accustomed as a musical nation to be despised of all men, but it seems just a little unkind when our American cousins turn and rend us. We are even driven in our desperation to inquire if they would not be better employed in setting their own house in order instead of advising us how to regulate ours. A well-known American contemporary, the "Boston Transcript," has lately found, apparently, such a dearth of news and consequent paucity of head-lines that it has thought it worth while to attack English song writing. Now let us see of what the "Boston Transcript" has to complain.

It may be said that the composer is yet to come who shall set the stamp of the highest musical distinction upon the English song. As far back as Henry Purcell, and probably still earlier, English music has had a distinct individuality of its own; this national "tang" is, however, most marked in a class of songs that can make no claim to holding very high rank—in the songs and ballads by Dibdin and others of what Thackeray once called the "brandy and water school of British song."

Again, one finds it diluted with all sorts of sentimental pump drippings in the parlor songs of the present fashionable English writers, from Arthur Sullivan to Virginia Gabriel and Molloy, composers of what we will call the "milk and water" school.

But one looks in vain for any conspicuous number of English songs that can begin to be ranked with the better class of German lieder, or even with the better songs of the present French school. What English song writing has never had, and still wants, is a really great native model. For one thing, is it not curious that, whereas the Germans have ransacked their greatest poets—Goethe, Schiller, Heine and the rest—for song texts, the average quality of the English poetry that has been set to music by notable English song-writers should be so astonishingly low? And it is undeniable that the average English song savors terribly of the quality of its text.

The phrase "as far back as Henry Purcell, and probably still earlier, English music has had a distinct individuality of its own" is reassuring if a little patronizing, but when we read that this national "tang" is most marked in what Thackeray once called "the brandy-and-water school of British song," we feel that the faint praise of that first sentence is damning indeed. But from alcoholic songs we have, according to the "Boston Transcript," descended to mere "sentimental pump-drippings" (O chaste phrase!), and altogether we are in a very bad way. By no manner of means can "any conspicuous number of English songs" be found that "can begin to be ranked with the better class of German lieder, or even with the better songs of the present French school. Then we are told that the average quality of the English poetry set to music by notable English song writers is astonishingly low. How can we ever compose again after this plain speaking?

And yet we seem to remember to have heard songs, and a good many of them, that possibly can, after all, be compared with the "better class of German lieder." We have a dim recollection of having heard poetry by Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron and Rossetti, to say nothing of the old lyric writers, set to music in song form, but whether or not these compositions are equal to the "better class of German lieder" we cannot say, as the few vocal compositions by Germans that come our way are only remarkable for that extreme dullness which some people mistake for musical culture. We expect to hear that we are very ignorant, but we only want to know what are the names of the composers of the "better class of German lieder" and the names of their compositions? Franz and Brahms and—who?

Has the "Boston Transcript" by any chance heard of the names of Maude Valerie White, the late Goring Thomas, Hamish McCunn, Algernon Ashton, Francis Allitsen, Villiers Stanford, among others? "Virginia Gabriel" cited as one of the "milk-and-water" school we do not seem to know, but the name may be a misprint. We particularly like "even with the better songs of the present French school" because it pre-supposes, with such beautiful simplicity, that the Germans are still at the head of nations as composers, whereas students of modern music have had to come to the conclusion that music in Germany, with the exception of the works of Brahms, is showing unmistakable signs of being played out; while on the contrary, France is showing in every department of the art, that the future of music (if we except ourselves) is in her hands. The "if we except ourselves" may sound a little conceited, but really those who can feel the pulse of musical progress in this country must come to the conclusion that, though our achievement has not been very great as yet, we are on the road to awakened life. Then Italy is showing ten times more vitality than can be found in the Germany of to-day, with her "better class of German lieder." But in case it may be thought we are championing the shop-ballads of our country (and hasn't America any of her own?) we will have our own little grumble before leaving the subject.

Though we have asserted that England has her song-writers of real ability who give to the world a certain amount of artistic, if not intensely original compositions every year, the number of writers, some of whom have been canonized by the public, who "turn out" songs of absolute feebleness of invention, and saturated with false sentimentality, is appalling. Sheaves of these precious products of art are sent to us week by week, and though at

first blush one would imagine that none of them could become popular, nevertheless many do achieve some kind of success. The publishers will tell you that the public want absolute rubbish, stock phrases, silly words and so on, and judging from the results it may be presumed that the publishers are right. But we have often thought that the public has been misjudged in this to a great extent, certainly that portion of it which has any pretensions at all to musical culture. And yet at even high class concerts singers of good repute and talent will introduce these boudoir ballads, and since the English public never shows its dislike of a composition and but seldom of an artist, this is done with no evil consequences, except that of the vitiation of the public taste. But, it may be objected, you have said that the music publishers only follow the public's taste, so how can the latter be more vitiated by bad songs than it is by nature?

Of course there is some weight in this objection, but we would urge that publishers, music and other, are not always the best judges of the progress of taste on the part of the public, and they are apt to mistake inert indifference for acquiescence, so that when a more enterprising publisher comes forward and ventures to issue to the world some composition which his brethren have refused he not seldom reaps a deserved reward. But if we must go down to the bed rock of the matter the annual output of worthless songs will be seen to rest not so much on the taste of concert-going amateurs as on the want of technical skill on the part of amateur performers, and also, so far as the words are concerned, on conventional ideas of what is fit to sing in a drawing room and what is not.

It is a little obvious to urge that the artistic success of a song at a concert will not necessarily make it a financial success. There are quite other matters to be taken into account. To begin with, the accompaniment must be inappreciably easy and monstrously like that of a thousand other songs; the vocal part must present no difficulties in the way of unusual intervals, and, if possible, it should be made up of well-known phrases, so that the amateur shall have not the slightest difficulty in reading the song at sight. Then the words must never be genuinely passionate, for that is voted indecent; nor must they enshrine too much of philosophic meaning, for that will be unintelligible and so "terribly gloomy;" a mild kind of Walking-by-the-river-bank or When-last-we-met or Faces-in-the-fire-light sentiment is always acceptable, for it is calculated never to flutter the doves of suburban society. If your song meets with all these requirements take it at once to a publisher; if not save your stamps and shoe leather.

The fact is the amateur is the buyer of songs and he will only sing, with few exceptions, the songs that are easy, the songs that he knows, and thus is originally imprisoned. Of the boudoir ballads the publisher sells thousands; of the artistic song only hundreds. Can you therefore blame him if he does all in his power to push the songs, by paying royalties to singers and so on, which he knows will sell? He is a business man before all else. At the same time the better songs, if they are from the pens of well-known composers have a steady enough sale to warrant their publication; and in England a very fair number of such songs are published every year. Whether or not these compositions are in any way equal to the "better class of German lieder" we confess we do not know, but from specimens which have reached us from the Fatherland we are led to the conclusion that musicianship without inspiration is much the same in both countries; a dull sort of thing at best, and only technically and artistically better than a good boudoir ballad. Let us educate our amateur public and then sentimental, flimsily written composition will die a natural death. And may we without offense extend the same conclusion to the public of America, or is it that only songs equal to "the better class of German lieder" are published there?—"Musical Standard."

A "Tannhäuser" MSS.—The manuscript score of "Tannhäuser" has just been sold to a Leipzig amateur for 10,000 marks (\$2,500).

Engaged.—Berthe Marx, the pianist, who accompanied Sarasate during his last American tour, is engaged to be married to Sarasate's manager and secretary, Mr. Goldschmidt.

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TOLEDO.

TOLEDO, Ohio, August 10, 1894.

A MOST cordial welcome was extended by Toledoans to the many societies and the throng of visitors who came to attend the seventh annual "fest" of the Central Ohio Sängerbund. The program was of the best, and too much praise could not be given the soloists of the occasion, and the members of the musical organizations participating were in every particular a success. Miss Electa Gifford sang brilliantly, as did Mrs. Edith Youmans. Two fine contraltos, Mrs. Lenore Sherwood Marble and Mrs. Frank E. Southard, were heard to a decided advantage. Mr. Henry Lippert, tenor, and Mr. W. M. Yunk thoroughly delighted their audience. The basso, Mr. Gustav Berneike, was received with much appreciation, and the pianist, Mr. Arthur Friedheim, was enthusiastically greeted. Mr. Amos Whiting's Apollo Club sang three selections artistically and added another to their many triumphs. The work of every individual was truly creditable, and Toledo's "Welcome to the Sängerbund" was a royal one.

Mr. Ernest Urchs, of New York, chairman of the music of the Metropolitan Sängerbund, was a guest of the Toledo Club.

Mr. Arthur W. Korthener, the gifted pianist and composer, is enjoying a vacation at Saratoga. ANNA NELSON LADENE.

Rambling Musings of a Critic Off Duty.

THE season has passed away, and London is still under the depressing influence of its death; but we—musical public and critics alike—have fled somewhere beyond the reach of all music, save that which is of the purely "entertaining" kind. Those of us who are genuine London workers do not shake ourselves free of our art, even in our first exultant hours of freedom; thoughts of it—which seem to form themselves quite differently under the country influence—blend with our rambling musings. Perhaps they are of a kind for which we have no time, and our editors have no space, in busier seasons.

How strange it seems that all the most fascinating lanes which tempt us out of the highway invariably lead—nowhither! We try half a dozen with the result that we either have to turn back, or we find ourselves led again into the highroad, scarcely farther on than when we left it. We become firmly convinced that the most attractive turnings are purely ornamental and are no aid to those who would be pressing onward, and the conviction brings with it the thought that there is an analogy between these alluring by-ways and the music of some of our most honored composers. [We will not spoil our holiday mood by particularizing]. For it seems to be a natural law that those compositions which fascinate most are not those which have real influence—not those which lead "onward to the light."

In our rambles we find ever fresh nooks which seem so out of the way that it is probable their beauty has never appealed to any heart but our own. We are awed at this proof of the lavishness of nature, far more than by the surpassing loveliness of the tourists' grandest haunts—almost as if we had hitherto believed it to be nature's great object to arrange her treasures where they may be seen, like a London shop window! Suddenly, with a glow of exaltation we understand what has often puzzled and pained us over our reviewing work—why there are so many gentle, graceful, beautiful thoughts, molded with no unskillful hand into works of art, which are never recognized by the world, and which seem to die almost at their birth. The reviewer's pulse may quicken with sympathetic pleasure when he comes across one of these gems among a heap of common-places, but no one but himself appears to have seen it, and it seems as impossible to call anyone's attention to it as it would be to make some other visitor to our present holiday haunt find out our little nook that has given rise to these reflections. And at last its bright little influence dies also out of the life of him who saw it, and it is gone? Why? Because Art, divine in its infinity, can, like nature, afford to be lavish with the lavishness of one who draws from an inexhaustible store, and if we are not convinced of it by the mighty voiced Art that strives and cries in our midst, we may perhaps learn it by searching out some of the untreasured treasures which pass, we know not why, without a struggle into the Silent Land.

How the critic—unhappy man!—is written about, and how all the criticisms on the critics and even the critiques on these criticisms of the critics (which we may suppose are written by critics themselves) seem to take it for granted that the critic's chief, if not his only business is to find fault! Alas! in some bygone age he must have occupied himself with little else, or how is it that the secondary

meaning found in the dictionary of the word "critic" is "a fault finder?" If critics had from the first been generous, enthusiastic, eager to display before the world the merits, however slight, of every work, the word "critic" by this time would probably have grown to mean "a judge in literature, the fine arts, &c., one who praises."

Yet fault-finding is so infinitesimal a part of the art-critic's duty that if he omitted it altogether no one would be any the worse off. Yes, out here, far away from the possibility of contradiction, we boldly assert that the critic's chief business is to enjoy—not to analyse, not to pick holes, not even to admire objectively, but to enjoy! When one gives oneself up to enjoyment one begins to realize that the true object of life is to enjoy, in order to do which one must appreciate—one must be enthusiastic. If we would influence others we must give ourselves up to enjoy that we may appreciate, and we must appreciate in order to criticise. We cannot awaken an enthusiasm in others that we do not feel ourselves; as well expect to rouse interest in a chosen hero by announcing that his eyes are blue and his hair is brown, as criticise a work of art from the outside and expect to inspire our readers with reverence for it.

The teacher who can impart only technicalities, but fails to infect his pupils with enthusiasm, has a very limited sphere of usefulness, and so the critic who only knows how many movements a given piece is written in, and into how many keys each movement modulates, has a very unimportant work to perform. If the artist's first qualification is an infinite power of taking pains, the critic's is an infinite power of appreciating. Schumann had this power; so had Liszt; therefore are they the greatest musical critics that ever lived. But they were both artists as well as critics, and herein their strength lies.

The question is sometimes raised: Should artists and critics be on intimate terms, or is it well for them to keep apart? Away with the barrier between artists and critics! May we live to see the day when one honored name will include both, and it will be as much a solecism to say artist and critic as it now is to describe one's self after the ignorant manner of a bygone generation as: "Professor of music and singing." Every critic will then be so thoroughly an artist that he will write straight from a full heart, in living, glowing words, "critiques" which will be works of art in themselves; and artists in their turn will be inspired by the earnest appreciation and keen sympathy of their fellow workers. Every artist must be a critic (though he may not have the special gift of writing "articles") and every critic must be an artist to the finger tips (though he may not be able to compose a symphony) and thence a reverence for art will arise which is only a summer day dream now.—B. F. Wyatt-Smith, in London "Keyboard."

"How Chopin Stretched His Hands."

UNDER the above heading, a writer in a recent issue of "Science Siftings" has some valuable advice (!) to offer those who wish to extend the stretching capacity of their fingers. He commences by informing his readers that:

Chopin, in order that he might be able easily to stretch wide intervals, for which his fingers were not naturally constructed, designed an instrument to wear at night for the purpose of keeping them far apart."

We would observe, parenthetically, that we were under the impression it was Schumann, and not Chopin, who devised some clumsy mechanical arrangement of this kind (with most disastrous results, by the way); but this is not material.

After the foregoing, our sage informant proceeds to describe how—

"An immense gain in facility of execution can be obtained by those possessed of comparatively short fingers by gradually stretching the web between the fingers," as follows:

All that is wanted is a flat piece of wood about three-quarters of an inch wide—the handles of a good many brushes may be found to be just the thing—with rounded edges, which is then firmly pressed and sawed, as it were, between two adjacent fingers with the object of trying to drag the skin on the insides of the fingers down toward the web alternately. Care must be taken, however, not to press too hard, for the originator of this device several times rubbed a little bit of skin clean out. In this way the stretch between the fingers may gradually undergo an extension of half an inch to an inch, which, together with the training of the interossei muscles, which mainly shift the fingers from side to side and keep them steady, an immense improvement in facility of execution with proper practice can be secured.

This reads encouragingly to the tyro in hand gymnastics, but, unfortunately, it is, as a matter of fact, unscientific, and, in consequence, comparatively ineffectual and dangerous if performed carelessly. The only exercise of this nature which can be recommended—and this not until the hand is in a fairly vigorous condition through the practice of general gymnastics—is the exercise No. 19, of the series entitled "Manual Gymnastics," which appeared in "The Keyboard" a short time ago.

It will be obvious to all who reflect on the subject that the full stretching capacity of the fingers of an adult can only be developed or attained by scientifically devised

gymnastic exercises; it can never be increased or extended so much as the fraction of an inch, and the useful exercises just referred to involve mainly the development of strength and elasticity in the whole of the hand. This is because the development of one set of muscles acts beneficially upon every other set in connection or contiguity, and also because in hands of normal formation it is not the thin web of skin between the fingers at their roots which prevents extension, but the lack of independence and elasticity in the muscles of the hand generally. Thus, although the abductors of the thumb and little finger are the muscles most intimately concerned in wide extension, the muscoli interossei, and even the lumbricales (and, in short, every metacarpal muscle) lend their sympathetic assistance in greater or less degree to the movement.

All who have studied the anatomy of the hand know that such violent and drastic measures as those suggested by the correspondent of "Science Siftings" are calculated to result in far more of harm than good, and that only a well devised series of exercises adapted to the strength and capacity of the hand, individually, can be relied upon for satisfactory results. Moreover, it cannot be too often, nor too emphatically pointed out that straining a muscle is not the way to develop it; this can only be effected by giving it well adapted work to do, and by increasing the exacting character of such work in direct proportion to the gradual acquisition of strength by the muscle itself. Pushing, straining and forcing of any and every kind, should be sedulously avoided.—E. DOPPLER, in "Keyboard."

A Phenomenal Voice.

IT is not often we can refer to a voice as being phenomenal, but in this particular instance we can even aptly term the case as prodigious.

This being an age of surprises, we can prepare ourselves for almost anything, but that a voice exists that can vibrate pure and clear tones throughout a register from G below the treble staff to E natural above "high" E, six ledger lines in the altissimo, a compass of nearly four octaves, seems almost beyond human comprehension.

We refer to the young California singer, Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, who created such a furor on her initiatory concert tour the past season. This young lady's voice is the most remarkable in range the world has ever known, and in addition to possessing this gift in a superlative degree, her voice is unusually sweet and flexible, guided by excellent method and natural ability.

Miss Yaw is certainly a singularly gifted singer; musicians and critics alike have been puzzled and surprised that such a prodigious range really existed, and still more surprised that a voice with such an extended compass could possess such good quality. She sings in the lower register with the breadth of a contralto and gradually without a trill or quaver rises to that tremendous altitude, which no singer has ever reached before—E above "high" E—with



such a pure, flute-like tone and without any apparent effort that it is this which has attracted such favorable comments from critics and audiences wherever she has sung.

The possibilities of Miss Yaw are doubly interesting just now, owing to the fact that Sybil Sanderson, another California singer is soon to be with us again. She, too, possesses a voice of astonishing range, although it does not reach nearly the altitude recorded for Miss Yaw.

New York College Examinations.—Mr. Alexander Lambert announces the reopening of the New York College of Music on September 3. Among the new features for this season will be the orchestra class, for which Mr. Frank van der Stucken has been engaged as conductor. Examinations for free and partial scholarships will be held Saturday September 1 from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

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Objective Expression in Music

According to the Language of Instinct.

[Translated from the French of M. Jules Combarien ("Revue Philosophique," February, 1898), by Percy Goetschius, Mus. Doc.]

DESPITE my confidence in the perfect clearness of the thesis, which I here undertake to defend, I feel great apprehension in speaking of descriptive music. So many persons have a tendency to forget the proper and special genius of tone language, and to look for nothing else in a musical work than its literal meaning, that, in endeavoring to justify the pretensions of "program music," however careful we may be to divert irritating misunderstandings, we expose ourselves from the very outset to the charge of appearing to ignore the true artistic point of view, and of being complicated in a gross prejudice. Musicians despise those who, in listening to a symphony, are exclusively preoccupied in fathoming the story that is being recounted; and they are right—a hundred times right. This must be emphatically declared in these very first lines, in order to anticipate the gratuitous suspicion of stupidity. The descriptive power is one side—the least important, if you will—of music; it does not compensate in the least for the science of composition, for gift of ideas or the faculty of their realization.

But this power is none the less real, and it merits analysis. Schumann is in the right when he says: "Were a composer to set a program before me, I should say to him: 'First of all, let me hear your music; if it is beautiful, your program will not fail to please me also.'" The case is precisely the same in painting, and although it is necessary, especially here, to be cautious with comparisons, I will hazard one to summarize the general spirit of the observations which are to follow. What does one require of a historical painting, of a landscape from nature or of a portrait? One demands above all things that it be a picture; that is to say, that it present certain qualities of composition and execution; but that does not hinder us, whether it be a military scene represented by Detaille, a rustic idyl of Bastien-Lepage or a portrait by Meissonier or Carolus Duran, from directing our attention to the question of its exactness. It will even happen that our appreciation of the harmony between the picture and the model which has been reproduced will contribute in the greatest measure toward the determination with our enjoyment of the artistic value of the work. Likewise, what does one expect of a symphony? In the first place, that it satisfy the musician's ear and his special judgment; but if it is a question of such and such a scene from "Harold in Italy" or "Faust's Damnation," of such and such a page of the "Walküre" or "Flying Dutchman," or of "Salammbô" it will not only be permissible to think of the program which the composer has followed, but the recollection of the exterior model will be inseparable from the music itself.

The musician would be the first one to enter protest if we would not judge him according to his distinctly manifested intentions—it remaining to be proved, it is true, that he had not mistaken the extent of his powers. Such a question should no longer be advanced, and it should suffice to show how far the theorists are behind the artists in this matter. Descriptive music, it has been said, is the Baal of our day; but this Baal, since Beethoven, has been the object of a universal cult, and admirable monuments have been reared to his glory. If we do not discover the conception of true divinity in the indisputably excellent works of the masters, then where shall we look for it? Moreover, by introducing in the analysis of certain works the distinct conception of a directly imitated model, we plainly perceive what is added to the interest of these works, and the new point of view gained for their better comprehension. But we fail utterly to perceive wherein their value is diminished. Surely music has not the same power of expression in the physical realm as in that of the soul; we must not demand the same accuracy and recognizability of imitation from music that we do from painting and photography. But music is nevertheless able to reproduce certain characteristics of objects with brightness and charm. If the reader has a mind to pursue this study to its conclusion, he will see how easy it is to comprehend a subject too often complicated by equivocal terminology, poorly chosen examples, superficial observations and perhaps even a trifle deliberately.

Let us first disabuse our minds, with all due allowance of the theory which covers but half the question, by insisting on conceding to the musician alone the faculty of expressing the emotions experienced with reference to external things. It is certain that, for the musician as well as for the poet, there may be two ways of describing an object: The first consists in gazing forward, and then recounting what one sees; the second consists in gazing inward, and recounting what one feels. A landscape may be looked upon as a combination of lines, forms and colors; but it may also be considered as a "condition of mind." V. Hugo exemplifies purely subjective description when he calls the toad "Horror" (Horror contemplated Splendor), or when he designates the flower a "naïveté" (in the Satyre).

Thus on the stage one may actually represent "Ban-

quo's" ghost, or leave it to be inferred from the emotion betrayed in "Macbeth's" countenance. This dual procedure is also in equal measure at the disposal of the musician. The majority of Schumann's pieces on spring, on blooming gardens and other lovely subjects interpret far less the spectacle in itself than the sentiments experienced by the spectator; the compositions of Gounod, on the contrary, not to cite other authors, design to give us an idea of exterior life by their choice of movement and of rhythm. We may accept as one of the most beautiful illustrations of subjective description in music the lovely phrase in the allegro of Beethoven's "Aurora" sonata (op. 53); it is the song of a soul substituted for the fashion of material things. Analogously, Berlioz, in the "Damnation," intending to indicate the monster pursuing "Mephistopheles" and "Faust" in their career to the abyss, employs certain sharp and wringing tones of the trombones; it is a cry substituted for an object. Therein lies a justification of the too general opinion of the Germans according to which descriptive music would be simply "a change of objectiveness into subjectiveness." This thesis has been sustained by the greater part of musicians beyond the Rhine, and by such eminent aestheticians as Von Hartmann. As is seen, it contains a portion of truth; its only fault consists in its being very incomplete. Furthermore, the majority of musical works contain simultaneously both modes of description; thus in a melody the accompaniment is usually determined by the nature of exterior objects, while the air itself conveys the sentiments which they invoke.

Let us consider, successively, material objects in motion and in repose, sonorous objects and mute objects, and investigate which of their qualities the musician is able to reproduce.

I.

The idea of space is inseparable to us from every exterior and material object; it is the law without which we could form no conception of the world of sense. Now if we are to credit an antique classification of the fine arts, placed by Rudolph Westphal (the celebrated professor of the University of Moscow) above everything modern authors have written upon aesthetics since Hegel, music belongs to the triad of the arts of motion and duration, like poetry and oratorios (*i. e.*, the dance), and obeys the laws of rhythm, in opposition to architecture, painting and sculpture, which compose the triad of the arts of repose, and obey a law of symmetry. In a word the nature of music is antagonistic to every conception of the exterior world. According to Berlioz—how curious it is to see one throwing such large stones in his own gardens!—nothing is more false, more ridiculous, more contemptible than to affect to represent an ascending or descending movement by a succession of sounds: "We say ascend, descend, to express the movement of bodies when receding from or approaching the centre of the earth. I challenge you to find any other meaning in these two verbs. Now, can sound, which is as imponderable as electricity or light, approach the centre of the earth or recede from it? * * * We call high or acute sounds those which are produced by a body performing a certain number of vibrations in a given time; low or grave tones are such as result from a smaller number of vibrations in the same space of time."

There we have the objection plainly stated, and the question presented from its most important side; music opposes every conception of space, therefore it appears to be in complete opposition to objective expression. The question is interesting, since it bears upon the very classification of the fine arts. Berlioz' definitions are of obvious exactness, but here is where his standpoint is faulty. The primitive form of all music was the song, and this still remains the type by which we judge of instrumental expression. To it we must have recourse for all knowledge of the true signification of musical language. Now the human voice comprises three categories of tones—grave tones, or chest register; medium tones, or palatal register (falsetto), and acute tones, or head register.

It suffices to consider the relative location of chest, palate and the upper part of the head in order to comprehend the perfect justice of the words which alarmed the logic of Berlioz. The acute tones are called high, because the head is the highest part of the body; grave tones are termed low, because the chest is a comparatively lower part. Thus the terms soprano, mezzo-soprano, alto, upper voice, lower voice are justified. The disposition of our organs determines, if we may so express ourselves, the situation of vocal sounds in space, and by analogy it defines also the situation of tones in instrumental music. Whether produced upon a flute, an oboe or a violin every acute tone is qualified as more or less high, because, in order to transfer it to song, it would be necessary to use the head register or falsetto; whether emitted by a trombone, a clarinet, a violoncello or an organ every grave tone is qualified as more or less deep, because its equivalent is a tone in chest register. This analogy, by a perfectly natural extension, is applicable to sounds, which, on account of their extreme acuteness or extreme gravity, could not be reproduced by the voice.

The existence of these distinct superposed sections, constituting the vocal scale, is followed by consequences, which are easily observed in instinctive diction, in ra-

tional diction and in music. If we are to recite the following lines,

The wind redoubles its efforts,
And blows so well that it uproots
That whose head was neighbor to the skies,
Whose feet did touch the empire of the dead,

our voices will instinctively rise at the end of the penultimate line, and fall during the last one. The idea of "the empire of death" impels us in spite of ourselves to make use of the chest register, as the foregoing one dictated the head register. The phenomena of the mimic art correspond, moreover, to those of speech; a thought, the object of which is located in lofty regions, will direct our glance and our gesture toward heaven; an opposite thought will converge the entire physiological expression toward the earth. Rational diction, seizing upon this spontaneous tendency, derives therefrom an elementary rule which no one could dispute. Suppose a reader were to let his voice drop at the words "neighbor to the skies," and raise it in the following line, would it not be an intolerable inconsistency? Vocal or instrumental music, in accentuating and amplifying certain elements of expression already contained in the text, will carefully avoid all neglect of this law. Observe the notation of these lines in "L'Africaine" (Act I. recitative of Vasco):

This giant of the sea, this crest of the tempest,
Touching hell with his foot and heaven with his head.

It conforms to the law of diction which I have just pointed out. In the pandemonium scene Berlioz employs the grave registers of the orchestra, and the high registers for the scene in heaven. Liszt does the same in his "Dante" symphony ("La Divina Commedia"). One cannot conceive of a musician using tenor instruments in depicting Hades, or basses in illustrating Heaven. The adaptation of the various registers of the voice to the situation of objects in space, or to that which our imagination attributes to them, does then exist.

As the voice can shift with extreme flexibility from one of these registers to another, it follows that it is able to represent the direction of a movement (real or fictitious). To the words

Angels holy, angels radiant,

for example, Gounod sets a succession of ascending intervals, and he raises the melody itself by a half step, in the recurrence of the passage, to lay greater stress upon his intention. The same takes place in the air of "Fides" blessing her son:

That my prayer may rise toward heaven.

Shall we cite examples of the contrary direction? When "William Tell" says to "Jenny,"

And to the earth
Incline a suppliant knee.

it would have been ridiculous for Rossini to let the melodic design ascend to the word "incline." And the same holds good where "Friar Laurence," in Gounod's opera, exclaims to "Romeo" and "Juliet" in pronouncing his benediction: "Kneel! kneel!" A most striking example of this application of musical language in following the direction of an actual movement occurs in the celebrated page of "Tannhäuser," where "Elizabeth" prostrates herself in the dust at the foot of the cross ("lass mich im Staub vor dir vergehen"); the voice descends at these words from E flat to D natural, passing over the interval of a ninth, and the orchestra immediately afterward reproduces the falling figure in a still lower register. Compare the recitative in "L'Africaine" (Act I., No. 3):

"The tale runs that Diaz, on these fateful cliffs,
Saw his squadron engulfed by the waves in their fury."

Since it can indicate the direction of a movement, music is also able to represent its form; *i. e.*, delineate it. J. Weber will not accede that Rossini in giving the violins in the orchestra an ascending scale of three octaves at the instant when "William Tell" shoots the apple from his boy's head succeeded in representing the flight of the arrow: "In this case," he contends, "the imitation would be false, for the arrow must pursue nearly a horizontal line." It is certain that the scale upon the violins does not reproduce all the characteristics of the flight of an arrow; but it sketches at least two essential features—the rapidity and the absence of deflection. Substitute for this stroke a very slow scale; would that be admissible? Replace this continuous ascent by an undulating line, such as is found at the beginning of the overture to "Melusine," you would have no longer the movement of an arrow, but that of a serpent. It is in just this manner that a figure in the violins and tubas represents the spiral movements of a monster crossing the stage, in the third scene of "Rheingold." If, finally, the melodic design, rising and falling with regularity, were to restrict itself to a narrow space in the realm of sound, it would represent the movement of a small wheel, as in the "Spinning Song" of Mendelssohn (op. 62, No. 4). Bizet has given a graphic illustration of various movements in his charming pieces, entitled "Scenes and Games of Children" (the swing, the top and the shuttlecock).

We might even point out in passing how ridiculous the theory would here be, according to which music would confine itself to the expression of the emotions to which external objects give rise. Could one assert that these

musical delineations do not represent the motions of a swing or a shuttlecock, but rather the sentiments aroused in us by these different games? Could one claim that the musician idealizes his model? That would be absurd. I perceive therein the direct and exact imitation of certain qualities of the reality, and it appears hardly reasonable to detect anything else.

Besides the general direction, the form and the rapidity of a movement, music may also reproduce, as is perfectly obvious, its duration, its rhythm and the noise it produces. Nor is this all. Inasmuch as music possesses the privilege of simultaneous expression, it can imitate two different objects at the same time, and indicate the relation of their positions in space.

Just here is where the antique classification of the fine arts, so highly praised by Westphal, betrays its inaccuracy. It is not possible to place music in the same category with poetry, for the following reason. In an ode, a narrative or a dramatic poem the listener's attention is never occupied by two voices at the same time; everything is successive. One cannot permit two characters to speak at once, excepting in special cases where one intends to create a comical impression by an imbroglia.

In music, on the contrary, the combination of several expressions is an established practice. By the simultaneous employment of voices and instruments, the musician would have us apprehend two melodic designs at the same time, and if one of these designs is placed in the low register while the other occupies the high register, it is certain, after what has been said above, that the musician can denote the relation of two objects, as regards their situation in space, and that his language, consequently, is not governed solely by the law of rhythm, but also by that of symmetry. Thus, in the majority of melodies, the words of which are connected with some exterior object, the accompaniment, according to its disposition, in a very low register or in the highest register, will indicate the situation of this object with reference to the singer.

I have already cited the romance of the "evening star" and the beginning of the slumber song in "Lakmé"; it is for the inverse reason that the accompanying figure in the "Invocation of Nature" is assigned to the lower instrumental parts. Massenet has written a charming melody, entitled "Beneath the Branches," which commences thus: In the upper register a series of arpeggiated chords of the seventh forms a descending progression, and below this figure, in sixteenth notes, the symbolism of which is evident, a somewhat accented half note is sustained during three measures.

Suppose that this half note, instead of being placed two octaves lower than the succession of arpeggios, had been placed two octaves above it, the musical language would have conveyed another idea altogether; the scene would be laid above the branches, instead of beneath. The study of simultaneous expressions must lead to still another observation. Music can indicate the distance between two objects without having recourse to the employment of different registers; it suffices to diminish more or less the intensity of one of the instruments used.

Recall that pathetic recitative in the "Damnation" (scene 17), where "Mephistophiles" comes to announce to "Faust" that "Marguerite," accused of infanticide has been led to the dungeon and condemned to death, and where the voice of the singer is accompanied by horns, which at brief intervals introduce the fanfares of a distant chase into the poignant drama; according as the horns intone forte, mezzo-forte or pianissimo the ear has the impression of an object at a greater or lesser distance from the dramatic characters. Here again space appears in a certain sense to be measured. Can one venture to assert that the descriptive design could be disregarded in this case? The sense of this contrast is indispensable to the appreciation of the scene, which is one of very eminent inspiration.

II.

I have only spoken thus far of movements and the variations of positions; let us now occupy ourselves with isolated and immovable objects. How does music reproduce the qualities of dimension and color? In all the preceding respects the human voice is inferior to instrumental music in richness of resource; but on those points which we are about to indicate it does not yield to any instrument; it is the model which cannot be surpassed, and with the investigation of which we must commence. H. Spencer has demonstrated with great accuracy the elements of emotional expression contained in the language of instinct; it is easy to show that the latter is also quite as rich in elements of description and imitation.

Quintilian has observed, and correctly, that under the influence of certain images of the external world our words and our gesticulation have a tendency to expand. (Quum speciosius quid uberiusque dicendum est, ut saxa atque solitudines voci respondent, * * * ipsa quodammodo se cum gestu fundit oratio—Inst. orat., XI., 8, '84.) Hence it is that the conductor of an orchestra gives greater amplitude to his gesture in a largo movement. If a man, who is neither too much disciplined by education nor embarrassed by the proprieties, speaks of the ocean, of an immense temple or of a vast amphitheatre filled with a jost-

ling crowd he will afford occasion for the following observations: In order to express the sensation conveyed by the words enormous, gigantic, colossal, &c., he will (1) slacken the rapidity of his words; (2) he will dwell upon certain words or upon essential syllables with stronger accentuation; (3) he will emit a greater volume of voice, and (4) it may be added, finally, that he will connect and prolong the sounds of the phrase somewhat more than is customary. Words which designate diminutiveness, meagreness, slenderness will call forth the opposite diction.

All of these phenomena have passed into the language of art, first of all into that of declamation. In reciting certain descriptive verses of V. Hugo, or of Leconte or Lisle, the actor imparts to his voice a sonorous brilliancy, slightly relaxes the movement of his diction and takes pains to connect, sustain and prolong the tones, thus conveying the impression of a certain breadth and grandeur. The musician will not comport himself differently. Take the beautiful phrase of the violins in "L'Africaine," at the beginning of the scene of the "Maucenillier," and the recitative which follows: "From here I view the ocean immense;" here again we encounter all the characteristics pointed out above, especially in the notation of the final word. Observe also, in the celebrated air from the "Queen of Sheba," "Daughter of Kings," * * * the fine expansion of the phrase upon the words, "detract naught from thy majesty."

In the second place, the human voice imitates the sounds of the exterior world with marvelous precision and flexibility. It would be necessary to analyze a complete narrative in order to satisfy ourselves of this, and we need but appeal to our recollections. Some time ago an Englishman exhibited at Paris a family of negroes, who had come from the African regions, and in the course of the representation one of the savages recounted his voyage to France. When he came to the passage from Algiers to Marseilles he imitated the wheezing of the machine and the boiling of the waters agitated by the screw of the boat; he reproduced the inarticulate cries and howls drawn from his companions in their seasickness, and carried his exactness to the extent of couching upon the ground and simulating death for a few minutes; after that he portrayed the various noises and motions of the railroad, &c., Without the aid of articulated words, and with exclusive use of the language of nature, his narration, supported by very vivid mimic postures, was one of startling reality, full of "vocal gestures" and picturesque effects.

A civilized person expresses himself otherwise, no doubt, and employs conventional signs; but the imitative harmony constantly reappears in his language more or less sparingly. Listen to the soldier recounting a battle; you hear the fusillade, the distant roar of the cannon, the whistling of the bullets, the cries of the wounded, the rush of the charges, all the disorder and tumult of combat. When the exercise of reflection comes to be added to instinct, the results obtained are surprising. What we have become able to reproduce is a very different thing from the song of birds, as Lucrece says. I recently heard a virtuoso (worthy, beyond all doubt, of the jester of the Roman Atellanæ, and the beloved "planipes" of Trimalcion) represent by the sole means of his voice a diversified menagerie, a country festival, a regiment on the march, with music at its front and even a drove of pigs passing through a village at day-break. There are here, undoubtedly, elements of a comical and burlesque order, but there is also a principle of serious imitation which has passed into veritable art.

Nothing is more opposed to the tale of an African negro than the verses of Sully-Prudhomme; but in the passage from the "Vase Brisé,"

* * * La légère meurtrissure
Mordant le cristal chaque jour
* * * (The light bruise
Gnawing the crystal each day).

M. Legouvé, who, however never lived among the Ashantis or the Somalis, would have the voice of the reader (by laying stress upon certain consonants and vowels of the phrase—the r's, the dentals, sibilants, the i's, &c.), assume a metallic and crisp tone quality in order to give the impression of the art itself. Suppose a skillful reader had the following lines of Musset to recite:

'Twas but a murmur; as it were the wind-stroke
Of a far off zephyr gliding o'er the reeds,
And fearing in its flight to rouse the birds, * * *

would he not have to soften his voice as much as possible to give the impression of this invisible wing passing by with light touch? On the contrary, the description of a tempest,

Blow, hurricanes! shriek, ye forests deep!

would call forth the full voice and the appropriate qualities of tone.

The musician follows absolutely the same rule. It is not without good reason that Berlioz, for the interpretation of these lines,

I feel the breeze of morn gliding through the air,
traces the graceful design of a rapid succession of tones which convey to the ear the impression of a light, gliding movement, and that he deadens the resonance of the violins in the caressing murmur of the pianissimo. I deem it needless to review here all the examples which musical works

would afford me. From the frightful uproar of an orgy of brigands ("Harold en Italie") to a dance of sylphs, from the boisterous brass to the tender oboe, the orchestra comprises a thousand grades of resonance, a thousand subtle shades of tone quality wherewith to imitate the voices of the exterior world; and, when it stands in need of some organ to reflect its model, it takes it whence it will: bells, rattles, xylophone, everything is good enough. Who has ever fixed the limits of instruments available in an orchestra?—"Chicago Music Review."

Friedrich Smetana.

(Translated from the German of Friedrich Hlavák, by Josephine Upson Cady.)

ABOUT the same time that Eduardo Sonzogno left Milan, with the score of "Amico Fritz," Mascagni's second opera, in order to make a reputation for the fortunate Italian this side of the Alps, another second opera appeared on the musical horizon.

Yet how different the fate of the composers! What a difference in the fate of their operas! "Die verkaufte Braut," the second opera of the Bohemian composer, Friedrich Smetana, was given for the first time before a German public at the "Internationalen Theater und Musikausstellung zu Wien, 1892." And while the people were impatiently awaiting the arrival of Mascagni with his still undried score of "Amico Fritz," Smetana's first opera was given, after the composer had lain in the grave ten years. And therein lies the difference between the happy destiny of the one and the tragical fate of the other. Smetana left this world when he was sixty years old, without having received any recognition from the world of art, except from his countrymen; and here is this fine Pietro, only twenty-five years old, received with open arms. These lines are not inspired by envy of the fortunate, nor would we reproach the enthusiastic worshippers of Mascagni; but we are moved with admiration for the creative ability of Friedrich Smetana, and surely the justice of this demand for recognition will be seen!

The life and creations of Smetana form the history of almost unheard of suffering in a composer who served his art with glowing enthusiasm, in the unselfish consciousness that he would find in the art itself his only reward and recognition. His life was full of misery and injustice; and, like the waves of a troubled sea, we see him surrounded by obstacles and unfortunate circumstances, which he meets unmoved as a rock, defying the angry storm.

Indeed in the history of modern art there are very few who have been so abnormally resigned as Smetana. To be sure, those who understood the situation were not surprised when Director Schubert appeared in Vienna in 1892 with his Bohemian Nationaltheater, and gave two works of Smetana's, that the astonishment of the audience was so great, and on all sides was heard, "How is it possible that such a genius was not recognized long ago?" For as far as Austria is concerned Smetana first became known in Vienna in June, 1892, where they had previously had no idea of the importance of his creations; but in Prague they recognized him sooner than they did Sonzogno. But those were the circumstances under which a man suffered and conquered, thought less of himself than of his art, and fought for it with the most refined of weapons. When Smetana was buried, in 1893, only a few people outside of the capital city of Bohemia knew who had died there, and to the rest of the world a man of only local reputation was buried.

Now that the veiled picture has been shown to the world by a brave effort on the part of the Princess of Metternich, now when Smetana's first operas are being given everywhere, one hears and reads the old refrain, "How is it possible that nothing is known of this man?" And (they are already pardoning Fate by pouring benefits on the fortunate Mascagni) "does his art really tower so high above that of other Bohemian composers that it can be transplanted over here? Certainly not. The old story: Fashion, circumstances."

The importance of Smetana's appearance in the history of art lies in the fact that he remained at his post, like a true hero, without paying any regard to fashion or circumstances. The demands of his art determined his mode of operation, and he did not give them up when he saw that he would not be recognized by the great world; that he must work humbly and unknown, being satisfied with the acknowledgment and thanks of his countrymen.

Now that his name rings out clearly from near and from far, where they have ceased or will soon cease to look up the name of the Bohemian composer in the "vervollständigten, neuen Auflage der Speciallexika," the appreciation of Smetana will naturally be more general. Smetana has been dead ten years; his second opera, "Die verkaufte Braut," always popular at home, and lately become so abroad, is to-day twenty-eight years old; but as if the years had been preserving it for the artistic world, it bursts forth with youthful fire, sparkling throughout with brightest gems. Musically excellent comic opera has not been common even in Germany since Lorzing, Weber and Boieldieu.

There is something in "Die verkaufte Braut" which satisfies everyone. The Wagnerian can find nothing to

object to, the lover of melodies is more than happy, and friends and partisans of healthy, artistic realism applaud vociferously. Not that Smetana is to be looked up to as the long sought universal musical genius who has accomplished the union and perfect reconciliation of all the different theories of music. Smetana, in his high understanding of art, clearly and rightly estimated all these theories, and appropriated them to his own use. This had no influence, however, on his inventive power; the effect was seen only in the expression of his thought; for he remained his own master, in spite of all influences. This all admit, even the speculator in coincidences and hunter after imitations (Anklänge-Forscher und Aehnlichkeits-jäger). The charm of Smetana to the outside world lies in the fact that while the national character remained the fountain of his thought, he knew how to clothe the national Bohemian music in modern and high forms, and at the same time remain truly original, always himself, always Smetana.

And so his "Verkaufte Braut" has become a national comic opera, which, in the outlining of a dramatic depiction of village life in Bohemia, is true in the action and music, without turning the realistic side of it into the realism of a "Mala Vita," or "Santa Lucia." In this truly artistic moderation Smetana shows that it is not necessary to depict common people as rude and unrefined, and, although most of Smetana's operas are laid in villages, as is also the "Pagliacci," he did not turn to the tragical as Mascagni and Leoncavallo have done.

The great public knows to-day only the "Verkaufte," which, as we said before, brings down the house whenever it is given. And yet, naturally, Smetana's creative ability and importance are not exhausted in this one opera, and the master did not have an earnest purpose in this composition. "Die verkaufte Braut" is really a mere by-play. I had no ambition in composing it," said Smetana, when they were celebrating after the 100th representation of the "Verkaufte Braut" (in May, 1882), "but I wrote it really out of spite; because after my first opera, 'Die Brandenburger in Böhmen,' I had been accused of being a Wagnerian, and would not succeed in a light, national style. So I ran to Sabina [the librettist of the "Verkaufte Braut"] and begged him to give me a libretto; and I composed the 'Verkaufte' according to my feelings at the time, so that Offenbach himself could not compare with it." A by-play like Offenbach! An explanation of this paradox might be found in those "circumstances." Smetana showed that he was a thoughtful, sensible musician, by acknowledging that he adhered to the Wagnerian principles of reform when the battle was being fought over them; and when he looked over the finished parts of his first works he found a clear apprehension of the Bayreuth theories in the characterization, declamation and correct understanding of the orchestra. The Bohemian operas before Smetana, if they may be correctly so called, naturally moved in the worn-out paths of the Italian, French and German schools, and every innovation was hooted at by "critics" and "friends of progress." So, naturally, Wagnerianism in a Bohemian composer, who was also kapellmeister in the only Bohemian theatre, was doubly distasteful to them. To spite these hostile demonstrations, Smetana composed something "light."

It is therefore not Smetana's greatest and most earnest work that is now being presented to the German public. Smetana wrote altogether eight operas. He composed his maiden opera, "Die Brandenburger in Böhmen," in 1863, and it really shows great talent, though it can hardly be expected to make a lasting impression outside of Bohemia. Nevertheless, its appearance was a very important fact in the annals of the modest Bohemian theatre, and became more so when it was known that Smetana was not only an active, tasteful composer, but also a musician who seemed called to lay the foundation of the national Bohemian opera. The applause which greeted the appearance of his first opera was also given at the presentation of his second opera, the "Verkaufte Braut," in 1866, which strengthened the conviction of the artistic public that, in spite of all the enmity of petty fault-finders, Smetana possessed unusual genius for Bohemian music.

Nevertheless, when Smetana introduced his first romantic opera, "Dalibor," in 1868, where they were accustomed to the Bohemian music—which owed its very existence to the careful, intellectual study of the Bayreuth master—Smetana's enemies could no longer keep still; the greatness of the composition, and the labor for reform displayed in this work of the master, roused anew their envy and anger, and they very inconsiderately inveighed against the poor, unassuming man who did not desire to quarrel with them; national art would be destroyed; he was trying to Germanize Bohemian music, and to throw everything at the feet of the wicked spirit, Richard Wagner.

Next to the complete silence and the absolute disregard of his work on the part of the world outside of Bohemia, which greatly troubled and annoyed him as an artist, this hateful battle with low and unworthy elements remained one of the bitterest experiences in Smetana's life. He who, in his upright, warm-hearted and good natured way, met everyone with friendly and helpful service suddenly had many enemies, whom to conquer was not his forte. His

ideal nature could not use low weapons; only art could help him. It did help, but—too late.

Never at any time of very strong physique, Smetana's health had become impaired by the endless worry and excitement to which he was exposed after the performance of his fourth opera, "Die zwei Wittwen," and on October 21, 1874, Smetana was overtaken by the greatest misfortune which could befall a musician; on that day the unfortunate man became deaf.

Who can describe the pain, who could even imagine the loss, which the master suffered? Who could express in words? Only he himself, and in his own language, in which he expressed all his feelings, wishes and thoughts in the clearest way—in music. In his string quartet, composed in 1876, to which he gave the title "Aus meinem Leben," and which has already been given in numerous German concert halls, Smetana tells us the story of his suffering in the truest and most touching way. Everyone who has listened to this wonderful composition would laugh at the attempt to describe it; and it is not necessary to try to express what the loss of hearing must be to a musician. This misfortune was doubly portentous, since it was only a symptom of the nervous complaint which Smetana suffered from for so many years.

When Smetana became deaf, three of his operas had already been given—"Die Brandenburger in Böhmen," "Die verkaufte Braut" and "Zwei Wittwen"—and another was ready for its first performance, which was the "Libuscha," a festival opera, which Smetana had written for the dedication, in 1881, of the great Bohemian National Theatre. In this work Smetana shows that he has perfect command of the musical and dramatic style of Richard Wagner; no more joking, but deepest earnestness. Smetana adhered to the Wagnerian principles in his later works, carrying them out in his comic operas in the most painstaking way, especially in the opera "Ein Geheimniss."

The catastrophe which overtook Smetana in his loss of hearing evidently affected him physically. But with his strength of mind it was not easy to give up, and he went to work again, not indeed with his former intense desire to incite weak men to great deeds. "I feel constantly," he wrote to a friend, "as if I were standing under a waterfall, a wild rush and roar in my head, which never ceases night or day. I can hear nothing, not even my own voice; and my piano playing I hear only as an idea in mind. To hear another person play, or even to hear an orchestra, is impossible. My colleagues, in their strong and happy life, do not know this, and have no idea of the labor involved in the battle against misfortune." Yet Friedrich Smetana did not allow himself to be utterly cast down by this blow, and a short time afterward we find him again at his writing desk, with all his accustomed vigor and strength of mind.

It is astonishing that we are indebted to the time of his deafness for his richest works, which express something more than the simple talent of a good composer. And it is remarkable that Smetana, in this condition, created a work which could only spring from exactly such feverish, continued, idealistic enthusiasm—the collection of symphonic poems, "Mein Vaterland." Under this compound title he describes, in five parts, beauties of scenery and remarkable incidents in the history of his fatherland.

Nevertheless, beyond the local limits of the action of these Liszt-like, sustained, symphonic poems, the correct and necessary understanding must be wanting, or else these compositions would certainly be very popular, on account of their fascinating musical beauty, and force the conviction on foreigners that only a great spirit could have created them.

Smetana wrote also the national opera, "Der Russ," after he became deaf, and yet this opera is rightly considered as the model of a popular opera. "Das Geheimniss," on the contrary, is considered by many as Smetana's best work; but it suffers from a great deficiency in the text. Yet Smetana was always most anxious to advance his work; that is, to clothe the Bohemian national music in modern forms, to prove with his genius and art that the national motive is in no way injured by the modern operatic forms, but, on the contrary, that they impart freshness and life without injuring the musical beauty.

This effort is seen in Smetana's last opera, "Die Teufelsmauer," unless indeed this opera was written half by chance. Smetana was not entirely sound mentally on the occasion of the 100th representation of the "Verkaufte Braut," when the Bohemian people gave him an enthusiastic ovation. Smetana suffered more and more bitterly from the ravages which ceaseless labor wrought on his nervous system, but he composed quietly on, without regard to his health, intent on his new opera "Viola." Then, however, he had to lay his pen aside. Toward the close of 1883 the unfortunate composer began to suffer with hallucinations and delusions, until, in April, 1884, he was taken to the hospital for the insane in Prague.

Smetana insane! That great mind unbalanced! Thus Fate finished and crowned its destructive work, first robbing Smetana of happiness and hearing, and finally of understanding. The unfortunate composer never recovered from this stroke of Fate, and on May 12, 1884, came

the dreadful news of the death of the highly gifted composer.

The rank to which Smetana is entitled among contemporaneous composers will undoubtedly be given him in musical history. It will certainly be a prominent one, although he could not reach it in his lifetime.

General musical history can, nevertheless, scarcely give the significance to Smetana and his works which they deserve in the development of national music in Bohemia; and if, as a matter of fact, he is to-day honored and extolled as the creator of this music, it is no more than right and just. When Smetana came he found nothing but chaos. He first brought Life and Light into the art, and his creations will remain forever the foundation stones for the beautiful building of Bohemian music. His labors in working the fruitful ground which he found in the eminently musical Bohemian people were the only happiness and blessing of his life; for he found students, even in his lifetime, who, more fortunate than he, stepped over the boundaries of their fatherland with their art, and, as children of a better time, became known—yea, celebrated—sooner than their distinguished master. Among them stands pre-eminently Anton Dvorak.

Smetana's value is to-day everywhere known, and even in Germany there may be found men who have all along been actively engaged in promoting his interests. It is very evident that Liszt, the shrewd judge of real talent, would quickly acknowledge the genius of his pupil, and he gave him this advice in a letter, which Smetana actually followed as the aim of his life and work: "The principal lesson of the artist of every age," he wrote him, "is the perseverance in his inner conviction of Good, and the consequent cultivation and execution of the same." Smetana's entire life indicates the adherence to conviction, and the cultivation of the same at any price—at the expense of his life and happiness. A propaganda for Smetana is no longer necessary, for, as a matter of fact, it has been carried on for a number of years by Ludwig Hartmann and by the Hamburg chapel-master and composer of music, Dr. W. Kienzel, unfortunately to no purpose, for Smetana was obliged to drink the bitter cup to the very dregs. And if his success in Vienna in 1892 had not been so great Smetana would to-day still be a "mystery."

But we believe that time is past; Smetana is revealed and given to the world. Many instructive lessons may be drawn from this "case of Smetana," especially when, as with the writer, politics are left out of the question. However troubled the political and national relations may be, their stormy waves need not reach so high. It would be a sin against art, if hateful politics should be allowed to drive love away from those in the same profession. Let not the men of our day be overlooked who stand at the head of Bohemian art—poets such as Jaroslav Vrchlicky, Svatopluk Cech, the musicians Dvorak and Fibich, the painters Brozik and Zenisek, the sculptor Myslbek. Friedrich Smetana's unhappy life, it is to be hoped, will not be repeated in the history of art!—Chicago "Musical Review."

Maude S. Winklebleck.

MAUDE S. WINKLEBLECK was born in Greenville, Ohio, about twenty years ago. Her father, Mr. Andrew Winklebleck, is a well-known lumber dealer. She manifested a decided talent for music at an early age, and took the leading parts in operettas when ten years old. Her real study of the art of singing began when she was fifteen. She has had the best advantages in her study and has profited well by them. Miss Winklebleck has a soprano voice of extended compass and great power. It is full of dramatic quality and has unusual sympathy and sweetness. She sings with fine expression, and in her phrasing shows true artistic training. Miss Winklebleck has a winning charm and graciousness of manner. She has an attractive presence and always interests her audiences.

Miss Winklebleck has already sung with unqualified success in many concerts, both in Chicago and other cities. She was one of the vocalists at the meeting of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association at Fort Wayne, and received the most flattering notices from the critics, as well as numerous encores and unlimited applause from the critical audiences which attended those concerts. Miss Winklebleck has decided dramatic ability. She sang the rôle of "Arlene" in "The Bohemian Girl" in the Schiller Opera Company this summer with unmistakable success. Miss Winklebleck intends to sing in opera and will make a profession of vocal art. That a brilliant career awaits her is the opinion of all who have heard her sing. She has a host of friends and admirers in many cities of the West, who will one and all watch her career with great interest. She is a favorite wherever she has sung, and receives many invitations for return engagements. We present in this issue an excellent portrait of Miss Winklebleck.

Music on the Lake.—A concert was given last Saturday at Niagara-on-the-Lake by Mrs. Emil Gramm, Miss Cora Schaeffer, Mr. Emil Gramm and Alfred Sturrock. The program was a well chosen one and was given in excellent style.

How to Start a Choral Society.

At the approaching season, when long evenings have to be reckoned with, the young and energetic are wont to set their minds to work to evolve some means of passing their time pleasantly, and it may be profitably; and a choral society is generally looked upon with a good deal of favor by those who are musically inclined. Most large towns, and many small ones, have such a society flourishing in their midst already; but there are many others where nothing of the kind exists. This too is not for lack of singers able and willing to be banded together if the idea were suggested to them, but because no one has been found to inaugurate and set matters in motion. In a quiet country town, where amusements are few and far between, and where there is little or nothing going on, a choral society is a boon indeed; and it is with the view of helping those who are anxious to undertake the formation of one that I offer these few hints culled from personal experience.

To begin with, it may be remarked that singers are, as a race, usually accounted somewhat "touchy," and no small amount of tact will be required on the part of those who have the management. We will assume that one or two people agree together that a choral society is just what is needed in their locality. The next step to be taken then is to see personally all their musical friends, male and female, and urge them to join, inviting each to supply a list of as many people as they can think of who are possessed of "voices." Then let them take matters into their own hands, and call upon their friends and ask if they would care to become members if the society is formed. This can of course be done by circular; but in our case we found that the ladies and gentlemen thus interviewed were disposed to take a greater interest than they otherwise would have done, and in many cases they were infected with our enthusiasm. Indeed we were inclined to attribute not a little of our after success to this plan of seeing ourselves as many people as possible. Having secured promises from a sufficient number of members, the next step—a very important one—is to obtain a conductor and an accompanist. In a country town the choice is often somewhat limited, but there are generally one or two organists who are capable of acting. The conductor ought not to be expected to accompany; he should be able to give his undivided attention to the choir. In choosing a conductor, especially in a small town where the chorus must necessarily be composed of singers of varying ability, it is well to try and get a man who will not be too severe on faults which are only too evident in a newly formed society consisting chiefly of those who hitherto have been quite unaccustomed to chorus singing. He should be kind but firm, and should be a man not likely to lose his temper, even when the choir are very trying, as amateurs very often are. It is wisdom, too, to let the conductor have a word as regards the choice of an accompanist; as, if the two work harmoniously together, everything else is likely to go with greater smoothness. If both conductor and accompanist will give their services for the good of the cause, so much the better; if not, it is best to make arrangements as regards payment before commencing, asking each to state his terms. Having chosen a conductor, do not be constantly interfering with him, or making trivial suggestions. He will soon learn the capabilities of the singers; and his advice as to the choice of a work or works to be taken will usually be well worth having.

A good representative working committee, composed of both ladies and gentlemen, should be elected at the first meeting, together with a treasurer to receive all money and make all payments. It is advisable to have two secretaries. Their duties will of course be to do all secretarial work, call meetings of the committee, and keep the "minutes" of the society; or in other words write up an account of what is done at one committee meeting to be read at the next, and kept for future reference, so that a faithful record is in readiness of all rules passed. A list of the members, the names of whom should be written out very clearly, with addresses appended, should be made as early as possible. The singers, too, should be classified according to their voices. This register must be "called" every week, and a reliable account of attendances kept. It is just as well also to draw up a set of rules, and, having done so, to keep rigorously to them. Let them be as few as possible, however, and do not hedge membership round with a number of unnecessary restrictions. Sometimes it will be found that people who have attended the rehearsals irregularly come in at the concert, and mar the effect which would otherwise have been produced by the rest. To avoid this, it is perhaps best to have a rule stating that members who miss more than a certain number of practices cannot be allowed to appear at the concert.

A room for the weekly practices to be held in is another important consideration; and it is advisable if possible to obtain one where there is already a piano, as this saves the additional expense of hiring one. An ordinary public hall is apt to be somewhat expensive, and a newly formed society usually has to consider funds. A church, chapel or board school may, however, sometimes be had on little more than nominal terms, the authorities being content

with a sum which covers the cost of lighting and heating, together with a douceur for the caretaker. But of course in different places there are different rules; and what holds good in one town does not in another. As regards the question of subscriptions to the society, I am afraid it is not easy to give any help, since so much depends upon the class of people of whom it will be chiefly composed. I think, however, that it is advisable to keep the charge as low as possible; because the members have their music to buy and evening dress to provide for the concerts, as well as cabs and numerous incidental expenses; and as not a few will doubtless be taken from the ranks of people with more or less limited allowances, it is as well not to make membership of the choral society an expensive luxury. When you know what you have to pay the conductor and accompanist, and also what charge will be made for the room and use of piano, you may add a fair sum for printing any notices that may have to be issued, for postage of the same, and also for incidental expenses, and then a good idea is obtained of the sum that will be required to work the society. If this is not entirely covered by the subscriptions, it will be necessary to trust to the concerts to make it up. It is a great point to keep down the working expenses, since choral societies do not always pay their own way. The one in which I have gained my experience has, however, hitherto achieved that distinction, and altogether owing to the way in which expenses were kept down. For instance, when large numbers of notices had to be sent out, willing hands undertook the delivery and saved the postage. Then again, if a committee meeting was to be held, some lady would offer one of her own rooms; and there was of course nothing to pay for the use of it. Then at the concerts we borrowed as many things as possible for the decoration of the hall; and a bevy of girls would assemble in the morning and with deft fingers arrange draperies, and sew evergreen wreaths, and help generally in transforming the platform into a thing of beauty. Some of the plants were lent to us, others we hired at a cheap rate. And when everything was placed in order the effect was always voted charming; and everyone will allow that a prettily arranged platform is a by no means unimportant factor in a concert.

And while on the subject of concerts I may remark that no one who has not helped to get one up can have any idea of the innumerable things to be seen after. It is really hard work, but it is exceedingly pleasant; and, where all pull harmoniously together, the "choral society concerts" are looked upon as "tremendous fun." It is well to set about preparations early, as printing and such matters have an unhappy knack of getting delayed and being rushed through in an unsatisfactory manner if left to the last. The committee, which should not be too large, should have a meeting a fortnight or so before each concert, when the program must be drawn up, and when the wording for advertisements of the concerts in the papers, and also for the posters, ought to be agreed upon. It is wise to get all the placards out in good time, though they should not be too early; and arrangements may be made for having them posted across with the word "tonight" on the day of the concert. It is well to get the bills displayed in shops, or wherever possible; and if one of the gentlemen makes himself answerable for seeing after all advertisements and placards it is a great help. Then, again, a sufficient number of responsible men to station at the doors and in the hall, to take tickets for the concert, should be seen after. They ought to be at their posts in good time, and not, as I have known to be the case, come so late that the people were there before them, throwing things into a state of muddle. Sometimes a few respectable men may be got who will give their services as ticket takers without any other remuneration than a couple of passes for their wives or friends. We found this plan to work well. A business-like member of the society, who is not particularly brilliant as a singer, is the most useful of men if he will consent to give an eye to everything in general on the night of the concert; and it is astonishing how smoothly matters work under his amiable supervision. As regards tickets, it is well, if economy be an object, to have them printed without dates, so that they may be used again. Each ticket may be stamped or marked in a different way for future concerts. It is generally advisable to have three classes of seats, numbering and reserving those in front. It is best, too, to have the tickets in readiness about a fortnight before the concert, as members of the society, interested in the success of the undertaking, will often sell them among their friends. A list should be kept of all members who have thus taken tickets to dispose of, together with the number. All tickets not sold may then be returned in good time, so that they may be in readiness for the doors on the concert night. Tickets for the front seats should be sent to the local press some days beforehand—two to each paper. In some societies one or two tickets for the concert are presented to each member; but it is an open question whether this is a wise proceeding. I know that these small points may seem trivial, but they are just the minor matters which escape the attention of those new to choral society work.

I have left till last the weighty matter of the choice of music. Oratorios and "serious" works appeal to some;

lighter music, in the shape of comic operas or cantatas, to others. A great deal depends on the abilities of the singers; and of course the educational advantages of studying a composition—say, like "Elijah"—are very great. But when a choral society has been started more with a view to interesting and amusing than to educating there is nothing more "taking" than comic opera, which, moreover, usually appeals to a mixed audience, and proves a great "draw." If possible it is well to select the soloists from the members of the society, though this is a proceeding which requires much tact, or great offense may be given. If, however, a society is fortunate enough to possess a soprano, contralto, tenor and so on, who stands unequaled in the town, and who is acknowledged at the top of the tree in his or her own line, everything is easy. Part songs—and there are some exceeding pretty ones—may be taken up with advantage; and, by the way, it is a good plan to have several copies of one in readiness for use at the first practice. A concert composed as to the first half of solos and instrumental music, with part songs interspersed, is usually very interesting; while the second part may consist of some short comic opera. Uniformity of dress for the ladies is a question which has to be considered, white or black with colored shoulder sashes being usually suggested; but it is doubtful whether it is not better to allow all to dress as pleases them best, in any color they care for.

There can be no question that the working up of a choral society is a pleasant if a somewhat arduous task; and one meets with one's reward in seeing the enjoyment of the singers, and hearing the gradual improvement of the chorus. It certainly ranks among good deeds, too, to inaugurate a society which shall bring innocent recreation and improvement within the reach of the young of all ranks; and if some of the upper classes would bestir themselves to get up choral societies in the towns where they live, inviting shop girls and others of similar station—many of whom possess good voices—to join them, they would find that they were doing a distinctly good work.—L. M. D., in "The Queen."

His Strange Specialty.

IN a dingy little room on the third floor of a house on a Brooklyn side street, a quaint looking, little old man works from morning till night almost every day in the year perfecting the most astonishing looking musical instruments.

Although a comparatively insignificant looking old fellow, this man has helped more people to success on the variety stage than any ten song writers or joke manufacturers, and there are few people in the theatrical business who do not know him. To the profession he is simply known as "Mendelssohn." That is not his right name of course, but it has been given to him by variety people as a sort of a delicate tribute to his genius. For a genius he is, as an examination of his workroom and his work will reveal.

For fifteen years old "Mendelssohn" has been making musical instruments for variety actors, and although he could be a rich man to-day had he chosen to enlarge his place and hire assistants to help him, he has simply plodded along, doing his own work and not sharing his money with any man.

For years variety people had been amusing audiences with such things as musical sleigh-bells, musical gongs, musical tumblers, and some have even performed with musical hat-racks and musical cats and dogs. It would take columns of space to give anything like a complete list of the different kinds of instruments that have been produced on the variety stage by musical comedians, and of these many are the inventions of old "Mendelssohn." He is the only man in the business in this part of the country, and his orders sometimes pile in so thick and fast that he is unable to attend to them all. A number of men have tried to steal the old man's business away within the past few years, and while a few managed to get some of his customers away for a time, they have never been able to keep them long. The variety people agree that no one of his many imitators are in the same class as "Mendelssohn," and to-day the old fellow enjoys the monopoly of the business.

A noteworthy thing about the old man is his wonderful ear for music. He acknowledges that he knows absolutely nothing about written music, having never spent a day in studying it, but his natural musical genius makes him a musician of no mean order. He can play as many different instruments as a first-class orchestra leader, and he plays them all with remarkable precision.

Next door to the house in which the old instrument maker has his quarters is an iron foundry, and although the clang of steel bar and sheet iron plates is to be heard all day it doesn't seem to disturb him a bit.

"I love to hear it," he said to a "Sun" reporter who called to see him the other day. "There is music in it if one can only be made to hear it. Why, I get some of my best ideas from hearing the rattle of steel and iron in that place, and I think that if it should move to-morrow I would move after it and try to obtain quarters near enough to

it to hear the perpetual clanging. I tell you it is music to me, and I love to hear it."

A secret service detective coming upon "Mendelssohn's" quarters unexpectedly would immediately think he had struck a counterfeiter's den. On every side are pipes, bells, molds, plates, queer-shaped metal instruments, packages of plaster of paris, and hundreds of other things not easy to describe. In the middle of the room is a small stove, arranged somewhat in the manner of a blacksmith's furnace, while all over the floor queer looking tools are strewn. The "Sun" reporter found the old man busily engaged in trying to shape a bar of steel according to a design on a piece of paper beside him.

"Confound that actor," he remarked to the reporter. "What do you think of him, anyway? Came in here the other day with a new scheme. Said he wanted a piece of steel twisted in such a way that he could suspend it by a string, and then by letting it come in contact with a piece of marble bring music out of it. You see, he wants it made so that each time he lets it drop against the marble he will be able to strike a different piece of the steel. I don't believe it's possible to make it, but I promised him I'd try and ding it. If it can be done I can and will do it."

And the old man went back to his work, groaning like a longshoreman with a packing case on his back.

After much solicitation by the reporter, the old man at last consented to talk about himself.

"You see, I don't need any advertising," he said, "I've got more business now than I can attend to, and I think I'm pretty well known among these actor folks. You see, when I started in this business, in 1880, it was because I had nothing else to do. I was always pretty handy at the piano and the violin, and one day an actor fellow came along and wanted me to see what I could do about making him some new kind of an instrument which would surprise people. He'd been banging away at musical sleigh bells and other chestnuts for a long time and wanted something new."

"Give me something that I can hang up in plain sight of the audience, something that will look as though it was part of a room's furnishing, so that when I take it up no one will suspect that I am going to play on it," he said.

"Well, I racked my brains, and I finally hit on an idea. I went out and bought one of those hanging hat racks and removed all the pegs from it. Then I made about a dozen wooden whistles and put them in in place of the pegs. Of course, I had the whistles all tuned, so that anything could be played upon them. That fellow made a big hit with that instrument. He used to hang it up on the stage and put two or three hats on it. When he took it up and began to play on it it never failed to take the audience completely by surprise. That was my first invention, but since then I have made thousands of different instruments. The fellow I made that hat rack for told everybody where he got it, and the variety people came to me five or six at a time, each one with a different idea."

"That was the beginning. Since then I have been making all sorts of queer musical instruments, and I don't mind saying that I have made quite a little money out of it. I have made many queer instruments and have had many queer experiments, but one of the funniest I ever had was with a blond soubrette who had musical aspirations, and who thought she was born to star as a musical queen. She flounced in here one afternoon about a year ago and remarked:

"Are you the man that makes them queer instruments?"

"I informed her that I manufactured musical instruments, and she then said:

"Well, I have an idea. I'll tell you what it is. I'm going to do a musical turn, and I want some instruments; something entirely new, mind. I'm not in the chestnut business."

"I showed her a dozen different kinds of things I had on hand. You see I always have a stock of new things around. People sometimes like my ideas in preference to their own. She seemed tickled to death, and said she'd take some musical cats I showed her, some bell instruments and a set of musical bottles."

"Madame," I suggested, "hadn't you better try these things before you take them? They may not suit you. Just run off a tune or two."

"Oh, I don't play," she said; "I'm to learn."

"Well, I was completely floored. Didn't know how to play and yet willing to pay nearly \$100 for instruments! She must have divined my thoughts, for she flew into a rage all of a sudden, and said if I thought she was an 'ignoramus' I was mistaken. She knew what she could do, she said, and there was no reason why I should insult her. Then she flounced out of the room, informing me as a parting shot that she would equip herself for her starring tour elsewhere."

"That was one experience with a woman. I have had others, but the rest only convinced me more than ever that women are the most unreasonable people on earth. Despite my prejudice against the sex, however, I freely confess that I got some of my best ideas from women. Understand, that, while I manufacture all of these instruments, I do not by any means invent them all. People

come here with ideas, explain them to me, and I try to make the instruments according to their ideas. It was a woman who suggested the musical cats, and as soon as she explained her idea I knew she had a good thing. She wanted a lot of wooden cats made with tails standing erect. She then wanted whistles set in the bodies so that they could be made to sound by the sudden pulling down of the tails. I fixed the thing up for her, and for a long time the musical cats were a hit."

"Another woman gave me the idea for the musical street pavers. She had a husband who was a member of a musical quartet, and they were looking for something new. One day she brought her husband around to me and we talked over the matter of musical street pavers. In a week I fixed that troupe up. I had a lot of blocks of iron tuned and then painted so as to resemble granite blocks. A carpenter made the miniature pile drivers for them, and I fitted up the drivers with metal bottoms. Then they went on the road, and the last I heard were making big money. For that same quartet I made a set of musical farm implements. I secreted a cornet in the leg of a wheelbarrow, a flute in the handle of a rake, a violin in a watering pot, and a set of bells in a plough. This combination was a success from the first and became very popular with variety people, two or three other teams calling on me within a month after that and getting fitted out."

"It would take too long to tell you about all the other queer instruments I have made, but among the most successful have been the musical knife grinding machines, the musical hoghead, the musical anvils, and other similar devices. Outside of this country the French make the best grotesque instruments, and I don't mind saying that I have gotten the ideas for many of my own inventions from the instruments used by French variety people who have come here."

"But of all my jobs this one I'm on now is the toughest, but I'll complete it or bust," and the old man quickly resumed work on the steel bar as if to make up the time he had spent in talking with the reporter.—"Sun."

Eccentric Conversations.

No. I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

COMPOSER (of modern tendencies and fixed opinions).

CRITIC (agrees with no one—not even with himself).

AMATEUR (prides himself on his culture and reasonableness).

CRITIC.—It all comes back to what I have always said: Wagner seems to blind his admirers to the real aims of music, which are —

COMPOSER.—Oh, pray spare us that! I read it all in your article on "Falstaff."

CRITIC.—But it is none the less true for having been in print, and I think it explains the wrong direction which music has taken since the Bayreuth prophet's later works have been given to the world. I cannot see that music has any need to be dramatic; in fact I rather incline to the idea that in the attempt she loses that mysterious power which is hers by right; that in interpreting the definite thoughts and situations and characters of a drama she is treading on her own wings, and is thus prevented from soaring into the Emyrean, where those thoughts that are beyond man's understanding —

COMPOSER.—Is that part of another article you are going to write? If so, pray destroy it! You, and there are many like you, appear to think that the whole force of music lies in its vagueness, and because you do not understand what your "absolute" music means you say that it is describing "thoughts that are beyond man's understanding." Excuse me, but that is transcendental bosh. You must choose between these two things: either music means nothing in particular and is only a kind of beautiful sound design, or it is the outward manifestation of emotion.

AMATEUR.—And of intellect?

COMPOSER.—No; not of intellect in the ordinary sense. You cannot describe in music a philosophical idea, but you can describe the emotion which prompts that speculation, or which that speculation arouses. You see what I mean? Certainly, there are some emotions which might be described as intellectual, in that they are aroused not by the sensual appeal but by thought—by contemplation, for instance, of the drift of human life, of its sorrows, joys and passion; of the continual struggle of man with nature; of his ideals and his shortcomings in attaining them. But all these ideas must be forced into feeling before they come within the composer's scope. If you ask me what is the cause of music I shall answer, in the first place, emotion; in the second, emotion; in the third, emotion.

AMATEUR.—It seems to me, my dear fellow, that you altogether ignore the pleasure which a cultivated musician finds in following the intricacies of a fugue, for instance; or in understanding the nice observation of the sonata form. Now, don't be impatient; I shan't be long. Perhaps I don't express myself very clearly, but I do not pretend to be a technical musician. It has always seemed to me, however, that it is a great mistake to insist solely on emotion in music. To cultivated ears there is something extremely pleasing in what may be called decorative music. It has no particular

meaning perhaps, but its proportion, its beautiful design, its charming detail interest the ear much as a decorative picture pleases the eye.

CRITIC.—Ah, I think I detect a slight hitch in your argument, my friend. You speak of a decorative picture, but you really mean a decorative design—such as may be seen in tapestry, in inlaid furniture or in silver work. Decorative pictures, on the other hand, generally have a meaning, and they only can be called decorative because the subject is treated in what painters call a "conventional" manner. For instance, I call Watt's "Life and Love" decorative, but at the same time I consider that its aim is poetical as well as decorative. The kind of music you describe is more analogous to a beautifully carved panel or to Cellini silver work; and, like the latter, is too often over wrought. The real decorative music is that of which I was speaking when our friend the composer interrupted me.

COMPOSER.—Interrupted you! why, both of you have broken the chain of my arguments.

CRITIC.—Well, you may mend it when I have finished. As I was saying, the decorative music that is most analogous to decorative pictures is absolute music; the symphony form, for instance. Here you have a conventional design, but you do not the less have a beautiful idea running through it. The means are made to coincide with a certain musical design which the world has for a long while considered beautiful; but a man such as Beethoven, for instance, while keeping more or less to the canons of art laid down by past masters, at the same time manages to arouse your emotions as if he only took feeling as his one aim. You therefore get all the symmetry of a decorative design with the poetry of passion; or rather, I should say, the poetry of passion is made, by the most consummate art, to fit into the mold of design. That, to my mind, is art; whereas music entirely swayed as to its form by emotion—which I understand our friend the composer advocates—is nothing less than artless phrensy, hysterical —

COMPOSER.—I never advocated anything of the sort. You entirely mistake my meaning. I do not deny that absolute music must have a backbone of design, but that it requires it is, I think, its condemnation. Because, you see, that backbone should be one of meaning and not a mere conventional design. Now the only real —

CRITIC.—Oh, I know what you are going to say: that drama is the only real backbone, or, at any rate, that music requires the help of words. As your god, Wagner, puts it: Tone-speech must be married to Word-speech. Doesn't the great Bayreuth prophet assert somewhere that Music is the Woman and Words the Man, or something of that kind?

AMATEUR (*hurriedly*).—It seems to me that so much of the disputes of the world are due to our want of perception of the meaning of others. Here we have, on the one hand, those who love dramatic music, and on the other, those who admire epic, or—shall I say—lyric music. As a lover of the art, I find it quite easy to reconcile all schools. I like what is best, and while no one admires Wagner more than I do, I can equally appreciate the works of Donizetti and Bellini and the compositions of the modern Italian school. In fact, I sometimes think it is quite a relief to turn from the intense passion of Beethoven or Wagner to the charming frankness—brutality, if you will—of Mascagni. All composers of merit do their duty, and I don't think we should quarrel with them.

COMPOSER.—It isn't a question of duty, but of Artistic Truth.

CRITIC.—Or of artistic narrow mindedness?

AMATEUR (*to Critic*).—Yes, I think I agree with you.

COMPOSER.—But it is not a question of "thinking" at all. We must face this query: Why do we mortals sing or make music? Our ordinary intelligent speech is quite sufficient for the understanding. Our forefathers used music as a medium of expressing joy or sorrow, which cannot find expression in words alone. The origin of absolute music is the dance, but when it was divorced from gesture and made to run alone it had to take some backbone other than the rhythmic movement of the human body. So you made your sonata form and so on, to put it very roughly and briefly. What I want is to see music again take its proper place as an interpretation of human emotion and not attempt the impossible. The chapter of absolute music closes with Beethoven's name. All the composers of symphonies since his day have merely imitated him; they instinctively feel that nothing further can be done in that

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC IN MUNICH.

(Preparatory School—Higher Division for Ladies—High School.)

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The Direction of the Royal Academy of Music,
KARL FREIHERR VON PERFALL.

field; what vitality is there in Brahms apart from his immense musical talent?

CRITIC.—What on earth do you mean?

COMPOSER.—I mean that Brahms' symphonies as poetry are dull and labored, because they were written almost solely without other thought than making music. As vital music they haven't even the merit of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana."

AMATEUR.—Excuse me, but that is going rather far, isn't it?

COMPOSER.—Not a bit too far. Mascagni is not to be mentioned in the same breath as Brahms as a musician, but that pedantic way of looking at the art is quite wrong. I feel sure. Music should be an interpretation of the emotions and not an exhibition of technical skill, and here I may ask, Which moves you the most, "Cavalleria" or a symphony of Brahms?

CRITIC AND AMATEUR.—Brahms, of course.

COMPOSER.—I expected you would say that. Perhaps Mascagni is not a good example, but I refrained from mentioning Wagner on purpose. Look here, you will better understand my meaning as to absolute music if I give you an analogy. To me a symphony is like a picture that lacks drawing; a canvas covered with patches of paint, more or less in harmony, but without any meaning. Your vaunted "form" to my mind is only the recurrence in stated places of the same patches of color; it is not a design in the sense of the drawing of a picture. Music cannot give this drawing by itself, but it can give the color.

CRITIC.—Oh, are you to be numbered among the faddists who affect to be able to assign certain colors to certain chords?

COMPOSER.—I don't know about being a faddist, but I most certainly believe that you can find in sound the equivalents of the primary colors, blue, yellow and red. We distinctly feel that we have a blue, a yellow and a red chord. Our blue chord is the minor ninth, whether taken on the tonic, super-tonic or dominant. Our yellow chord is the major ninth, on the tonic, super-tonic or dominant; and, last of all, but not by any means least, our red chord is the major thirteenth, whether on the tonic, super-tonic or dominant. I grant that, properly speaking, there are seven chords in all, whereas there are only three primary colors. I don't pretend to have studied the matter scientifically, but of the four additional chords the chords of the seventh, eleventh, minor thirteenth and augmented sixth I am prepared to say they are more or less variations of the primary colors.

CRITIC.—Oh, pray, do not go into the matter too deeply, or you will give yourself away. That "more or less" is a very safe expression. What I want to know is, Would anyone give the same color to the chords you have mentioned as you do?

COMPOSER.—Certainly, if they had any ears for music.

CRITIC.—Well, here we are only floundering about in a morass of assertions, but may I ask if the suggestion of color by sound is not merely owing to the association in one's mind of the feeling which color arouses with a similar feeling aroused by certain sounds?

COMPOSER.—But I actually see red when a red chord is played. But it's no good arguing about the matter, for we find that many musicians have believed in the suggestion of color by sound. Your explanation may seem to you to be very clever, but as you are not a musician—

CRITIC.—Excuse me, I am a critic.

COMPOSER (with warmth).—That decides it. (A short silence.)

AMATEUR (deprecatingly).—Allow me to offer a few remarks on this very interesting and debatable subject. Milton, I believe, thought it a fact that the hearing of tones can awake the perception of color, that acute sounds have bright red as a fundamental color, and that deep sounds suggest sombre colors. And there is quite a host of writers on the subject, among the most important of whom are Jules Millet and Saurez de Mendoza. But I think it is entirely a matter of individuality. For instance, the flute seemed to L. Hoffmann in 1786 to be red, while it seemed to Raff in 1855 an intense sky blue. So you see there is—

COMPOSER.—I am not speaking of instruments, but of chords as the paint tubes of the musician. That has never been properly threshed out, although most musicians will agree with me as to the primary colors in music. As an example I may mention the chord which Wagner associates with the "Rheingold"—it is my yellow chord, and the only one that is yellow to a sensitive ear. I—

CRITIC.—But still you must admit that no definite theory connecting color with sound can be laid down. It is all a matter of—

COMPOSER.—Not at all—

AMATEUR.—If you will allow me to finish my—

CRITIC (Continuing).—Of individual taste and—

COMPOSER (At same time).—What I mean is—

(Left arguing.)

R. PEGGIO in "The Standard."

Dr Kimball.—Dr. E. S. Kimball, of Baltimore, was in town Monday, having just returned from a European trip.

America's Tribute to Johann Strauss.

MR. RUDOLPH ARONSON, so long identified with comic opera, and under whose direction many of the works of the famous composer, Johann Strauss, have been presented at the New York Casino, has obtained almost sufficient contributions for a "Silver Wreath" to be presented to "that genius of popular music" (as Theodore Thomas pronounces him) on October 15 next, when Vienna, in fact Austria and Germany, are to be "en fête" in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Strauss' accession to conductorship. The work of designing the wreath has been intrusted to Mr. Paulding Farnham, of Tiffany & Co.

The wreath will be of sterling silver about 16 inches in diameter. There will be fifty leaves, on each of which the name of a composition of Strauss will be engraved. The "Waltz King's" portrait, engraved on a gold lyre (depictive of the golden wedding of his professional career), with a few bars of his famous "On the Beautiful Blue Danube"

modern, so also his waltzes had the unmistakable Strauss family physiognomy, not without a tendency to originality."

Strauss devoted himself for more than a quarter of a century to the composition of dance music. His Opus 314, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube," is now a national Austrian popular piece. It was originally written for male chorus and orchestra, and it paved the way for its composer's entrance into the field of operetta. In 1871 Johann Strauss produced at the Theatre an der Wien his "Indigo und die Vierzig Rauber," his first operetta, and he soon became famous in Europe and America as an operetta composer. Some of his works, such as "Die Fledermaus," are provided with excellent libretti, and the music is in the composer's best vein. In this country he is known widely as the writer of "The Merry War," "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," "Prince Methusalem," "The Gypsy Baron," "Indigo" and a "Night in Venice."

He visited this country in 1869, when he appeared at Gilmore's Peace Jubilee in Boston, and at the Academy of Music, New York, where his conducting of his own



waltz, will adorn the upper centre of the wreath, the lower part of which shows the graceful intermingling of the American and Austrian flags with the inscription

PRESENTED TO
JOHANN STRAUSS
by his
AMERICAN ADMIRERS.
OCTOBER 15, 1894.

Strauss was born in 1825. When he was only six years old he became a composer. At eighteen he was clerk in a savings bank, but at nineteen he made his first debut as a conductor in a concert hall. So great was his success that he decided to devote himself entirely to music. After the elder Strauss had passed away the younger incorporated his band with that of his father. He now made a tour, visiting the country towns of Austria, some of the larger German cities and Warsaw. In St. Petersburg he was so well liked that he was engaged for ten years to conduct the Petropaulski Park concerts.

Dr. Edouard Hanslick, the eminent Viennese critic, in writing of the early success of the young Strauss, says: "The young man's animal spirits, so long repressed, now began to foam over; favored by his talent, intoxicated by his early successes, petted by the women, Johann Strauss passed his youth in wild enjoyment, always productive, always fresh and enterprising, at the same time frivolous to the point of adventurousness. As in appearance he resembles his father, handsomer, however, more refined and

music was one of the most agreeable features of the concerts. Like his father he conducted violin in hand, gracefully swaying his body to the rhythm of his own music. His waltzes are intended as much for the concert stage as for the ballroom. Most of them have elaborate and artistic introductions, having "the aspect of an overture, often delightfully foreshadowing the waltz themes in a dreamy, passionate and tender manner."

Hans von Bülow had a high opinion of Strauss. He once wrote: "I am very fond of a Strauss waltz, and I cannot see any reason that such a work, which is always artistic and may be classed among the best of its kind, should not be performed, from time to time, by a large orchestra in serious concerts. It would give our ears a little more rest from the severity of the classics, and would act like olives at a dinner in preparing our palate for a fresh course."

Mr. Aronson has had the co-operation of the following gentlemen: Theodore Thomas, Anton Seidl, Walter Damrosch, Rafael Joseffy, Frank Van der Stucken, Victor Herbert, John Philip Sousa, Arthur Mees, Gustav Kerker, Ludwig Englaender, Wm. B. Rogers, Charles Puerner, Naham Franko, Herman Perlet, Simon Hassler, Selli Simonson, A. de Novellis, Ernest Neyer, Paul Steindorff, Alfred G. Robyn, Anthony Reiff, S. Bernstein, Theodore John, W. J. Rostetter, Leopold Fuenkenstein, Francis Wilson, Max Freeman, De Wolf Hopper, Reginald De Koven, C. H. Ditson & Co., R. E. Johnston, Edward Schuberth & Co., Wm. Frank Hall, C. H. Butler, Thomas Q. Seabrooke and Alexander Lambert, who have liberally contributed toward defraying the expenses of this worthy tribute.

Further subscriptions (no matter how small) will be thankfully received and promptly acknowledged by Rudolph Aronson, 1402 Broadway.



A Lamperti Expert.—Miss Lena Doria Devine, though only two seasons in New York, has had much success as a vocal teacher; her pupils demonstrated this at the concert she gave this spring. Miss Devine is a great enthusiast of the Lamperti method, with which she had ample time to get acquainted during her sojourn of several years with the Lamperti family at Lake Como in summer, and at Milan, Rome and Nice in winter. Miss Devine is not only a successful teacher, but a concert singer of merit, having appeared in concerts on the Continent, in England, and also in this country.

Ludwig Bleuer.—Mr. Ludwig Bleuer, for ten years concert master of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Hans von Bülow, was in the city last week, and has gone to Detroit, where he will reside permanently.

Marum—Lipman.—Ludwig Marum, the violinist, of Chicago, was married Tuesday evening of last week to Miss Mattie Lipman, a well-known Chicago vocalist. Mr. and Mrs. Marum left for a trip to Colorado, and expect to return about September 15.

Albert Thies Sold.—An amusing affair took place in the Earlington parlors, Richfield Springs, Wednesday. It was the sale at auction of Mr. Albert G. Thies, the tenor. There has been much rivalry among the ladies to secure this popular musician as a partner for the coming german, and rather than offend anyone by making a selection himself, Mr. Thies mounted the block, which in this instance was a card table. After having been thoroughly examined and admired, he was put through his paces by Mr. William P. Earle and the bidding began. The pace was pretty hot at first, but a large bid by an anxious looking young lady way up in the three figures (the bid) secured the coveted prize. The money will be given to some charity.—"Commercial Advertiser."

Louise Gerard Home.—Miss Louise Gerard, the well-known singer, left Paris on August 11, and is now on her way to Richfield, where she will take part in the musicales during the rest of the season. She has been singing in Paris with pronounced success for the last two months.

Lillian Tree.—Miss Lillian Tree, late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, and a soprano of talent, versatility and considerable experience, is in the city. She has sung "Elsa," "Michaela," "Ortrud," and while at the Royal College of Music in London attracted the late Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt's notice for her musical gifts. She will probably appear in concert during the season. She is accompanied here by her husband, the Hon. Hasman-Tarrant, an Austrian gentleman.

A Senatorial Satire.—A new comic opera with music by Mr. Leonard Wales and libretto by Mr. John O'Keefe, will be produced at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, on September 10. The opera is entitled "Athenia; or, A False Prophet," and it is a satire on the United States Senate. Its scenes are laid in Greece. Mr. Wales, who is at present in this city engaging his company, has secured Mr. C. D. Marius to stage the piece. Miss Grace Golden, Mr. Charles Bigelow, Mr. George Broderick, Mr. Ethan Allen and Mr. Gerald Jerome will play important rôles. Messrs. Wales and O'Keefe have a contract with a company formed by Chicago business men to furnish one opera a year for the next ten years. "Athenia" will be the first of this series, and another work, almost completed, entitled "The Fountain of Youth," will be the second. The new opera will probably be seen here about Christmas.

Opera in Philadelphia.—The repertoire for the seventh week of grand opera in Philadelphia by the Hinrichs company is as follows: Monday night, "Traviata;" Tuesday night, "Masked Ball;" Wednesday night, the popular double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci;" Thursday night, "Chimes of Normandy;" Friday night, "Il Trovatore" (great cast); Saturday matinée, "Faust;" Saturday night, "Bohemian Girl." Next Wednesday evening the first production in America of "Manon Lescaut" will be given.

Jeanne Franko.—This clipping from an Atlantic Highlands paper will interest the friends of Mme. Jeanne Franko. The concert in question took place last Sunday week at the Grand View Hotel, where she is now a guest:

Madame Jeanne Franko, a noted violinist, of New York, was the attraction of the evening. Her first selection created a wonderful demonstration by the audience. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds and the cheering and applause continued until the talented madame had responded to three encores.

Ysaye.—The repertoire of Ysaye, the violinist, has been received by his manager and includes 243 compositions.

The Philharmonic Society has selected for Ysaye's début the third concerto of Saint-Saëns and Bruch's Scotch fantasia. Ysaye will also play at the Symphony Society concerts December 7 and 8.

Marteau.—Marteau writes from Copenhagen that he will sail for America on the Normannia January 4. Mr. Johnston says his fifteen nights in the South are all booked; also ten nights in Mexico and fifteen nights in California are arranged. Marteau will have in support Miss Theodora Pfafflin and Aimé Lachaume.

Minnie Hawk Coming East.—Minnie Hawk and her husband, Ernst von Hesse Wartegg, Consul-General to America from Germany, were passengers on the Empress of Japan, which arrived in Vancouver Saturday, and are now on their way to this city.

A Dangerous Nuisance.—Now that Coney Island is under the direct control of the Brooklyn sanitary authorities there may be perhaps some chance that certain crying nuisances which have long existed there may be abated. Prominent among these is the abominable odor which poisons the atmosphere in and around the Brighton Beach Music Hall, especially at low water. This stench is particularly obnoxious in the quarters of the musicians and in the neighborhood of the public entrance and extends along the promenade for a good many yards from the southeastern corner of the building. It is of the most offensive character, and compels all who encounter it to beat a hasty retreat. The members of the Seidl Orchestra are the chief sufferers from it because they are compelled to inhale it for hours at a time. It is said that one or two of them have been sickened by it, but for self-evident reasons they have been afraid to make a complaint, which might result in a loss of employment. The cause of it is plainly sewage of some sort or other, and there is a story that the drains of the hotel are responsible. Whether this be so or not, there can be no doubt that the evil is one that is both real and dangerous, and that calls for prompt interference by the Health Department.—"Evening Post."

Alex. Lambert Returns.—Mr. Alexander Lambert, director of the New York College of Music, has returned from Europe.

Engaged.—Edwin Hoff, lately of "The Bostonians," has been engaged to support Miss Lillian Russell in her London engagement. Mr. Gus Kerker, of New York, will be the conductor, and Mr. Owen Westford the comedian.—"World."

F. A. Schwab Returns.—Manager F. A. Schwab returned from Europe last Sunday.

Academy of Music, Buffalo.—Buffalo, N. Y., August 10.—The Academy of Music, one of the most valuable business properties on Buffalo's main street, will be sold by auction soon to satisfy a mortgage of \$134,173.25 held by the Buffalo Savings Bank. Meech Brothers gave the mortgage.—"Post."

New York Ideal Opera Company.—The prospectus of the New York Ideal Opera Company has made its appearance and promises well. Charles A. Kaiser, the well-known tenor, is the manager of the company, and he has gathered about him several well-known singers, including Charlotte Walker, Ida Gray Scott, Marie Mattfield, Grant Odell, John C. Dempsey and others. The company will carry its own orchestra, and Max Spicker has been engaged as musical director.

At St. George.—A concert will be given at the Castleton Hotel, St. George, Staten Island, next Tuesday evening, by Mr. and Mrs. Regnar Kiddé. George F. Bauer will play the accompaniments.

Maine Music.—Miss Emma Thursby, Mr. Geo. Devoll, tenor; Mr. C. DeLisle, violin, and Mrs. E. A. Allen, piano, gave an interesting concert at Elliot, Mass., on August 16. Mrs. Ole Bull was the accompanist.

C. Chrisrup.—Mr. C. Chrisrup, known in this city for many years as an orchestra leader and teacher of music, died last week of heart disease at his home, 45 West 125th street. He was seventy years old. He was born in Denmark. At five years he took his first lessons upon the piano and violin. At twenty he was engaged as first violinist at the Royal Italian Opera at Copenhagen. At twenty-five he was appointed musical director of a military band composed of both wind instruments and string instruments, and during the years while he held that place he composed a great number of pieces. From 1853 to 1860 his band was stationed at Altona, and it gave nightly concerts at Hamburg, which became very popular. He retired from the leadership of that band in 1862 and took charge of the Alhambra Orchestra at Copenhagen. In 1867 the Alhambra closed, and Mr. Chrisrup came to New York. He was engaged at first as a leading violinist in some of our theatre orchestras, afterward going upon the road as a conductor. From 1875 to 1883 he was conductor of the orchestra in a number of New York theatres, including Niblo's, the Park, Booth's and the Eagle. Since that time he had devoted himself to teaching, and up to 1886 he was a professor at the Conservatory of Music in this city. In that year he opened a conservatory of his own. At the time of his

death he was teacher of the violin at Fordham College. His funeral took place Thursday. He was buried in Kensico Cemetery.—"Sun."

Quite Musically Select.—Mrs. Skrukoyle, coming from the concert, meets Mrs. Silberstein.

"Why, where in the world have you come from?"

"The concert. I was at the playing of the 'Ninth Symphony.' Did you ever hear it?"

"No," replied the select lady disdainfully. "I make it a rule never to go to symphonies lower than the very first. —'Fliegende Blaetter.'"

Invisible Orchestra.—Paris is much agitated just now over the invisible orchestra question.

Many of the principal theatrical conductors in the city seem favorable to the change, which would not only put the musicians out of sight, but would offer considerable more space in the orchestra stalls, generally the most profitable part of a Parisian theatre or opera house.

A special committee, including Ambroise Thomas, Saint-Saëns and Massenet, the well-known chief of the Conservatory, and the popular composer, was appointed some time ago, with the object of solving the problem in connection with the construction of the Opéra Comique.

The committee is of the opinion that it would be advisable to leave the subject open so far as operatic performances are concerned; that is, to conceal or leave in open orchestra as at present, according to the nature of the work performed and the greater or less volume of sound it might demand, but the members differ as to the method by which this end is to be obtained.

One suggestion is that instead of one proscenium there should be two, the second a little in front of the other and covering the orchestra.

Another is that the floor of the orchestra should be movable and act like an elevator, so that the musicians could be raised or lowered as the piece requires.

The director of the orchestra at the Grand Opéra thinks the matter should have been settled long ago in favor of the invisible orchestra, as at Bayreuth. "The public," he says, "have no need to see the machinery of the music any more than any of the other accessories of the performance."

The conductor of the Opéra Comique orchestra holds that the views of the composers with regard to the musicians should be held as binding.

The mass of composers, it may be said, are rather conservative, and would not like the idea of packing away the seventy or eighty musicians of a great operatic orchestra where they could not be seen, neither would the conductor enjoy the idea of having his individuality suppressed. Yet the reform is probably coming.—"Journal."

Broad Street Conservatory.

THE Broad Street Conservatory of Music, located at 1331 South Broad street and 716 North Broad street, Philadelphia, has attained an enviable position among the musical colleges of America. Its illustrated catalogue for the season just opening is embellished with many attractive views of the conservatory, its environs and portraits of a few of its prominent teachers.

Aside from the several well-known teachers heretofore connected with the school, the faculty this season has been greatly strengthened by the addition of the celebrated pianist and composer, Leopold Godowsky, a pupil of Saint-Saëns; Joseph C. Cousins, a well-known vocalist; Stanley Addicks, the concert organist, and others of noted ability, including Dr. Hugh A. Clarke, theorist and lecturer; Edwin Atlee Brill, violinist; John W. Pommer, Jr., pianist and organist; Adam Jacob, Jos. E. Kearney and the founder and director of the establishment, Gilbert R. Combs.

Where They Are.—The various performers of the past season are now holiday making either in this country or abroad. The brothers de Reszké are en route for Poland, Madame Melba is in Paris, and Madame Calvé at a French holiday resort. Mr. Lloyd is at Brighton, but is going in a week or two for a short holiday at Ostend. Mr. Santley is at Stresa on the Lago Maggiore, Mesdames Nordica and Brema are of course at Bayreuth. Mr. Plunket Greene, who has been to Bayreuth, is now at Carlsbad. Mr. Ben Davies is at present in London, but when his wife is convalescent he will go to Westgate. Mr. Jean Gérardy is at Spa. Señor Srasate is at Pampeluna, but proceeds next week to San Sebastian. Miss Eibenschütz is at Ischl. Miss Fillunger is in the Salzkammergut, Upper Austria. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel have taken a manse in Invernesshire for the autumn. Mlle. Ravogli is in Italy. Mr. Watkin Mills is holiday making in North Devon. Mr. Barton McGuckin is at Folkestone, Madame Marion Mackenzie (who has just been engaged for the Birmingham Festival) has taken a villa near Boulogne. Miss Hilda Wilson is at Northwood. Madame Amy Sherwin is at Hastings. Mr. Veit is in town, but Mr. Daniel Mayer left for his holiday in Scotland, and Sir Arthur Sullivan is at his riverside residence, working at his music for the Lyceum.—London "Daily News"

Franz Schubert.

IN less than three years, on January 31, 1897, a century will have elapsed since Franz Schubert was born, and sixty-nine years since he died. He lived only thirty-two years, yet in this short time—or, more accurately, in eighteen years—he wrote more than 1,100 compositions. This fact, in itself sufficiently astounding, becomes more so when we consider the conditions of his life as described by his biographers—his poverty and privations, from his early years, when we find him suffering from hunger and cold and unable to buy music paper to write down his inspirations, to his last year, when typhoid fever ended his career and left his heirs about \$10, not enough to pay for his funeral expenses—and no wonder, since even in his last years 20 cents was considered pay enough for some of those songs on which many publishers have since grown rich.

Surprise has often been expressed that the Viennese (among whom he lived) and the publishers should not have appreciated him more substantially; yet it is not difficult to find reasons for this in the circumstances of the case. While a pianist or singer may find immediate recognition, a composer, especially if he has so original a message to deliver as Schubert, has to bide his time. We must bear in mind how young he was when he died. Dr. Hanslick has urged in defense of the Viennese that only seven years elapsed between the publication of Schubert's first works and his death, and that during his lifetime he became known chiefly as a song-composer; and songs were at that time not sung at public concerts, but only in the domestic circle. Moreover, Rossini on the one hand and Beethoven on the other, overshadowed the modest young Schubert, and it is significant that Beethoven himself did not discover his genius till the year of his own death.

As regards Schubert's orchestral works, we must remember that orchestras were not at that time what they are today. The best Viennese organization, the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, found the symphony in C "too long and too difficult" at the rehearsal, and substituted an earlier work. This was in 1828, the year of the composer's death. Ten years later the zealous Schumann discovered the great symphony in C and took it to Leipzig, where the equally enthusiastic Mendelssohn secured for it a noteworthy success. In Vienna, too, it was taken up again in the following year, but only two movements were given, and these were separated by a Donizetti aria! Three years later Habeneck attempted to produce this symphony in Paris, but the band rebelled over the first movement, and the same result followed in London, two years later still, when Mendelssohn put it in rehearsal for a Philharmonic concert. These things seem strange to us, but they are historic facts, and help to explain why Schubert, with all his melody and spontaneity, made his way so slowly to popular appreciation. He was young, modest and unknown, and musicians did not hesitate to slight a symphony which they would have felt bound to study had it borne the name of Beethoven or Mozart.

But his fame has grown steadily from year to year, and will grow greater still in the next century. Rubinstein has perhaps gone farther than anyone, not only in including Schubert in the list of those he considers the five greatest composers—Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Glinka—but in exclaiming: "Once more, and a thousand times more, Bach, Beethoven and Schubert are the highest summits in music" ("Die Musik und Ihre Meister," p. 50). I am asked whether I approve of this classification. Such questions are difficult to answer. I should follow Rubinstein in including Schubert in the list of the very greatest composers, but I should not follow him in omitting Mozart. Schubert and Mozart have much in common; in both we find the same delicate sense of instrumental coloring, the same spontaneous and irrepressible flow of melody, the same instinctive command of the means of expression, and the same versatility in all the branches of their art. In their amazing fertility, too, they were alike; and herein lay, and still lies one of the greatest impediments to their popular appreciation.

The longer I live the more I become convinced that composers, like authors, mostly follow the impulse of writing too much. There are a few exceptions, like Berlioz and Chopin—not to forget Wagner, who condensed all his genius into ten great music dramas. Would it not have been better for their immortality and the perpetual delight of mankind had Rossini written ten operas instead of forty, Donizetti seven, instead of seventy? Even Bach's magnificent cantatas would have had a better chance of appreciation if there were not quite so many (the first thirty-four volumes of Bach's collected works contain 160 of them.) At the same time we should be sorry to lose a single one of them.

If we are often amazed at the prevailing ignorance and neglect of many of the great works of the masters, we are at the same time obliged to confess that they themselves are largely to blame; they have given us too much. However, it is easier to give advice than to follow it. There is in creative minds an impulse to write which it is difficult to curb, and this was especially the case with Schubert,

whose genius was like a spring which nothing but exhaustion could stop from flowing. Fortunately, the works of the great masters have at last been made accessible in complete editions; the Schubert collection is just being completed by Breitkopf and Härtel. It contains many gems unknown to the public, or even to the profession; and it now behooves artists and conductors to select from this embarrassing wealth which most deserve revival.

Schubert contributed to every form of his art; he was, as I have said, as versatile as Mozart, to whom he bears so many points of resemblance. But in one respect these two masters differ widely. Mozart was greatest in the opera, where Schubert was weakest. Schubert's attempts to exercise his genius and improve his fortunes by writing operas came at an unpropitious moment—a time when Vienna was so Rossini-mad that even Beethoven was discouraged from writing for the stage. It took several rebuffs to discourage Schubert; indeed, though all his attempts failed, he is said to have had further operatic projects at the time of his last illness. He was always unlucky with his librettos, which are, without exception, inadequate. There were other untoward circumstances; yet the chief cause of his failure lay after all in the nature of his genius, which was lyrical and not dramatic, or at any rate not theatrical. When Liszt produced "Alfonso und Estrella" at Weimar in 1854 it had only a succès d'estime, and Liszt himself confessed that its performance must be regarded merely as an Act der Pietät, and an execution of prehistoric justice. He called attention to the strange fact that Schubert, who in his songs contributed such picturesque and expressive accompaniments, should in this opera have assigned to the instruments such a subordinate rôle that it seemed little more than a piano accompaniment arranged for the orchestra. At the same time, as Liszt very properly adds, Schubert influenced the progress of opera indirectly, by showing in his songs how closely poetry can be wedded to music, and that it can be emotionally intensified by its impassioned accents. Nor must we overlook the fact that there are in these Schubert operas not a few melodies, beautiful as such, which we can enjoy at home or in the concert hall. These melodies were too lyrical in style to save the operas; they lacked also the ornamental brilliancy and theatrical dash which enabled Rossini to succeed temporarily with poor librettos, and with a less genuine dramatic instinct than Schubert has shown in some of his songs, such as the "Erl King" and especially the "Doppelgänger," where we come across chords and modulations that affect us like the weird harmonies of "Ortrud's" scenes in "Lohengrin."

Besides the opera there is only one department of music in which Schubert has not in some of his efforts reached the highest summit of musical achievement. His sacred compositions, although very beautiful from a purely musical point of view, usually lack the true ecclesiastic atmosphere—a remark which may be applied in a general way to Haydn and Mozart, too. To my mind the three composers who have been most successful in revealing the inmost spirit of religious music are Palestrina, in whom Roman Catholic music attains its climax; Bach, who embodies the Protestant spirit, and Wagner, who has struck the true ecclesiastic chord in the Pilgrims' chorus of "Tannhäuser," and especially in the first and third acts of "Parsifal." Compared with these three masters other composers appear to have made too many concessions to worldly and purely musical factors—of course not without exceptions. One of these exceptions is Mozart's "Requiem," especially the "Dies Iræ," which moves us as few compositions do, and attunes the soul to reverence and worship. Such exceptions may also be found among Schubert's sacred compositions. "Miriam's Song of Victory" is a wonderful work, as are some of his masses. In the Psalms, too, he has achieved great things, especially the one for female voices in A flat major, which is celestial without worldly admixtures.

It must not be forgotten, too, that the notions as to what is truly sacred in music may differ somewhat among nations and individuals, like the sense of humor. To the Viennese of their time the masses of Haydn, Mozart and Schubert probably did not seem too gemütlich, as the Germans say—too genial and sentimental. As for Schubert himself, although he was one of the most modest of men, he was thoroughly convinced of the truly devotional character of his church music. We know this from a letter he wrote to his parents in 1825, in which occurs the following passage: "Surprise was also expressed at my piety, to which I have given expression in a hymn to the Holy Virgin, and which, as it seems, moves everyone to devotion. I believe that this comes of the circumstance that I never force myself into a devout attitude, and never compose such hymns or prayers unless I am involuntarily overcome by it; but in that case it usually happens to be the genuine spirit of devotion."

Schubert's chamber music, especially his string quartets and his trios for piano, violin and violoncello, must be ranked among the very best of their kind in all musical literature. Of the quartets the one in D minor is in my opinion the most original and important, the one in A minor the most fascinating. Schubert does not try to give his chamber music an orchestral character, yet he attains a marvellous variety of beautiful tonal effects. Here, as

elsewhere, his flow of melody is spontaneous, incessant and irrepressible, leading often to excessive diffuseness. Like Chopin and Rossini, Schubert has frequently shown how a melody may be created which can wonderfully charm us even apart from the harmonic accompaniment which naturally goes with and enriches it. But he was accused by his contemporaries of neglecting polyphony or the art of interweaving several melodious parts into a contrapuntal web. This charge, combined with a late study of Händel's scores, induced him shortly before his death to plan a course in counterpoint with Sechter. No doubt his education in counterpoint had been neglected. It is not likely, however, that such study would have materially altered his style. That was too individual from the beginning to undergo much change, for Schubert did not outgrow his early style so noticeably as did Beethoven and Wagner, for example. Besides, Schubert had no real need of contrapuntal study. In his chamber music, as in his symphonies, we often find beautiful specimens of polyphonic writing,—see, for instance, the andantes of the C major quintet and of the D minor quartet,—and though his polyphony be different from Bach's or Beethoven's, it is none the less admirable. Mendelssohn is undoubtedly a greater master of polyphony than Schubert, yet I prefer Schubert's chamber music to Mendelssohn's.

Of Schubert's symphonies, too, I am such an enthusiastic admirer that I do not hesitate to place him next to Beethoven, far above Mendelssohn, as well as above Schumann. Mendelssohn had some of Mozart's natural instinct for orchestration and gift for form, but much of his work has proved ephemeral. Schumann is at his best in his songs, his chamber music and his piano pieces. His symphonies, too, are great works, yet they are not always truly orchestral; the form seems to hamper the composer and the instrumentation is not always satisfactory. This is never the case with Schubert. Although he sometimes wrote carelessly and often too diffusely, he is never at fault in his means of expression, while mastery of form came to him spontaneously. In originality of harmony and modulation and in his gift of orchestral coloring, Schubert has had no superior. Dr. Riemann asserts with justice that in their use of harmony both Schumann and Liszt are descendants of Schubert; Brahms, too, whose enthusiasm for Schubert is well known, has perhaps felt his influence, and as for myself, I cordially acknowledge my great obligations to him.

I have just observed that mastery of form came to Schubert spontaneously. This is illustrated by his early symphonies, five of which he wrote before he was twenty, at which, the more I study them, the more I marvel. Although the influence of Haydn and Mozart is apparent in them, Schubert's musical individuality is unmistakable in the character of the melody, in the harmonic progressions, and in many exquisite bits of orchestration. In his later symphonies he becomes more and more individual and original. The influence of Haydn and Mozart, so obvious in his earlier efforts, is gradually eliminated, and with his contemporary, Beethoven, he had less in common from the beginning. He resembles Beethoven, however, in the vigor and melodious flow of his basses; such basses we find already in his early symphonies. His "Unfinished Symphony" and the great one in C are unique contributions to musical literature, absolutely new and original, Schubert in every bar. What is perhaps most characteristic about them is the song-like melody pervading them. He introduced the song into the symphony, and made the transfer so skillfully that Schumann was led to speak of the resemblance to the human voice (Ähnlichkeit mit den Stimmorganen) in these orchestral parts.

Although these two symphonies are by far the best of Schubert's, it is a pity that they alone should be deemed worthy a place on our concert programs. I played the Sixth in C major and No. 5 in B major a dozen times with my orchestral pupils at the National Conservatory last winter; they shared my pleasure in them, and recognized at once their great beauty.

It was with great pleasure and feelings of gratitude that I read not long ago of the performance in Berlin of the B major symphony by Herr Weingartner, one of the few conductors who have had the courage to put this youthful work on their programs. Schubert's Fourth, too, is an admirable composition. It bears the title of "Tragic Symphony," and was written at the age of nineteen, about a year after the "Erl King." It makes one marvel that one so young should have had the power to give utterance to such deep pathos. In the adagio there are chords that strikingly suggest the anguish of "Tristan's" utterances; nor is this the only place wherein Schubert is prophetic of Wagnerian harmonies. And although partly anticipated by Gluck and Mozart, he was one of the first to make use of an effect to which Wagner and other modern composers owe many of their most beautiful orchestral colors—the employment of the brass, not for noise, but played softly, to secure rich and warm tints.

The richness and variety of coloring in the great symphony in C are astounding. It is a work which always fascinates, always remains new. It has the effect of gathering clouds, with constant glimpses of sunshine breaking through them. It illustrates also, like most of Schubert's

compositions, the truth of an assertion once made to me by Dr. Hans Richter—that the greatest masters always reveal their genius most unmistakably and most delightfully in their slow movements. Personally, I prefer the "Unfinished Symphony," even to the one in C; apart from its intrinsic beauty, it avoids the fault of diffuseness.

If Schubert's symphonies have a serious fault it is proximity; he does not know when to stop; yet, if the repeats are omitted, a course of which I thoroughly approve, and which indeed is now generally adopted, they are not too long. Schubert's case in fact is not an exception to, but an illustration of the general rule that symphonies are made too long. When Bruckner's eighth symphony was produced in Vienna last winter, the Philharmonic Society had to devote a whole concert to it. The experiment has not been repeated anywhere, and there can be no doubt that this symphony would have a better chance of making its way in the world if it were shorter. This remark has a general application. We should return to the symphonic dimensions approved by Haydn and Mozart. In this respect Schumann is a model, especially in his B flat major and D minor symphonies; also in his chamber music. Modern taste calls for music that is concise, condensed and pithy.

In Germany, England and America, Schubert's instrumental works, chamber and orchestral, have long since enjoyed a vogue and popularity which have amply atoned for their neglect at first. As for the French, they have produced two Schubert biographies, but it cannot be said that they have shown the same general sympathy for this master as for some other German composers, or as the English have, thanks largely to the enthusiastic efforts of my esteemed friend, Sir George Grove. It is on record that after Habeneck had made an unsuccessful effort (his musicians rebelled at the rehearsal) to produce the great Symphony in C at a Conservatoire concert, no further attempt was made with Schubert's orchestral compositions at these concerts for forty years.

This may help to explain the extraordinary opinion of the eminent French critic, Fétis, that Schubert is less original in his instrumental works than in his songs, the popularity of which, too, he declared to be largely a matter of fashion! The latter insinuation is of course too absurd to call for comment to-day, but as regards the first part of his criticism I do not hesitate to say that, greatly as I esteem Schubert's songs, I value his instrumental works even more highly. Were all of his compositions to be destroyed but two, I should say, Save the last two symphonies.

Fortunately we are not confronted by any such necessity. The loss of Schubert's piano pieces and songs would indeed be irreparable. For although much of their spirit and substance has passed into the works of his imitators and legitimate followers, the originals have never been equaled in their way. In most of his works Schubert is unique in melody, rhythm, modulation and orchestration, but from a formal point of view he is most original in his songs and short pieces for piano. In his symphonies, chamber music, operas and sacred compositions he follows classical models; but in the Lied, the "Musical Moment," the "Impromptu" he is romanticist in every fibre. Yet he wrote no fewer than twenty-four sonatas for piano, two or four hands, in which he follows classical models, and we can trace the influence of Beethoven's style even in the three which he wrote in the last year of his life. This seems strange at first when we consider that in the Lied and the short piano pieces he betrayed no such influence even in his earliest days. The "Erl King" and "The Wanderer," written when he was eighteen and nineteen respectively, are Schubert in every bar, whereas the piano sonatas and symphonies of this period are much more imitative, much less individual. One reason for this doubtless is that, just as it is easier to write a short lyric poem than a long epic, so it is easier for a young composer to be original in short forms than in the more elaborate sonata and symphony; and we must remember that Schubert died at thirty-one.

But there was another reason. The tendency of the romantic school has been toward short forms, and although Weber helped to show the way, to Schubert belongs the chief credit of originating the short models of piano pieces which the romantic school has preferably cultivated. His "Musical Moments" are unique, and it may be said that in the third "Impromptu" (op. 90) lie the germs of the whole of Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words." Schumann has remarked that Schubert's style is more idiomatically pianistic (claviermässig) than Beethoven's, and this is perhaps true of these short pieces. Yet it can hardly be said that either Schubert or Schumann was in this respect equal to Bach or Chopin, who of all composers have written them most idiomatically for the piano. I cannot agree with Schumann in his rather depreciatory notice of Schubert's last sonatas (he speaks of "greater simplicity of invention," "a voluntary dispensing with brilliant novelty," and connects this with Schubert's last illness). I would not say that Schubert is at his best in these sonatas as a whole, but I have a great admiration for parts of them, especially for the last one in B flat with the exquisite andante in C sharp minor. Taking them all in all, I do not know but

that I prefer his sonatas even to his short pieces for the piano. Yet they are never played at concerts!

Just as the "Impromptu" and "Musical Moments" were the source of the large crop of romantic short pieces, so Schubert's charming waltzes were the predecessors of the Lanner and the Strauss dances on the one hand, and of Chopin's waltzes on the other. There is an astounding number of these Schubert dance pieces: they are charming as originally written, and Liszt has given some of them a brilliant setting for the concert hall. In this humble sphere, as in the more exalted ones we have discussed, historians have hardly given Schubert full credit for his originality and influence.

In Schubert's piano music, perhaps even more than in his other compositions, we find a Slavic trait which he was the first to introduce prominently into art music, namely, the quaint alternation of major and minor within the same period. Nor is this the only Slavic or Hungarian trait to be found in his music. During his residence in Hungary he assimilated national melodies and rhythmical peculiarities; and embodied them in his art, thus becoming the forerunner of Liszt, Brahms and others who have made Hungarian melodies an integral part of European concert music. From the rich stores of Slavic folk-music, in its Hungarian, Russian, Bohemian and Polish varieties, the composers of to-day have derived, and will continue to derive much that is charming and novel in their music. Nor is there anything objectionable in this, for if the poet and the painter base much of their best art on national legends, songs and traditions, why should not the musician? And to Schubert will belong the honor of having been one of the first to show the way.

Perhaps the luckiest accident in Schubert's life was his acquaintance and friendship with the famous tenor Vogl. This was brought about deliberately by his friends, in order to secure for his songs the advantage of that singer's artistic interpretations. Vogl at first pretended to be "tired of music," and showed some indifference to his modest young accompanist's songs; but this was soon changed to interest, followed by genuine enthusiasm. Thus it came about that these songs were gradually made familiar in Viennese social circles. Schubert himself sang, though only with a "composer's voice;" but he must have been an admirable accompanist. In a letter to his parents he says: "I am assured by some that under my fingers the keys are changed to singing voices, which, if true, would please me greatly." This, written only three years before his death, illustrates his great modesty. In some recently published reminiscences by Josef von Spaun it is related how, when Vogl and Schubert performed together at soirées in Vienna, the ladies would crowd about the tenor, lionizing him and entirely ignoring the composer. But Schubert, instead of feeling annoyed or jealous, was actually pleased. Adoration embarrassed him, and he is known to have dodged it once by escaping secretly by the back door.

Little did the Viennese dream that the songs thus interpreted for them by Schubert and Vogl would create a new era in music. In the Lied or lyric song, not only is Schubert the first in point of time, but no one has ever surpassed him. Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven did indeed write a few songs, but merely by the way, and without revealing much of their genius or individuality in them. But Schubert created a new epoch with the Lied, as Bach did with the piano, and Haydn with the orchestra. All other song writers have followed in his footsteps, all are his pupils, and it is to his rich treasure of songs that we owe, as a heritage, the beautiful songs of such masters as Schumann, Franz and Brahms. To my taste the best songs written since Schubert are the "Magelonen-Lieder" of Brahms; but I agree with the remark once made to me by the critic Ehler that Franz attained the highest perfection of all in making poetry and music equivalent in his songs.

In the best of Schubert's songs we find the same equivalence of poem and music, and it was lucky that Vogl was an artist who, as Spaun says, "sang in such a way as to interest his hearers not only in the music but also in the poem," which so few singers do. In the absence of singers who could imitate Vogl in this respect, Liszt was justified in arranging these songs for the piano, whereby he greatly accelerated their popularity. To hear the real Schubert, however, we must have the voice and the poem, too, so that we may note how closely the poem and the music are amalgamated and how admirably the melodic accent coincides with the poetic. In this respect Schubert marks a great advance over his predecessors. He was almost as averse to word repetitions as Wagner, whom he also resembles in the powerful emotional effects he produces by his modulations, especially in his later songs.

Schubert's melodic fount flowed so freely that he sometimes squandered good music on a poor text, as is shown in his operas and in some of his songs. Usually, however, the best poems evoked the best music from his creative fancy. His fertility is amazing. It is known that he composed as many as eight songs in one day, and ninety-nine in one year (1816), while the whole number of his songs exceeds 600. The best of these songs are now so universally known and have been so much discussed that it is difficult to offer any new comment on them.

There is only one more point to which attention may be called here—Schubert's power of surrounding us with the poetic atmosphere of his subject with the very first bars of his Lied. For such a stroke of genius recall his song, "Der Leiermann," the pathetic story of the poor hurdy-gurdy player whose plate is always empty, and for whose woes Schubert wins our sympathy by his sad music—by that plaintive, monotonous figure which pervades the accompaniment from beginning to end, bringing the whole scene vividly before our eyes and keeping it there to the end. Before Schubert no song writer had conceived such an effect; after he had shown the way others eagerly followed in his footsteps.—Antonin Dvorák, in the "Century."

HONOLULU MUSICAL NEWS.

A CONCERT was given at the Hawaiian Opera House, July 24, by Samuel Adelstein, an alleged mandolin player. This person came recently from San Francisco, and took Honolulu musical people for a set of fools. But he found his mistake out in time. He thought we here had never heard of the mandolin and lute. Two or three years ago a Miss Le Count visited the islands and played the mandolin just as well as Adelstein. It is an instrument that will never be popular here. There was a fair audience at the concert. Miss McGrew and Miss Paty, violinists; Miss Burhans, pianist; Mrs. Warriner, contralto, and others assisted.

Mr. Charles Turner, who married Miss Annie Montague, the Hawaiian nightingale, died in Auckland July 11. His remains arrived here on the 26th, and were buried the same day in the Kawaiahao Cemetery. Several of his old musical friends attended the funeral. Mr. Turner had a fine tenor voice, and was an artist in every sense of the word.

It is vacation time, and most of the members of the church choirs are off rustication. HAWAII.

To Improve Human Voices.—While other nations busy themselves with desperate endeavors to reform their upper legislative houses or to enact tariff laws that will please everyone France calmly pursues her historic course of benefiting mankind at large by investigations in medical science and applications of the results to the arts. In this country the scientific experts apply their discoveries almost wholly to the utilitarian aspects of life, and even now one may behold, in lower Broadway, the illumination of the lucrative business of knocking out a man as contrived by an expert in electric lighting. But in France a scientist applies his discovery either to the reduction of some great human evil, such as dog bites, or to the beautifying of the world in which he lives.

A French savant, one Dr. Sandras, will go down to posterity as a discoverer of a method of modifying and improving the quality of the human voice. He has made a number of experiments and finds that the voice may be changed by the inhalation of various substances. Some of these, such as benzine, caffeine, chloroform and curacao, augment the sonority of the high notes and make the voice higher in range, while others, such as Norwegian tar, make the bass notes more powerful. Thus, as one of the French papers remarks, we have a simple and effective method of converting a mediocre baritone into that rare bird, a high tenor. All he has to do is to inhale curacao. This discovery of Dr. Sandras will be hailed with delight by all operagoers, music critics and managers. The patrons of the opera will look forward to the happy day when good singers will be as plentiful as extra editions of evening papers, for then salaries will be low, and the price of orchestra stalls will come down with a rush.

As for the music critics, of course they will never be satisfied, for if they do not discover faults that no else can discern their occupation will be gone, and they will have to go to work. But they can never make mistakes and fail to tell a baritone from a tenor, or a contralto from a mezzo-soprano, as they have been known to do in the past. It will only be necessary for the critic to find out what particular substance the singer inhales. If it is curacao, he's a tenor; if it is Norwegian tar, he's a bass.

The impresario will live in clover when Dr. Sandras' plan is universally adopted, for voices can be produced at will. At present, for instance, the operatic stage is suffering for the want of good contraltos. What a blessing it would be if Mr. Abbey or Sir Augustus Harris could collect a few of the second-rate sopranos who fill Europe with their wails, and, by forcing under their noses handkerchiefs saturated with compound extract of banana peel, or some other substance favorable to sudden drops, transform them into Scalchis. A new era would dawn in the music schools, and the professors of voice-development, instead of being broken down singers, would be prosperous young physicians armed with bottles and inhalers in place of music rolls and pitch pipes. And even politicians might not find the new plan a bad one, for the inhalation of the sweet odor of a Sugar Trust certificate might sweeten even the voice of one who threatened to howl in the wilderness for forty days and forty nights. Truly, as the French paper says, the new discovery is both useful and agreeable.—"Times."

* The co-operation of Mr. Henry T. Finck in the preparation of this article is herewith acknowledged by the Editor.

Reminiscences of a Genial Musician.

IT is almost a pity that the late Sir George Elvey kept so consistently in his resolve not to write an autobiography, for many and strange were the things he had seen and heard in his long life, but he feared their recital would cause pain to others or reveal the unlimited confidence always placed in him. In this we have the keynote to his character, tender, kind-heartedness and utter trustworthiness. As Sir George destroyed the whole of his large correspondence, and kept no diary, it may be imagined that his widow has had a difficult task in the compilation of the volume now before us. Although somewhat disconnected Lady Elvey's book gives a vivid portrait of the dead musician, and many of the anecdotes which he delighted to tell are scattered up and down its pages.

All the Elvey family seem to have had talent for music, and Sir George early showed that he was no exception. His musical studies were at first directed by his elder brother, Stephen, and such progress did he make that before he was nineteen he was constantly in request to take temporary duty at Christ Church Cathedral, Magdalen and New College chapels in Oxford. His brother considered him a thoroughly good musician, and was looking out for a suitable appointment for him when the vacancy occurred at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. Backed by several testimonials young Elvey was readily accepted to compete for this important post.

Accordingly, on April 26, 1835, George Elvey in fear and trembling left Oxford for Windsor by coach. That night, spent at the Adelaide Hotel in Sheet street, he never forgot, so intense was the anxiety he went through as to the result of the coming trial. Next morning, arrayed in a blue tail coat with brass buttons and a yellow waistcoat, he presented himself at the Chapel Royal, such a timid, bashful boy, that all treated his daring to compete with the distinguished men who had entered the arena as a joke, never for a moment imagining that he would outstrip his numerous co-competitors. Among these were Sir George Smart, Sir Henry Bishop, Philip Knight, composer of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," Dr. Hodges and Dr. Sebastian Wesley. The latter, already sore at having been defeated by him in the Gresham competition, never forgave Sir George for the second defeat he experienced at his hands. By the way, the anthem he sent in for the Gresham Prize, when Dr. Elvey gained it, was "The Wilderness," which, scored all over as it was by the examiners, he had framed and hung in his room.

When Elvey's time for organ trial came, he was dismayed to find the pedals of the organ covered with a board, while the stool slanted so much that any attempt to use the former resulted in the player's nose coming in unpleasant contact with the manuals. After the first experiment Elvey turned the stool, and balancing himself on the sharp edge, made such use of the pedals that the lay-clerks called him 'a thunder and lightning player,' expressing the opinion—doubtless based on his youth—that he would never do.

Among the pieces he performed on this occasion was a fugue by Bach.

One of the gentlemen on trial had already been defeated by Dr. Stephen Elvey at Oxford, and the latter used often to laugh and say, "I not only conquered him myself, but I made a man to conquer him." Only one stood the smallest chance against young Elvey, and this was not from ability, but because one of the canons was determined to have, if possible, a candidate of his own appointed.

This reverend gentleman was so vexed at being defeated, that for many years he lost no opportunity of annoying Mr. Elvey, who indeed felt the slights so keenly, that even to within a few days of his death it pained him much to speak of what he then went through. Elvey at the same time, however, spoke with pleasure of the kindness of another member of the chapter, who ably defended him, to the ultimate routing of his enemy.

The king (William IV.) claimed the final vote respecting the appointment, and in the evening after the competition, on being told that Elvey was the best man, but was too young, he replied: "The best man is to have it." And when, afterward, the king heard Elvey spoken of in glowing terms he used to say: "Ah! I appointed him." From the time of his appointment the king and queen took great interest in the young organist, and he often used to spend the evening playing to the king when the latter was suffering from rheumatic gout. Many are the amusing anecdotes which Sir George Elvey had to tell of the Chapel officials with whom he came into contact. The choir seems to have been in a dilapidated state, for we read that "most of them were aged men, and not efficient; in fact, only four of them could sing, and I had not been at Windsor many months before Jarman, the alto, who was a very good singer, was down with consumption, which carried him off in a few months. The choir was left by his death with only one tenor and two basses efficient, and the services were dependent upon the boys and the three men above mentioned. Unfortunately the tenor was in pecuniary difficulties, and was arrested. Thus the choir was reduced to two basses." The dean seems to have been an odd person, and young Elvey was advised to humor

him. He often used to send for the young organist and say, "'Deliver Us' this afternoon. I am going for a drive." This "'Deliver Us'" was an exceedingly short anthem by Batten.

The strangest character of all was a man named Roach, who, shortly after Elvey's appointment, was promoted to be belfry keeper, a post which included blowing the organ, digging graves, &c. The very first Sunday Roach signalled his new duties as blower by shouting out loud enough for everyone to hear, "Done, sir?" just as Elvey was finishing the voluntary. The following story, in which Roach also figures, is told concerning the death of William IV.:

"The sadder side of this event was announced to Windsor and the neighborhood by the solemn tolling of the bell in the Curfew Tower, about which the following somewhat amusing tale is related: Roach, the belfry-keeper previously alluded to, seems to have received a broad hint that the king was near his end, and waited about until he received the news that all was over, when with haste he repaired to the deanery, arousing the inmates by ringing the bell at the cloister entrance with all his might and main.

"It was useless for the butler to ask him, 'What do you want here at this time of night?' His business was with the dean, and no one else.

"This distinguished person, aroused from his slumbers, and clad, not in his surplice, but in another garment which should be 'always white,' called from the top of the stairs:

"What is the matter, Roach?"

"Billy be dead. Be I to ring the bell!"

"What Billy?"

"The King, to be sure."

"Oh! yes, Roach, you may toll the bell."

"Thus was the news spread that the king was dead; and that the young Princess Victoria was queen.

The record of the first ten years of Sir George Elvey's life at Windsor is one of great activity, and honors were showered thick upon him. Soon after the queen's accession to the throne he was appointed Her Majesty's private organist; was given the Mus. Bac. degree in 1838 and two years later the Mus. Doc.; acted as conductor of the Windsor and Eton Musical Society; and started a music class at his house for the inhabitants of Windsor and Eton, which, we are told, was greatly enjoyed by the members, who appear to have found the royal borough exceedingly dull in winter time. We had almost forgotten to add that in the summer of 1839 Elvey married Harriet Skeats, the daughter of his predecessor. The union seems in every particular to have been a happy one. It must be remembered that at the period of which we are speaking Elvey was quite a young man, so that his brother, Stephen, might well be proud of the success of his pupil.

A curious story, showing the power of music, is told of the clergyman who wrote the Ode on the birth of the Prince of Wales which Elvey set to music. This clergyman had always been an eccentric character and, after his return from abroad, where he had gone as a chaplain, the nervous excitement from which he had always suffered so increased that he was obliged to be placed under restraint:

"He had a perfect passion for music, and was very fond of Dr. Elvey, whose organ loft he loved to frequent. On one June 4 he escaped from confinement and presented himself at his old friend's house in the Cloisters. Naturally he was in a very excited state, and upon being shown into the drawing-room commenced walking rapidly to and fro, kicking a basket in front of him, to the great alarm of the inmates of the house."

"Dr. Elvey, knowing the power music had over him, walked into the room, and although considerably frightened to see the madman with a knife in his hand, quietly sat down to the piano and played all kinds of soothing melodies for some two hours. By this time his excited visitor had become perfectly tractable, and a carriage having arrived with a friend for whom Dr. Elvey had sent, the latter went up to him and said, very gently, putting his hand on his arm, "Now, my friend, be persuaded and go back to your home." At this he allowed himself to be taken to the carriage, and went back without further trouble."

"About this time the Doctor, having now undertaken the cares of a household, found his means very straitened, as his stipend from the chapter was at this time only £135, and his duties considerably interfered with his time for teaching. He therefore petitioned for an increase of salary, but this was refused. As Exeter Cathedral was at that time in want of an organist, Dr. Elvey sent in an application, and proceeded there by coach to compete for the post, which he won. This seems to have brought the Dean and Chapter of Windsor to their senses, and we read that 'fearing at last that they would lose their gifted organist,' they agreed to give him the munificent (!!!) sum of £200 per annum, and during the whole of his forty-seven years' service he was never offered any increase. That he was invaluable as a trainer of choirs as well as an organist, the following anecdote shows:

"Of the high quality of the choir of St. George's during Dr. Elvey's period there is no question. A well-known

musician relates how he once sat up with him in the organ-loft during service. The Psalms were started with organ as usual, and no sooner had this been done than he exclaimed: 'I have forgotten my keys; I must go and fetch them.' He started off, the choir singing on. In due time he returned to the organ, and tried, with a soft stop, to see if his singers had dropped in pitch. They were dead in tune, and the accompaniment was taken up. A better proof of training could hardly be given."

The long deserved knighthood seems to have come quite as a surprise to our musician. The day following the marriage of Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne, Dr. Elvey left Windsor for a very brief holiday after all the work and excitement that had fallen to his share, and when he returned he was met at the station by one of his pupils. Upon inquiring what news there was in Windsor, to his surprise he received the reply, "The news is that you are to be knighted."

"On the Friday (March 24) he, with Dr. W. Sterndale Bennett and Mr. Julius Benedict, went to the Castle to receive from Her Majesty's own hands the honor conferred upon them. While waiting in the ante-room, they discussed Mozart's additional accompaniments to "The Messiah," and this conversation was such a pleasure to Sir George that on his return home, when asked about the ceremony, he only remarked with regard to it that he had been afraid of tripping up with his sword, and then enlarged on his discourse with the two brother-musicians, and how greatly delighted he was to find that they both agreed with him that the accompaniments, clever and beautiful as they undoubtedly are, nevertheless are quite out of character with Handel's work.

"This conversation had evidently impressed him far more than the regal ceremony, for he never cared to be placed in a position of prominence, and was averse to making any unnecessary display of his honors."

To Sir George Elvey church music was never merely a branch of art but a factor in divine worship, and throughout the book we find much evidence that he was an intensely religious man. It was only to be expected, therefore, that in 1877 he should have drawn up a letter to the deans and canons of English cathedrals drawing their attention to the deterioration of cathedral music. Here is the letter he wrote:

"You will, I hope, forgive the liberty I am taking in venturing to call your attention to the present sad state of things as regards church music in our cathedrals. I do so in the hope that I may be able to stem the torrent of bad taste which is rapidly destroying our ancient and glorious style of church music and substituting for it services and anthems which have little to recommend them but novelty. I would plead that when so much pains is being taken by all, especially the clergy, to have our fine old cathedrals restored to their original beauty, under the care of that eminent and conservative architect, Sir Gilbert Scott, and others, the music performed in them should be in keeping with the grandeur of the edifice, and should remind all who hear that they are in a sacred building. Now, the good old church music does this, and I feel it a duty to raise my voice to try and rescue the grand compositions of our great English church composers from falling into oblivion and neglect; for, although my efforts may fail, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I have called the attention to this subject of those who have the power to remedy the evil. It would be unbecoming in me to say one word respecting modern church composers, but I am satisfied we have men who would write good church music, provided there was any appreciation of their efforts."

To this letter the following was added: "We, the undersigned, do cordially agree to the above, and are glad to co-operate with Sir George Elvey in his praiseworthy efforts to improve the present prospects of English cathedral music."

This was signed by Frederick G. Ouseley, Bart., Arthur Sullivan, C. W. Corfe, James Turler, J. Hopkins, G. A. Macfarren and Edwin George Monk. Coupled with his religious feeling and his love for his church and organ, was a veneration for the famous dead who lie in St. George's Chapel. On one occasion he took a great deal of trouble to restore a couple of helmets to the tombs of the kings by whom they had once been worn.

"For some time after he went to Windsor two old helmets were lying about in the dean's garden quite uncared for and unthought of, until one morning a man came down from London to see the dean about his account for work done for the chapter. This account was considered too heavy, but the man was very unwilling to reduce it, until suddenly remembering the helmets he had spied outside, he said: 'Well, Mr. Dean, if you will give me those two helmets I will accept the sum you propose.' Quite pleased to be rid of these incumbrances from his garden, the man's account was promptly settled by the dean on these terms, and the helmets ere long were transferred to their new home in the window of an old curiosity shop in London.

"But they were not to rest there long, for the Garter King-at-Arms, having spied these trophies, made anxious inquiries from whence they had come, and when the story of their origin was unfolded he went in a towering rage to

Windsor and ordered the dean and canons to bring them back.

"The railway not then being open, a carriage and four was at once procured, and in this one of the canons immediately drove to London, and in due time returned with the spoils which were promptly returned to the Chapel from whence they had originally been abstracted, but not even then were they placed in their legitimate places."

Some years after, during the restoration of the Chapel, these poor helmets were again turned out, and were this time thrown into the crypt. From thence they were once more rescued, this time by Dr. Elvey, who with much trouble discovered at last to whom they belonged; by his efforts they were placed near the tombs of the kings whose heads they had adorned.

From the quotations we have made it will be seen that the book is full of interest and entertaining in its style, and though we said at the outset of this review that Lady Elvey's volume is a little disconnected, we are not sure that in some ways that is not in its favor. At any rate, after perusing its pages you seem to understand thoroughly the character of the dead musician, and you feel that it would be better for the world did there exist many men of such simplicity and earnestness of mind and of such kindly and sensitive temperament, combined, as these qualities were in his case, with such a playful touch of humor.—*"Musical Standard."*

The Violoncello and its History.

IT is indeed singular that while the already numerous works on the history, construction and literature of the violin are constantly being supplemented by new ones, no book, dealing in a thorough manner with that noble instrument, the violoncello, has until quite recently appeared in the English language. Lovers of the violoncello and students of musical literature generally are therefore greatly indebted to Isabella S. E. Stigand for her excellent translation, just issued by Messrs. Novello, of Herr Wasielewski's valuable history of the violoncello, which was published in 1888.

The first part of this interesting work is devoted to the viola da gamba, the history of the violoncello and violoncello playing being connected up to a certain point with that of the viola da gamba, and its precursor, the basso di viola of the sixteenth century. Speaking of the transition to the violoncello, the author says that the viola da gamba, which for nearly 300 years had played an important part both as an orchestral and solo instrument, was replaced by the violoncello in the course of the eighteenth century.

It offered two very important advantages over the gamba. First, the finger technic was wholly unlimited, because the fingerboard has no frets, which in regard to runs and cadences, as well as change of positions, opposed a substantial hindrance to the gamba player. Then the player on the violoncello could obtain more tone than on the gamba by drawing the bow more forcibly over a single string. The upper edge of the bridge of the gamba over which the strings passed was so flatly cut for harmonized or part playing that it was necessary to avoid a strong tone lest the neighboring strings should be thereby sympathetically affected. But the bridge of the cello, on the contrary, was of a more convex form, whereby playing in parts was indeed precluded.

As is known, on the cello, as in the violin, double stops and chords are possible, and the last only broken up. In this manner the violoncello was used formerly at the performances of operas and oratorios as solo accompaniments of recitatives, for which of course it was requisite that the player should have a thorough knowledge of music theoretically, as he had to execute at sight figured basses. In the seventeenth century the violoncello still occupied a very subordinate and modest position, and was rarely employed except as a bass instrument in the orchestra.

In Germany the use of the violoncello as an orchestral instrument ensued later than in Italy, though much sooner than in France. For although it had been introduced into the Parisian Opéra in 1727 by the cellist Batistin, it had already been in use since 1680 in the Vienna Hofkapelle. The Saxon Hofkapelle at Dresden next followed by the installation of four violoncellists, and the example was soon followed by other German courts.

As the gamba enjoyed much favor, however, the introduction of the violoncello was not effected without difficulty, to which indeed the gambists, who thought their pretended rights were thereby infringed, not a little contributed. But even if the violoncello supplanted the gamba in the orchestra, the latter was cultivated as a solo instrument for some time longer, and many of the good old gambas were in course of time metamorphosed into violoncellos and made available for further use, while the more insignificant specimens were destroyed if they were not required for museums, and so preserved from destruction.

The art of violoncello playing in the first stages of its development was, as regards the method of treatment, not so much favored as violin playing. To the latter a definite direction for imitation was early given, as soon indeed as the end of the seventeenth century, by the Roman school

founded by Arcangelo Corelli, which was soon followed by the foundation of the Paduan and Piedmontese schools. When a few prominent artists of this instrument had brought it into greater consideration, centres were formed by distinguished masters for the study of the cello, which supplied the want of proper schools.

As a solo instrument the violoncello was first valued in Italy, the land of its birth. The most famous Italian cellists and writers for the instrument were undoubtedly Attilio Ariosti, Buononcini, Franciscello, Alessandro Scarlatti, Cervetto the elder, Caporale Carlo and Ferrari. While many of these men advanced the technic of violoncello playing, and enriched the literature of that instrument, the Italian nation possessed in Luigi Boccherini an artist who excelled all his countrymen both as performer and composer.

"Boccherini was one of the first of the Italian school who gave decided expression to the solo and virtuoso side of his instrument. He not only made possible for cello music the higher and highest parts of the thumb position, with the exception of the complicated harmonies first discovered and made available after his time, but he also considerably extended beyond his predecessors the playing of double stops, as well as the execution of passages."

The violoncello had already found its place as an orchestral instrument about the year 1680 in Vienna, and in 1709 in the Dresden Royal Orchestra. Toward 1720 it had penetrated also into Northern Germany, and it must have been extensively used in other parts of Germany, otherwise Johann Sebastian Bach would scarcely have conceived the idea of composing for it his solo sonatas, which were extant between 1717 and 1724. There were even at this time two German violoncellists, who appeared to Gerber sufficiently important to be mentioned in his Dictionary of Music. They were Johann Sebald Triemer and the Silesian, Riedel.

Next to these must be mentioned Werner, who played so well that, according to Gerber, no foreign cellist ventured to play in Prague. Caspar Cristelli specially distinguished himself as an accompanist, and also wrote several compositions for his instrument. Johann Baptist Baumgärtner was also a famous performer, and also wrote an instruction book for the instrument, which was published about 1777 at The Hague.

Wenzel Himmelbauer and his pupil, Philipp Schindlörker, Wolfgang Schindlörker, nephew of the latter, Franz Joseph Weigl, Anton Filtz and Joh. Georg Schetky were also celebrated eighteenth century performers. The last named visited England in 1768, but in consequence of his marriage with a rich widow of Edinburgh, early retired into private life and became known to fame chiefly through his compositions.

These, taking no account of an important collection of various orchestral and chamber music works, consist of numberless violoncello concertos, duets for violin and violoncello, sonatas for violoncello and bass, and "Twelve duets for two violoncellos, with some observations and rules for playing that instrument" (op. 7). In these duets, according to the title, Schetky had a scholastic aim in view.

One of the last of Schetky's published works is his Opus 13, which contains six sonatas for violoncello with unfigured bass. The compositions therein contained, says Herr Wasielewski, give a distinct idea of his fluent though superficially mechanical manner of writing.

Joh. Heinrich Victor Rose was an expert performer on the violoncello and wrote a few things for the instrument. His best pupil was Friedrich Schrödel, whom Gerber calls one of the greatest masters of the violoncello of that period; and Johann Jäger, a self-taught player, also became, under the influence of the kapellmeister at Würtemberg, "the great man" whom the world admired. His two sons and Alexander Uber profited by Jäger's instruction, and the last named published several excellent works for the instrument.

Anton Schwarz and Max Bohrer, his pupil; Joh. Rudolph Zumpsteeg and Ernst Häusler also deserve consideration. The last named set to music many of Schiller's poems and made himself particularly well known through ballad compositions, which were first attempted by him. Among the first noteworthy French violoncellists the brothers Abbé must be mentioned; Berteau, who was remarkable for his beautiful tone-production, his pupils, Cupis, Janson, Tilière, and the elder Dupont, Charles Henri Blainville, Nochez, Claude Domergue, Jean Tricler and his scholar, Dominique Bideau or Bidaux, as he called himself in his violin school; Aubert, who wrote a good many works for the violoncello; Lamare, Norblin, Hus-Desforgues, Nicolas Joseph Platel and finally Jean Marie Raoul gave a great impulse to violoncello playing by their performances on the instrument and their numerous instruction books. The further cultivation of this branch of art in the present century by Luigi Venzano and that incomparable artist, Signor Alfredo Piatti, who, born at Bergamo in 1822, and educated at Milan, came to London in 1846, and has since remained in this country, is adequately dealt with by the author in the subsequent sections of his book.

Due recognition is accorded by the author to the celebrated German masters of the cello, such as Friedrich Grützmacher, Carl Schuberth, Friedrich Kummer, Justus

Dotzauer, Hugo Becker, Nicholas Kraft, Joseph Merk, Carl Schlesinger, Carl Udel, Kelz, Moritz Ganz, &c.

Violoncello playing received a fresh impulse in Berlin by the opening, under the direction of Joachim, of a section of the Royal High School in 1869 for executive music. The Belgian cellist, Jules de Swert, was one of the first to give instruction, and Wilhelm Müller succeeded him from 1873 to 1878. Both masters were, however, the author says, at the establishment too short a time to pave the way for any important results. Those were first attained by the means of Robert Hausmann's appointment. Philip Roth has been zealous in the publication of cello literature, he having, besides his original compositions, published many admirable arrangements for the violoncello and piano, as well as a "Guide to Violoncello Literature."

Among the later French cellists the author mentions Auguste Franchomme, Seligman, Jacques Offenbach, whose bowing, we are told, was bad; Lasserre and Bou-bée, Lisa B. Christian, and the present day performers, Jules Delsart, Rabaud, Liégeois, Loch and Becker. In Belgium and Holland the violoncello made somewhat slow progress, though introduced into those countries about the same time as in France.

The four noteworthy cellists of the last century were Wilhelm de Fesch, Peter Wilhelm Winkis, Jean Arnold Dammen and Joseph Müntzberger. About the middle of this century, however, Belgium could boast of several remarkable virtuosos. Adrien François Servais was not only an executant of the highest rank, but a gifted composer for his instrument.

Of his numerous pupils the best known is Jules de Swert, author of three cello concertos, many drawing room pieces, and three books of Études, published under the title of "Le Mécanisme du Violoncelle," and a Cello School, issued by Novello & Co.; Guillaume Pague, Alexander Batla, Pierre Chevillard, the last of whom wrote a Cello School and many compositions for the instrument, are also mentioned. Among Dutch violoncellists reference is made to the performances and the writings of Andreas Ten Cate, Jacques Franco Mendès, Charles Ernest Appy, Jacques Rensburg, Louis Lübeck and Antoon Bouman.

Among the celebrated violoncellists of British nationality, Robert Lindley, a portrait of whom forms the front-piece to the English edition of Herr Wasielewski's volume, occupies the premier place. He was born in Rotherham about 1777, and at the age of five commenced his musical studies under his father, a talented amateur violinist and cellist. Later on he received gratuitous instruction from Cervetto the younger, who brought him from the North to London. He soon became famous as a soloist, and in 1794 he succeeded Sperati at the opera.

In the following year began his intimacy with Dragonetti, the celebrated double bass player. Foster, quoting Chorley's remark, says: "Nothing could be compared with the intimacy of their mutual musical sympathy. They played together at the same desk at the opera, and every orchestral concert of any importance." Lindley had no rival in England, and it may be doubted whether he was excelled by any contemporary violoncellist, although Romberg was perhaps his equal.

Other distinguished cellists in their day were John Hebdon, William Paxton, John Crosdill, Joseph Reinagle and John Gunn.

Charles Lucas, who succeeded Cipriani Potter as principal of the Royal Academy of Music, was Lindley's most talented pupil, and among Lindley's contemporaries were Richard Cudmore, whose extraordinary diversity of talent, as Herr Wasielewski remarks, was an impediment to his distinguishing himself specially in one department.

Cudmore played his own compositions for the violin and cello in public at eleven years of age, and afterward studied the piano with a view of winning fame as a pianist. At a concert in Liverpool which he organized, Cudmore appeared successively as piano, violin and cello performer; he was also engaged for some years as director of the orchestra of the "Gentlemen's Concerts" in Manchester.

Frederick William Nicholls Crouch, best known as the author of the popular air, "Kathleen Mavourneen," was born at Devizes in 1808 and is still living, it is said, in extreme indigence in America. He studied under Bochsa, W. Hawes and Robert Lindley. He played the cello at Her Majesty's Theatre and was appointed principal cellist at Drury Lane, as well as a member of Queen Adelaide's band. He went to America with Maretzek.

Besides numerous other compositions, "Songs of Erin," "Echoes of the Lakes," &c., he wrote a "Complete Treatise on the Violoncello," which was published in London in 1827.

"With regard to national English violoncello playing," says the author, "modern times have not been more productive than the past." He, however, pays a deserved tribute to those sterling players, Messrs. Howell, Whitehouse and Ould, who have done much as performers and teachers to make the violoncello so popular among our amateurs as a solo instrument.

A perusal of Mrs. Stigand's translation of Herr Wasielewski's work will both please and profit the student.—*"Violin World."*

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NEWSDEALERS

Should place their orders immediately with their supply houses for the September Special Issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER, which will contain also the first European (International) Edition of The Musical Courier, making together the largest and most interesting illustrated weekly paper ever published.

LONDON OFFICE.

THE London, England, office of THE MUSICAL COURIER, which is in charge of Mr. F. V. Atwater, our representative for Great Britain, is now open and ready for business. It is No. 15 Argyll street, Oxford Circus, W., in the midst of the London musical life, near the great publishing and musical instrument houses and managerial offices, and within one minute's walk from either Regent street, Oxford street, Great Marlborough street and other well-known thoroughfares.

THE Prescott Piano Company, of Concord, N. H., write that they have been improving the quiet season by bringing out a larger upright than they have made heretofore. It is 4 feet 9 inches in height and has proved a success tonally.

MR. FREEBORN G. SMITH, Sr., has gone to the Adirondacks for the purpose of recuperation. Mr. F. G. Smith, Jr., is busily engaged at the factory, as is also Mr. N. M. Crosby, both of whom are very busy attending to the details of getting ready for a fall trade. No one ever sleeps around Mr. Smith's industries—there is no time.

AN inquiry of Mr. H. M. Cable, of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, pertaining to the silly idea started in some of the smaller trade papers as to there being some changes in prospect in the affairs of the Conover Piano Company, brings from him the trite indorsement:

"Absolutely and unqualifiedly false.

"H. M. CABLE."

MR. JACOB DOLL, in preparing for fall trade, has cut the panel of his Style D in two, making a double panel, thus improving the appearance of this style. He is also preparing to put on most styles a new music rack that is so constructed that the leaves of large volumes of music will not be torn at the bottom as is the case with most of the racks now in use on upright pianos.

THE building occupied by Jacot & Son, manufacturers and importers of Swiss music boxes, at 36 Union square West, will undergo extensive alterations in a short time. This building has been conspicuous from the fact that the front has been about 15 feet back from the line. The improvement anticipated will not only give a larger salesroom, but will improve the appearance of the block. Jacot & Son have a handsome stock of goods and expect to do a good fall trade in their specialties.

THE latest news from Mr. Otto Wissner is that he is in Salzschlirf, a watering place in the mountains of Rhen, located in the very heart of Germany. Mr. Wissner saw an eminent specialist in Berlin, who advised this move. He writes that his health has improved, and as the specialist he consulted declared his trouble to be caused by excessive nervousness he hopes soon to return fully recovered for a successful fall business. The knowledge of the success of his concert grand will reach him this week, and should expedite his recovery.

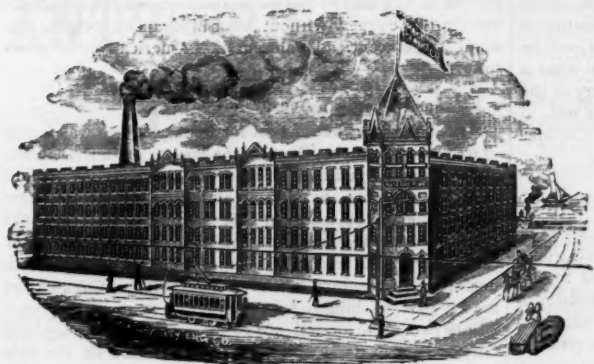
RUDOLF DOLGE, of Alfred Dolge & Son, who has been in Europe for the past few weeks, sailed for home on the New York Saturday, August 18. The steamer is due on Saturday, August 25. Mr. Dolge anticipated returning on the 8th, but was detained by business matters.

IT will be of interest to any dealer in the United States to post himself on the development of the industry known as the Brambach Piano Company, of Dolgeville, N. Y. A good preliminary move is to write to them for a catalogue containing particulars of their best selling styles—best, because all of them are good; but the better plan is to arrange for a visit to the factory in that wonderful little town. It is but a short jump from New York city, and it will be included in the route of many a dealer who will visit the metropolis in the next few weeks.

ANOTHER new catalogue to be expected within a short time is that of Mehlin & Sons, of New York, who will issue a book setting forth the particular points of excellence in their grands and vertical grands, commonly known as uprights; and it will be worth writing for, because there is always something new with the name of Mehlin attached to it. And it should be borne in mind that these Mehlin ideas are not mere catchpenny talking points, but good substantial devices which go toward making the whole scheme of piano building more perfect in general and the scheme of the construction of the Mehlin piano in particular.

A FIRM in this city, in order to keep up with its plans of economy and to maintain its position in the quantity of goods turned out, has recently made so deep and all embracing a cut in the salaries of its working force as to attract unusual attention to itself. We are informed that the cut extends from the men in control of its commercial affairs down to the sweepers in the factory, and that the effect has been demoralizing on the workmen, who may at any time bring the matter up as a basis for a strike. Instead of a gradual lowering of rates one sharp cut has been made which puts the factory hands on a starvation basis of wages, and that the result will shortly and surely show itself in the work turned out by the men is a fact that we shall doubtless soon be called upon to record.

IN periods of financial depression, Coxeys movements, strikes and tariff reform there is possibly no branch of manufacture which is less "in touch" with the situation than the manufacture of pianos. This is unfortunate, as the time which is required to complete a piano and the capital invested are in inverse ratio to the immediate income and possible profit to be derived therefrom. The successful piano manufacturer of to-day is forced to look a long way ahead and to grasp the situation as it may be. Few possess the rare foresight and keen perception shown by Thomas F. Scanlan, proprietor of the New England Piano Company. During the entire summer season his factory has been running full time, and, singular to state, but a fact, without an accumulation of surplus stock, which shows the appreciation of the purchasing public for the productions of this well-known institution. "An ounce of pluck is worth a pound of luck," and honest endeavor properly directed is bound to succeed.



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WEGMAN & CO., Piano Manufacturers.

ALL our Instruments contain the full Iron Frame with the Patent Tuning Pin.
The greatest invention of the age; any radical changes in the climate, heat or
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AUBURN, N. Y.



JACOB DOLL,

SUCCESSOR TO

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OFFICE, FACTORY and WAREROOMS:

Southern Boulevard, East 133d St. and Trinity Ave.,
NEW YORK.

MANUFACTURER OF GRAND AND UPRIGHT PIANOS.

THE COPYRIGHT DECISION.

Discussed by a Few Interested Parties.

THE decision rendered by Judge Colt in the Circuit Court of the United States, said judge sitting in Boston, was a surprise to the defendants, who expected that their hosts of authorities on whom they depended to adequately back up their claims, would overcome the technical points made by the plaintiffs' attorneys.

As it was seen by those who read the judge's decision reported in last week's issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER, this judiciary officer based his decision on the intent of Congress in its Act of March 3, 1891. He swept all the authorities aside, saying that "the specific designation of any article in an Act or series of Acts of Congress requires that such article be treated by itself, and excludes it from general terms contained in the same Act or in subsequent Acts." We are now at sea on what is a book. Instances are quoted below where authorities seem to sustain the claim of the defendants, and yet the judge's decision that an article requires treatment by itself in congressional acts seems to be a careful, cautious, judicial verdict.

Of course the case will be appealed, as that was in the contract between all parties to this friendly suit to establish just where American and European publishers stood. At the present time the European publishers have all the best of it, as they can print music in Europe, and for one dollar secure protection against republication in America.

They can send music over to America by the low 25 per cent. ad valorem duty, and from the cheapness of production of works of this class in Europe they can market it in this land at such a price as to render opposition as to prices out of the question.

To see just what those interested in this suit thought of the decision representatives of THE MUSICAL COURIER called on them last Monday, and their views will be found below:

C. H. Ditson & Co.

The New York Ditson house is relatively interested in the case from its close connection with that of the Oliver Ditson Company, but Mr. C. H. Ditson was away and Mr. Cragin could not tell anything about it. The matter was entirely in the hands of the lawyers of the Oliver Ditson Company, who were in Boston, and Mr. Cragin could say nothing beyond the fact that an appeal will immediately be taken.

Novello, Ewer & Co.

Mr. Gray on being interviewed stated that beyond the decision he knew but little about the case. He has only been in America a comparatively short time, and his connection on the other side was of such a nature that anything definite about this case did not come under his notice. He was glad they had seen it and immediately cabled regarding the decision to the house in London. He was not in a position to say anything more, beyond the fact that his firm's lawyers were positive of winning the case on appeal.

Schuberth & Co.

Mr. Meyer, of Schuberth & Co., when asked about his concern's opinion regarding the merits of Judge Colt's decision introduced the copyright expert of the concern, as he called him, and that gentleman, who is too modest to have his name mentioned, said:

"We are thoroughly in favor of anything that will restrict reprinting, believing as we do that it will be better for all concerned—composer, publisher, printer and engraver. Reprinting destroys the legitimate market, which according to our ideas is a market wherein is sold musical compositions on a satisfactory paying basis to publisher, composer and dealer. Reprinting ruins the value of original work, and has a tendency to lower the quality of the editions published. In a free competition the engraver as well as the printer and the paper man will be squeezed down, resulting from this cheapening of product in most inferior work. This has to be done to make a profit. The opposition against the international copyright law by printers and engravers is in our opinion due to a mistaken view of workings of the law, and is a mistaken one.

"In regard to Judge Colt's decision we think it is a very broad and careful one and will be upheld by the higher courts.

"Something must be done to protect the composer, who is being cut down to ruinous rates and who is suffering more than anyone. We are much interested in this suit and are standing our share of the expense of litigation. When the

last and final decision comes from the Supreme Court of the United States every one interested in the publication of music, both on this and the other side of the water, will be glad. It seems now that the whole matter rests on what is a book: just how this is considered by the judiciary of the United States will determine the results of this suit. I have carefully read the decision in THE MUSICAL COURIER and state again that I consider it a very broad one.

G. Schirmer.

Said Mr. R. E. Schirmer, "I cannot say anything about it. We are not particularly interested, our interest only going so far as to pay our quota of the expense attached to this test case. Should the higher courts reverse the decision of Judge Colt, sitting in the United States Circuit Court, and the matter be finally settled in favor of American publishers, it will force the foreign composer into direct communication with American publishers. This will be a good thing for the composer. I cannot express an opinion on the suit now until it has been finally decided."

Wm. A. Pond & Co.

Mr. Warren Pond is intensely interested in this copyright. He has evidently been studying the case thoroughly, but he was found by a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER just taking his first glance at the text of the decision.

"I can't go into detail," he said, "as you see I have only just found the opportunity of looking at the matter thoroughly. I will say that the decision does not in my judgment seem to fit the pleadings, which were exceptionally strong upon the defendants' side.

"We had before us the act of Congress which plainly and unequivocally states that books to be copyrighted in this country must be printed from plates produced in this country. Again the decisions in all previous cases which have been cited by defendants' lawyers, and were not refuted by the counsel for the plaintiff, run back to Queen Anne's time, and were adjudicated on the grounds that sheet music and books were identical.

"Here is a copy of a well-known legal authority, entitled 'Bump's on Patent Law and Decisions,' which on page 358 states that 'a book need not be a book in the common and ordinary acceptance of the word, viz., a volume made up of several sheets bound together; it may be printed only on one sheet.' That was a decision of long ago in a noted case which was cited in this suit. It certainly indicates that one sheet of printed paper is a book, or I do not understand the English language.

"The word book has been used in the European and American copyright statutes since the first one was passed in the reign of Queen Anne. In England its meaning was not defined by Parliament until 1842, while in the United States it has ever been left open to judicial interpretation. Here is another authority which defines book. Its title is 'Drone on Copyright,' and it says on page 142: 'The comprehensive meaning given to the word book in England has been adopted in this country. A book within the statute need not be a book in the common and ordinary acceptance of the word, viz., a volume made up of several sheets bound together; it may be printed only on one sheet, as the words of a song or of music accompanying it.'

"Does not that seem to cover the ground in our case? Yet Judge Colt throws out all of this legal opinion, saying that the whole matter rests on the interpretation of the meaning of Congress in its act of 1891.

"In spite of this, when the case comes up for final adjudication, the defendants in this suit, in my opinion, will be victorious."

Hamilton S. Gordon.

Said Mr. Gordon: "I cannot tell you just what I think of the decision because I have not thoroughly looked into the matter. I am in favor of anything that will give equal justice to all parties on both sides of the water. As I understand it, the Englishman can send over copies of a publication to this country, enter them with the librarian of Congress and receive a copyright on them. This he gets for \$1. That is the way the matter stands under the present decision.

"Thus a composer sells a composition to his English publisher who reaps the rewards of that man's labor in America by simply paying into the United States Treasury \$1. The publishers of America get left. No publisher here can get an English copyright unless he has an English house established; that is, he can not secure a copyright that will hold. The international copyright is a good thing for the people on the other side, but when we went into it we gave up more than we received. I am for an equitable adjustment of this trouble.

"It seems that Congress was lax or that an oversight was made in omitting the word music in the clause on which Judge Colt throws out all other evidence and hangs his decision. It certainly is a narrow decision, based, as it is, on a mere technicality which should not have counted when the full scope of this friendly suit was studied. The litigants are all striving for an equitable settlement, and an interpretation of the English law, on which ours is founded, would certainly reverse this decision. If publishers can

publish in England or Germany and then sell their productions in this country without let or hindrance excepting the small 25 per cent. ad valorem tax, American labor must suffer."

Boosey & Co.

Mr. George Maxwell, agent for Boosey & Co., was found 10 feet away from his door on the way to see a friend, but immediately turned back to his office and gave his opinion as to the decision, as well as stated definitely just how little it affected his concern. He said:

"I need hardly recall to your memory the starting of this suit; yet, as it may not be fresh in the minds of the dealers of the country who read THE MUSICAL COURIER, let me say that, wishing to test whether or no musical compositions were considered books by a court of equity, the Oliver Ditson Company published and offered for sale copies of a cantata, a song and an instrumental piece of music that had been copyrighted in this country by the publisher, Alfred H. Littleton.

"To thoroughly test the law it required breaking, and this the Oliver Ditson Company did by offering for sale. I remember that I was in Ditson's the day the music came in fresh, and in a friendly tilt I was offered copies of the reprinted song. I could therefore go before a court of equity and swear that these publications were offered me for a price.

"Immediately after the publication and offering for sale of this music the suit commenced, with the distinct understanding that whoever was defeated should appeal the case, to carry the matter before the highest tribunal possible and get once for all a final decision. Therefore the Oliver Ditson Company will, according to agreement, appeal the case, if they have not already done so.

"But about our interest in the case. Aside from paying our pro rata of the expense of this suit we are interested in its results personally, as we are printing our music in America. I believe in patronizing the industries of the country where I do business. We are here in New York to sell music in the United States to people of the United States, and as far as possible we have this music printed by people of the United States. When we get out a new piece of music or a new song we publish in London and America simultaneously, and I send the piece of music published in the United States to the Congressional librarian, thus copyrighting an American produced work. So it matters little to us whether or no they consider musical composition books or not.

"Now that this law has been interpreted by a legal authority and in such a manner that its views seem likely to stand with higher tribunals, one would think that we would do all our publishing in London, thus getting rid of considerable extra expense; but no, I prefer, and so does my house, to print in America what we desire for American trade.

"I complained a moment ago saying that as far as possible we print our American music in America. I mean by this that some work cannot be done over here as artistically or as economically as it can in England. I speak of title pages. You know Enoch & Sons, London, have been famous for the exquisite work put upon all the title pages of their compositions. This work is lithographed, and I have tried to get similar work done in America, but do not get the soft tints that are noticeable in the productions of Enoch & Sons.

"Again, the work cannot be done for anyway near the same money. I don't object to paying the additional money, but I do most thoroughly object to having the London house of Boosey & Co. publish fine works and the New York house publish the same compositions in an inferior manner. But to return to the decision under discussion. We are not interested in it at all beyond our financial end of it. We shall, however, now copyright the posthumous work of A. Goring Thomas entitled 'The Swan and the Skylark,' and shall not republish this cantata here. It was not our intention to republish, so that we are glad for this work that the decision was in favor of the foreign publishers.

"One thing more. You know we print a great many songs in London that are topical to that city or to England. Now to republish these songs over here would be a loss, but these are the days of song-builders, who gather material right and left to construct a popular song. From this class of English song many parts might be utilized, so to preclude the possibility of anyone using our music in any such manner we copyright it all here. This decision helps us on this point by giving us absolute protection and redress against anyone piratically inclined."

—Thomas Johnson was arrested and locked up at the Central Station yesterday by Officers Griffin and Spang on a charge of burglary. Some time ago it is claimed he broke into the music store of W. W. Kimball Company, at No. 243 Wabash avenue, and stole a quantity of music. A few days ago he went to the music firm of Lyon, Potter & Co., at No. 174 Wabash avenue, and offered to sell it at a very low figure. They became suspicious, and asked him to call yesterday. In the meantime they notified the detective headquarters, and yesterday when he called he was placed under arrest, as the robbery had been reported by the Kimball Company, which claimed that Johnson was the man who had committed the deed. He will be given a hearing at the Armory this morning.—Chicago "Inter Ocean."

ANTWERP EXPOSITION.

The Musical Instruments

THE JURORS AND THE SYSTEM.

Other Matters.

PART I.

IN proportion to the Antwerp Exposition as a whole the display of musical instruments stands in a ratio which, had it prevailed at Chicago, would have necessitated the allotment of at least ten times of space occupied there by musical instruments. Every prominent European nation sends musical instruments of one kind or another, and the United States and Canada do about the only decent thing done by these countries in the musical instrument line, particularly so the United States through the remarkable exhibit made by Lyon & Healy, of Chicago.

One cannot avoid making comparisons between Antwerp's excellent and creditable show and the Chicago Exposition, although to do so without exercising discrimination and considering the differences in the conditions and causes associated with both fairs would be unjust to Antwerp. Keeping this always in view, and referring to the very first sentence of this article, I should conclude that the absence of foreign pianos at Chicago necessarily prejudiced the case of the whole piano exhibit, for it did not give it that characteristic which prevails in the musical instrument exhibit at Antwerp, in so far as it was not cosmopolitan, the few foreign pianos at Chicago not carrying the prestige necessary to produce such an effect. And an International Exposition devoid of the cosmopolitan spirit and environment is at once radically defective and illogically constructed. "But there are no American pianos at Antwerp," will immediately be said. America is only one nation, or rather the United States is but one nation, while the family of nations, consisting of many members, can afford to conduct an industrial exposition without us if we do not care to participate.

American pianos would have been welcomed, but no one expected any of the firms to come to Antwerp immediately after the exhausting struggle of last year at Chicago. Besides this, it is a "small fry" in comparison to Chicago, and yet its awards will prove very valuable if there is any value at all attached to exposition awards.

Unlike Chicago, the piano and musical instrument exhibits are segregated and kept in the exhibits of their respective countries. There is no great musical instrument body, but a large aggregation distributed in all sections in quantities that attest considerable interest in this Exposition, at least on part of the members of the music trade. I give herewith a complete account of the musical instrument exhibit, the first published:

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Group IV.—Class 13.

BELGIUM.

Balthazar—Florence....Namur: Pianos and Organs.
Beullens, Ad., & Co....Louvain: Bells.
Beyer, Mrs. G....Ghent: Organ Bells.
Cassaard, A....Tollin: Carillon of 50 Bells.
Comard, Jos....Antwerp: Organs.
Covelliers, Franz....Antwerp: Pianos.
De Cart Bros....Lierre: Musical Mdse.
De Vries, M....Antwerp: String Instruments.
Frey, P....Antwerp: Musical Mdse.
Guthier, J....Brussels: Pianos.

[This firm is making great efforts and is expected to get a high prize, because it would be contrary to International comity not to grant a high, if not the highest prize to a firm of that country in which the Exposition is held. Even should the jury itself not exactly find such an award, there are two appeals behind and above it that would take care of Belgian

industry. This must not be construed as a criticism of the Gunther piano, which is already sufficiently flattered in being suspected as the coming recipient of such an honor. If such International comity were exercised in the United States we would be accused of corruption, and we would be guilty of the charge, if for no other reason than our inability to cope with the scientific diplomacy and experience of Europe.]

Guth, August....Antwerp: Musical Mdse.
Koenigsberg, Ch....Borgerhout: Street Organs.
Manufacture Royale....Brussels: Pianos.
de Pianos....
Massau, Alfred....Verviers: Publications.
Mougenot, Geo....Brussels: Stringed Instruments.
Mortier, Th....Antwerp: Cylinder and Church Organs.
Nemery, A....Montigny-sur-Sambre: Metal Flutes, &c.
Pierloz, A....Hasselt: Publications.
Piroli, J....Antwerp: Organs.
Rummel, V....Antwerp: Pedal Pianos.
Schott Freres....Brussels: Publications.
Tulpinck, J....Antwerp: Tulpiphone.
Van den Eynde, J....Antwerp: Accordeons.
Vanderauwera, Ch....Brussels: Publications.
VanderGhinste, A., & Co....Brussels: "
Van Englen Bros....Lierre: Brass Band Instruments and Cylinder Organs.
Van Hyfte, B....Ghent: Pianos.

A careful study of the Belgian section of music and musical instruments offers very little of exciting character and would not have filled more than an obscure niche in the Chicago Exposition, nor could it have expected much recognition as an Exposition of an individual exhibit of one nation. The old house of Schott seems to be in its dotage, and I cannot see very much enterprise in showing up what was done a half century ago or how to apply what was then done to-day. The Schott house should invite itself to a visit to Leipzig and observe what German music publishers are doing, and it might become invigorated by the mere contact with the Leipzig and the Berlin music publishers. We leave the United States entirely out of the question in order to avoid any charge of prejudice.

The whole Belgian exhibit so far as Group IV., Class 13, is concerned seems to show clearly to every wide-awake observer that pleasant dreams have overcome these pleasant people, and the duty one owes to them is to awaken them from their lethargy by criticising them as they deserve. If free trade prevailed between Belgium and the United States there could be no fear that Belgian pianos would be sold in our country, for the people would not buy such pianos in a competition, no matter what the price would be. There is not sufficient money in the shape of workmanship and material in certain European pianos to make them half decent even as *Klimperkasten*, the elegant title given by Germans to pianos that sound like some of the Belgian boxes. We call a poorly constructed, bad American piano a box in these columns, and we admit that we have not sufficient international comity to make an exception with a Belgian box, and call it any other name.

GERMANY.

Ecke, Carl....Berlin: Pianos.
Perzina Brothers....Mecklenberg-Schwerin: Pianos.
Link Brothers....: Church Organs.
Mann, Th., & Co....Bielefeld: Pianos.
Ritter, C. R....Halle: Pianos.
Fabrik Lochmannscher Musik Werke....Leipzig: Symphonions.
Franke, A. H....Leipzig: Pianos.
Römhildt Pianofabrik (A. G.)....Weimar: Pianos.
Mand, Carl....Coblenz: Pianos.
Bluthner, Julius....Leipzig: Pianos.
Hupfeld, Ludwig....Leipzig: Mechanical Pianos.
Lowendall Star Works....Berlin: Musical Merchandise.
Görs & Kallmann....Berlin: Pianos.
Hotz, F....Knittlingen: Octave-harmonicas.
Boden & Schünemann....Halberstadt: Pianos.
Müller, C. H....Dresden: Pianos.
Böcker, E....Cologne: Musical Merchandise.
Hock, M....Saarlouis: Automatic Organs.
Holzweissig, E....Leipzig: Musical Instruments.
Buschmann, G. A....Hamburg: Contre-bass.
Cocchi, Bacigalupo & Graffigna....Berlin: Street Organs and public organs generally.
Paulus, M....Brambach: Musical Merchandise.
Heyl, G....Borna-Leipsic: Pianos.
Mannborg, Th....Borna-Leipzig: Organs and Harmoniums.
Brachhausen & Riessner....Leipzig: Musical Merchandise.
Hauber, J....Stuttgart: Pianos.

Although by no means a representative collection, the German exhibit is by far more interesting and more attractive than the extent and importance of the Antwerp Fair would call for, judging from the manner in which Europe seems to disdain it. This reminds me that the attendance about equals the New England Fair average of daily visitors, although Antwerp is a most interesting and, in some respects, absorbing Exposition, even for one who spent months at the Colossus of all Expositions. Remove the English and American visitor and very little of attendance remains. People in Europe will not support any such enterprises outside of France, and France did it in 1889 as a result of an appeal to the narrowest Chauvinism that Chauvinistic Europe ever beheld. The German is a rara avis in the industrial development of our day; he will accept an innovation in a mechanical device; he will explore and test it. But other Continental folks abhor anything like a deviation from tradition, and that is just what an Exposition is apt to be in the shape of a practical demonstration of what has been done and what is apt to be done since Anno Tobacco.

Although close to Antwerp, at least we should call it pretty near, the great Ibach firm of Rud. Ibach Sohn, Barmen, does not exhibit. Bechstein is not at the Exposition, nor are such firms as Rönisch, the two Schiedmayers of Stuttgart, any Hamburg concerns, or Schnechten, or Duysen of Berlin, or Scheel of Cassel, or one hundred more. Bluthner, who exhibits, is *hors concours*. But there is a certain consciousness of virile strength in the German firms that is inspiring or should at least inspire their neighbors. They are working steadily for "tone" in their musical instruments; and what, after all, is a piano without tone volume?

Carl Mand, of Coblenz, exhibits a patent double rib on the sounding board for strengthening the board and its resisting capacity. One section is glued above the other, and a thicker rib is produced.

Julius Hauber, of Stuttgart, has a patented iron frame construction with an additional set of strings, and a pedal controlling them called a singing pedal. I did not hear it "sing" and cannot tell its effect, but having observed similar double stringing systems, notably one made about ten years ago at Ithaca, N. Y., whereby about forty thousand good American dollars were lost, I cannot conceive in how far Mr. Hauber's additional costs will compensate in any way by advancing the quality or general musical value of the piano. The additional stringing is in the back of the piano and consists of a limited number of strings stretched diagonally in various lines, and is not a complete duplicate scale, as was the case, or rather in the case, of the Ithaca piano. But even the latter was not an original invention.

AUSTRIA.

Could any nation make a poorer display than the following, which, we hope, is no sign of the decadence of the musical industry in that country, for as a sign it would not signify decadence but death?

Henry Fiehn....Vienna: Ocarinas.
Anthon Kiendl....Vienna: Guitars, &c.
Stingl Brothers....Vienna: Small piano.

That's all there is to it, and it would be unjust to those who are still making pianos in Austria to judge them by the few points to be observed at the Exposition. A story is told of one of the renowned Austrian (Vienna) piano manufacturers, who considered an output of 12 pianos a week as fabulous. He made then (and probably does now) four pianos a week and yet his name was famous. He had no time to sell more; it would have been inconvenient, and business in some parts of Europe is a nuisance as

Important

Actions that are thoroughly reliable in construction.
An imperfect Action is a source of great dissatisfaction to dealer and customer.

Buy pianos that have in them the
Roth & Engelhardt Actions.

FACTORY AT
St. Johnsville, New York.

soon as it becomes inconvenient or it interferes with the habits of comfort and traditional behavior.

BULGARIA.
Tchirporopoulos.....Philippolis: Musical Mdse.
SPAIN.
Paul Izabal.....Barcelona: Piano.

There is always one solitary Spanish piano at every World's Fair, and after having tried this one it struck me that it may be the same one used at all the preceding Expositions. The case work is a kind of Byzantine-Moorish-Jewish-Gothic, and we doubt if even an unregenerated United States stenciler would copy it.

UNITED STATES.
Joseph Bohmann.....Chicago: Violins and 'Cello.
Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co.....Boston: Organs and Pianos.
Lyon & Healy.....Chicago: Harps, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, &c.

Mr. Bohmann can do no good to his business by exhibiting a couple of indifferent looking instruments in a shabby case. It only helps to add contumely upon the fair name of our country to make it responsible for such exhibits that are no exhibits except of stupidity.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company have secured some astounding testimonials at World's Fairs, and it is generally admitted that every one was gained through the merit of the goods displayed. Such a house as Mason & Hamlin is a credit to any country and nation if they do nothing but simply show what they are making and what they are capable of producing. There is sufficient eloquence in that to secure for them the hearing of the whole world of musical intelligence.

I am writing this within stone's throw of the Exposition and in a foreign land, where hundreds of Mason & Hamlin organs can be found in the houses of the best of people. Right within a few miles from this point, between here and Amsterdam, the firm of C. C. Bender, of Leyden, the old university town of Holland, is doing a very large trade in Mason & Hamlin organs, and is introducing the Mason & Hamlin piano, which, despite the great difference in cost between American and European pianos, is finding patrons here.

About eight or ten days ago Messrs. Metzler & Co., of London, England, said to me: "For over five and twenty years we have been handling the Mason & Hamlin organs, and recently their pianos also, as you see here, their uprights and grands, and it has been one universal chorus of praise of their magnificent instruments." But not alone do Metzler & Co. say this; other London firms who are not handling Mason & Hamlin instruments and who know that they will never get an opportunity to do so, speak in the same vein of their instruments. When they compete with Mason & Hamlin instruments they know it is strictly a question of merit.

Of course such a house and such instruments have helped to create the sentiment of respect for our musical institutions which I have found to prevail in four European countries I have thus far visited on this trip among the leading musical people, all of whom I make it my professional work to visit and of whom you will hear in later accounts. When they play or hear such musical instruments as the Mason & Hamlin they must of necessity become inspired with the fact that America possesses the first of all art requisites—an intelligence of the subject; otherwise it certainly could produce no such instruments as the Mason & Hamlin.

Lyon & Healy, of Chicago, have a remarkable display, both in variety and quality of the harps, guitars, mandolins and banjos they exhibit. Mr. James Healy is chief in charge, and he and his brothers are attending to the duties imposed upon them with the conscientious methods that characterize that great house. The display is arranged most artistically, and is a great credit to American intelligence and enterprise in the line of musical instrument production.

The following circular issued in French is distributed by the firm for the benefit of all interested:

LES HARPES DE LYON & HEALY, DE CHICAGO.

Quelques-uns de Leurs Points d'Excellence.

Dans le mécanisme:

1° Une invention, par laquelle les disques peuvent être ajustés à volonté par l'exécutant et en quelques minutes, chaque disque étant indépendant de tous autres, de telle sorte que n'importe quelle note peut être corrigée sans altérer les octaves de cette note, et le système général de modulation n'est pas changé. Dans les harpes d'autres

construction, cette action de régler ne peut être faite que par un ouvrier habile, qui doit démonter l'instrument. Alors, si le disque d'une note quelconque est suffisamment monté, toutes les octaves de cette note sont trop hautes et ensuite la harpe ne peut plus être accordée dans tous les tons. Par l'emploi de notre système seul, une harpe peut être réglée de temps en temps, sans détruire la précision des modulations.

2° Une autre invention nouvelle et originale, consistant dans le travail des sept tiges de pédales qui manœuvrent chacune dans un tube, ce qui rend impossible le déplacement d'une des tiges, pendant l'emploi de la harpe.

3° Toutes les parties mécaniques sont construites d'après un plan invariable, permettant de remplacer à la fabrique, n'importe quelle pièce à première demande; système permettant de garantir une excellence uniforme.

Ces perfectionnements ne se trouvent que dans les harpes de LYON et HEALY.

Dans le corps de l'instrument:

1° Un système de construction des côtes, garantissant le maximum de résistance à la forte tension à laquelle cette partie est soumise lorsque l'instrument est monté au diapason.

2° Une invention pour empêcher le bris de la table d'harmonie ou de l'arracher au moment de la tension des cordes d'acier, construite de telle sorte, pour permettre une libre vibration de la table d'harmonie et assurer en même temps un tel degré de stabilité qui n'a pas été atteint jusqu'ici.

3° Un système perfectionné dans la construction du col de la harpe, celui-ci étant formé de traverses longitudinales en bois, dont le grain de chacune court en sens inverse et qui sont ensuite ajustées, collées et pressées ensemble dans une forme en fer, ce qui assure le plus haut degré de durabilité.

4° Perfectionnement dans l'ornementation, par suite duquel la sculpture est faite à la main et en bois, à l'exclusion de stuc, staff ou autre matière fragile.

Ces différents systèmes de perfectionnements sont employés uniquement dans la harpe de LYON et HEALY.

Nous avons apporté, à la harpe, un degré scientifique de fabrication et un art mécanique, qui n'avaient pas encore été employés dans la facture d'instruments de cette espèce. Les bois sont conservés dans nos ateliers au delà de trois années avant d'être employés, ce qui est une garantie, qu'ils ne pourront ni se déformer, ni se fendre. Ils sont choisis avec soin et nous n'employons que ceux sans nœuds, ni défauts. Toutes les pièces de l'instrument (la sculpture, le fini extérieur et les incrustations exceptées) sont faites suivant un étalon, garantissant précision absolue et permettant de fournir en tous temps, duplicata exact de n'importe quelle partie d'instrument.

La construction sans égale de la table d'harmonie et les nouvelles proportions qui lui sont données donnent à notre harpe la plus grande puissance, ainsi qu'un son pur et limpide, qui augmentent la valeur de l'instrument tant pour le soliste que pour la partie d'orchestre.

Nous appelons de plus l'attention, sur la supériorité du fini du travail, qui caractérise l'instrument dans ses moindres détails.

—Mr. Louis Grunewald, Jr., traveler for Jacob Doll, leaves for the South next Saturday.

—Mr. Frank W. Oeffinger, with the John C. Haynes Company, of Boston, was married in that city on August 18th to Miss Frieda H. Kammler.

—Mr. Adrian Babcock, of Messrs. L. & A. Babcock, of Norwich, N. Y., leaves to-day on the steamer Paris for a two months' trip through Europe.

—The annual convention of the International Union of Furniture and Piano Varnishers opened at Shelbyville, Ind., August 13, with a large attendance of delegates. The annual reports showed that the organization was in a prosperous condition.

Vose.

SOMEONE once wrote that "time proves all things." This sententious expression of a great truth can be inscribed to the Vose piano. All this year the manufacturers of this instrument have been advertising that "during the 44 years past 34,000 families living in all sections of the country have purchased Vose pianos." Two score years and four is certainly long enough for the public to test the merits of the pianos manufactured by the Vose & Sons Piano Company, and no carping critic can say that sufficient time has not elapsed to show to the public that the position taken by the Vose people is a good one. Granted then that ample time has been given the manufacturers of this piano to prove the merits of their goods as to durability and general usefulness, we have the fact staring us in the face that 34,000 families have purchased Vose pianos, the great majority of whom are now using them.

The business of the Vose & Sons Piano Company increased steadily from the start until about 10 years ago, when the merits of the instrument became more widely known, and with splendid manipulation the prestige of the house was greatly extended and then began to show an upward tendency which has steadily increased.

The Vose & Sons Piano Company has given the trade a piano that can be sold to the public and leave a good, substantial margin of profit in the hands of the seller. There's desirability of agency. Dealers who are fortunate enough to become agents of this "seller" do not give it up—they hang on.

The Vose piano is called a "seller" advisedly. It has in it the elements of successful sales. Its musical qualities are excellent, its workmanship of the highest order, and its styles of cases highly artistic. Some of the handsomest cases seen in the trade are those of the Vose pianos. There is selling quality. The entire trade know so much about this piano as an instrument that words of praise here would be superfluous. And as a quick seller the dealer knows and appreciates it most.

A good piano and a good margin is just what every dealer desires, if the dealer wants to make money, which is presumably every man's aim who does business. In the Vose piano are the elements of a successful business.

Good representation and splendid advertising are the reasons that the Vose & Sons Piano Company are preparing the largest and best stock for fall trade that they ever had.

Extensive advertising has made the piano known to dealers, competition by his neighboring dealer has also made it known to him, and good traveling men have made it known to him. Perhaps the latter element in this house has been the most potent factor in its success. No piano has had abler men on the road, and these men have all been workers.

The general public know the instrument through purchase, and those who have not purchased read of it in the magazines.

Many a dealer is saying: "I would like a piano that is known. I want a piano to sell whose manufacturer is not afraid to spend money pushing it."

Here it is in the Vose.

Good piano, handled with skill, advertised with brains.

Greatest stock ever known in its history now in preparation.

—Jas. S. Buchanan, of Cairo, Ill., a former music dealer, died at that place August 8.

—F. H. Griffith & Co., of Philadelphia, Pa., manufacturers of mandolins and guitars, who now occupy a portion of Geo. R. Fleming & Co.'s piano warerooms for their retail business, will shortly remove to 131 South Eleventh street in the building with A. H. Rosewig, the music publisher.

The Wonderful WEBER Tone

IS FOUND ONLY IN THE



PIANOS.

WAREROOMS: Fifth Avenue and 16th Street, NEW YORK.

THE TARIFF ON SMALL GOODS.

THE long struggle and uncertainty over the tariff bill has rendered it advisable for the importers of small musical instruments and musical merchandise to delay purchasing stock, which under the circumstances might involve a loss. This same uncertainty regarding the issue has prevented the large dealers throughout the country from placing orders with the commission men.

All along the line the importation of goods has been at a standstill. The prospects now seem favorable for a speedy settlement of what has been a long drawn out controversy, and business will resume somewhat its normal condition.

The American manufacturer of small musical instruments will not be greatly affected by changes in the tariff.

The manufacture in this country of certain lines of very cheap small goods, which are sold in great quantities, is extremely limited, because of the fact that they cannot be produced here in competition with foreign makers, even though there be an exorbitant tariff imposed.

Take, for instance, harmonicas, accordions, concertinas, ocarinas, jew's-harps, &c., the great bulk of which come from Germany, where they are produced at a trifling cost of labor, compared with what would be their cost here.

The reduction in the tariff means, perhaps, a slight benefit to the consumer, who will be able to purchase any of these imported articles for a few cents less, but as these are not produced in this country except in a small way, the superior quality commanding a high price, the conditions of the tariff bill mean to the manufacturer here but little.

Mr. Smith, of Bath-on-the-Hudson, makes concert jew's-harps, and sells all he can make at five times the amount asked for the imported article. Mr. Smith is not interested specially in the tariff, because the imported goods do not come in competition with the Smith jew's-harp.

Violins are manufactured in this country, but not the factory violins of Germany and France. The majority of American violins are made by hand by skilled artisans from selected material, and put together in strict accordance with acoustic principles. Each instrument has individuality in tone and model. They are not commercial instruments in the accepted sense of the word. They are infinitely superior in quality and price to the factory goods made abroad, and are in no manner in competition with them. Such makers as August Gemünder & Sons, John Friedrich & Brother, H. Knopf, and others in New York, the Alberts in Philadelphia, and many others in other places, are making violins for posterity, and the tariff, be it high or low, does not affect them.

Band instruments are the most important of the small goods imported to this country, but it will be some years yet before the instruments made here will come aggressively into competition with the celebrated makes of England and France.

With the tariff reduced to 25 per cent. ad valorem, or without any tariff at all, the cost, so we are informed, of the foreign makes most highly esteemed in this country is as much as the cost to produce the American makes. The tariff will therefore be of slight consideration for any but the consumer, who will benefit by being able to purchase an instrument for less than he is now paying.

America is the home of the modern banjos, and they are produced here for the world, and are not affected in price by the product of any other country. They are recognized as a purely American institution.

Guitars and mandolins are being made here of a quality equal to anything of the kind produced abroad; and although the cost of an American made guitar or mandolin will be somewhat higher, the quality will warrant the difference in price. The American guitar is reliable in the American climate, which is more than can be said of the foreign made goods, which often warp and split.

Taken as a whole the influence of the tariff on American small musical instrument manufacturers is of small moment. Purchasers who through ignorance are satisfied with a cheap article may be able to get them for a little less money, but a reliable make will cost about the same whatever the tariff.

The inestimable advantage of having a settlement of the tariff is a restoration of confidence, the lack of which has prevented the largest dealer

from placing extensive orders for such goods as they must purchase from the importer. Such firms as Lyon & Healy, Carl Fischer, Wm. Tonk & Brother, Frank Stratton & Co., Jacot & Son, C. A. Zebisch, C. Bruno & Son, J. Howard Foote, John F. Stratton, Benary Sons and others will not hesitate to stock up as soon as the question of tariff is settled. The trade at large will no longer hesitate about placing orders.

It has been the uncertainty which has to a great extent paralyzed business, so the settlement of all issues should stimulate a healthy revival, and the fall trade should be a prosperous one.

Now Look Out!

MR. CHARLES H. PARSONS, president of the Needham Piano-Organ Company, has gone fishing. Mr. Parsons accepted the invitation of Mr. Thompson, who is also connected with the Needham Company, and on Friday last the gentlemen departed for the Thousand Islands, where Mr. Thompson has his steam yacht.

The black bass and muscalonge fishing is said to be exceptionally good this year, and the chances are that some fine sport as well as a plentiful catch will be secured.

Mr. Parsons expects to return some time to-day.

We Don't Know Anything.

TROY, N. Y., August 18, 1894.

Editors The Musical Courier:

What do you know of the Baxter & Meckwith piano of Rochester, N. Y.? An early reply will confer a great favor.

Very truly yours,

THE PIERCY COMPANY.

[Will someone please enlighten us and the Piercy Company at the same time. Who knows anything of the Baxter & Meckwith piano?—Eds. THE MUSICAL COURIER.]

Notice.

Boosey & Co., music publishers and musical instrument manufacturers, respectfully beg to intimate that on and after September 4 their address will be 9 East Seventeenth street.

NEW YORK, August, 1894.

In Town.

AMONG the trade men who have visited New York the past week, as well as those who called at the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER, were the following:

A. O. Moeller, of Julius Bauer & Co., Chicago, Ill.
W. Blight, of Keller Brothers & Blight, Bridgeport, Conn.
Ion Arnold, of Chicago Cottage Organ Company, Chicago, Ill.
B. F. Owen, of N. Stetson & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.
C. B. Hawkins, of Brown & Simpson, Worcester, Mass.
Chas. T. Sison, of Farrand & Votey Organ Company, Detroit, Mich.
J. P. Guilford, of Vose & Sons Piano Company, Boston, Mass.
B. J. Blauton, Camden, N. J.
J. Moser, Easton, Pa.
William Pabst, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
J. E. Smith, Spring Valley, N. Y.
W. H. Pine, Asbury Park, N. J.
A. E. Bradt, Troy, N. Y.

—W. J. Bogue & Co. is the name of a new firm at Fulton, N. Y.

—L. E. Miesse, of Miesse & Beck, Lancaster, Ohio, died at his home August 8.

—The Riley Music Company, of Champaign, Ill., has been dissolved.

—J. D. Salkeld, of Mattoon, Ill., has moved into larger quarters and has taken as partner a Mr. Parker.

—E. A. Phelps will open a music store at Berlin, Wis. He will handle the Knabe and Behning pianos.

—Louise Steger, wife of J. V. Steger, of Chicago, has commenced proceedings against him for separate maintenance.

—H. J. Woodsworth, of Lincoln, Neb., was married August 8 to Mrs. Mary M. King. They are now in Denver spending the honeymoon.

—Mr. H. C. Theopold, business manager of the Schimmel & Nelson Piano Company, has resigned his position with that firm. J. C. Henderson will take his place.

—John W. Payne, of Kansas City, Mo., died at his home August 10. He was a member of the firm of Llewellyn & Payne manufacturers of piano polish and varnish.

—Mr. A. O. Moeller, the popular representative of Julius Bauer & Co., Chicago, who arrived from Europe this week, left immediately for the West and is now in Chicago.

—Mr. Benjamin Starr, of the Starr piano, writing to this office under date of August 18, says: "We are running our shop now full force and are having demand for all and more than we can make."

—Charles B. Bailey, Jr., who has been associated for many years with the John F. Ellis Company, of Washington, D. C., has taken a position with the Hamilton Music Company, of Pittsburg.

—The workshop in the rear of J. P. Simmons' piano warerooms, 630 Fourth avenue, Louisville, Ky., caught fire last Wednesday. Five pianos were destroyed and the total loss is about \$1,500. Insurance, \$1,000.

—There is some prospect that Wm. Knabe & Co. will remove their store from Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, D. C., to a new store on F street, N. W., opposite the Metzerott Building. This movement if taken will be in the interest of centralization of the music trade industries.

—Frank A. Stratton & Co. have distributed throughout the trade a neatly printed notice regarding the new tariff, which will be of interest as showing the specific rate of duty under the McKinley bill and the rate under the new bill. This was both enterprising and thoughtful on the part of Messrs. Stratton & Co.

SEPTEMBER SPECIAL

COMBINED WITH

European (International) Special.

The September special monthly edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER will be issued on Wednesday, September 19, at the time when it is best for advertisers to go before the trade with the presentation of their claims for fall and winter patronage.

With this regular September Special will be bound the European (international) special, making a paper never before conceived of in its importance as an advertising medium, and in its importance as a newspaper and magazine of musical and music trade literature.

The circulation of the combined issue will be the largest ever accomplished by THE MUSICAL COURIER, and advertisements for the combined number (circulated only in North America) will be received at the prevailing rates of our monthly specials, which have become such a feature of the paper.

Copy must be in hand at the earliest possible moment to secure position, the space being necessarily limited.

IN EUROPE.

LEIPZIG, August 10, 1894.

MR. C. C. CURTISS, of the Manufacturers' Piano Company, of Chicago, is due at the Hotel Metropole, Vienna, to-day.

Mr. Geo. W. Tewksbury, of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, is spending a portion of this week at the Antwerp Exposition.

Mr. H. D. Cable, President of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, reached Leipzig on Wednesday, and is due at Berlin to-morrow. He will visit Hamburg and Amsterdam, and sails with his family for New York on the Paris, from Southampton, August 25.

Mr. E. P. Carpenter is at Antwerp, and will in all probability exercise judicial functions in the department for Musical Instruments at the Exposition. (See series of articles on the Antwerp Exposition.)

Mr. Otto Sutro is due here from Frankfort-on-the-Main on Monday, and has headquarters at the publishing house of F. Kistner; he will visit Berlin, Hamburg and other cities and sail for New York on the North German Lloyd steamship that leaves Southampton September 1.

Mr. Charles Keidel, of the house of Wm. Knabe & Co., was in Vienna all of last week. He and his party are to make several short tours before leaving for America.

Mr. W. R. Gratz, of New York, is summering with his family near Munich, and will not return until September. He will have control of the celebrated "Symphonion" in the United States, an instrument which is rapidly gaining popularity all over the globe, and which is made here in the model factory of the Lochmann Music Works.

Mr. H. H. Hoene, of Mellor & Hoene, Pittsburg, and Mrs. Hoene, are enjoying the wonderful Swiss scenery about Zurich, Switzerland, where they will remain for several weeks.

M. A. B.

—The management of the big Bell Organ and Piano Company factories at Guelph, Can., has passed into the hands of Wm. Bell and W. J. Bell, with the former president of the Canadian committee and the latter general manager. The works will be managed in Guelph without any direction from the board in London, England.

—Mr. George Bauer, formerly connected with J. E. Ditson & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., has gone into the manufacture of mandolins at 1016 Chestnut street. Mr. Bauer will also handle the celebrated S. S. Stewart banjos, and is perfecting arrangements whereby he will represent certain German small musical instrument manufacturers in this country.

WANTED—Piano maker who understands his business (age 31) wishes situation in factory or would take engagement as repairer or tuner; accustomed to all kinds of repairs; best of reference; speaks English and German. Address O. M., 300 Givin street, Toronto, Canada.

WANTED—Young lady, several years' experience in clerking and office work in first-class music store, wishes position; references given. Address C. M. C., No. 636 King street, West, Winona, Minn.



CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
CHICAGO, August 18, 1894.

BUSINESS in this city may be said to be in a decidedly encouraging state. There is no fear of being threatened with total annihilation to mention the subject before the dealers nowadays. We have not heard of one house in this city who have not felt the effects of the revival. There are probably portions of this country in which the demand for musical instruments the coming season will not be very heavy. For instance, those portions of the country which have been suffering from a drought; but against this the reports state that there are also other portions of the country which have a superabundance of agricultural products, which will probably make a good, fair average.

The settlement of the tariff question will, of course, make people feel that there is a basis to work upon, and the simplification of the duties on musical instruments will prevent much trouble and be very satisfactory to the importers. No one knows of the complications which the musical instrument importer suffered under the McKinley bill except the importers themselves, and they will heartily welcome the change.

As was stated in our last letter, we have been suffering very severely with hot, dry weather, which always affects business. There is a change also in this respect, and Chicago has renewed its favorable notoriety as a summer resort. Matters in other ways seem also to have settled down to a normal condition, and the labor troubles to have been entirely forgotten. It is true that things are not quite settled yet in the Pullman district of the city, but even that has resolved itself down into a mere local affair, and at the present time has no influence on the general trade in the city. With all the interference with business that this town has been affected with during the past several months, we think after all that most of the manufacturers and dealers have only had perhaps a couple of months in which their expenses were greater than their profits. Undoubtedly the worst is now over, and the trade can congratulate itself on this fact, and that they escaped so generally from any more serious results. We think the most of them are fully prepared to meet the requirements of a good fall trade.

We remember somewhere to have seen the fact stated that foreign nations have been suffering from a depression of business for the last three years and that this country has been in that condition only about one year. The same authority claimed that it would take quite a long time for these same foreign nations to recuperate, while the chances were that the United States would very quickly renew her prosperity.

However much we may suffer here from unwise legislation, it is quite clear that it is utterly impossible to ruin a country with the resources and facilities we enjoy. While it is not quite pleasant to contemplate the influence which any trust or any trusts may obtain in Congress, it is true that we have suffered under worse troubles than them, and that we will eventually absolve ourselves from them as we have the greater ones.

It is said that Mr. C. G. Conn, of Elkhart, proposes or suggests that the tariff question be taken entirely out of politics. Perhaps Mr. Conn can tell us how that is going to be done, except by a total abolishment of any laws which may exist whereby our lawmakers are directly or indirectly interested in business. If it comes down to a matter of right the Government never should have been placed in a position whereby it could influence business in any way, and in the opinion of the writer that is the only way it can be taken out of politics. Perhaps that idea might not carry much weight if it were simply the idea of your correspondent, but it happens to be the sentiment of some of the wisest men that this nation has produced, thorough political economists, and by far the largest majority of the great newspapers of the country. Let us, however, felicitate ourselves on the improvement in business, and let it go at that, as there is nothing better to do at the present time.

Not Solely a Trade Paper.

How many weeks consecutively and how many years, one after the other, will THE MUSICAL COURIER have to be published before the members of the trade recognize it for what it is, a musical newspaper, and not simply a trade journal, as they usually term it?

It would seem as if even those people who are simply

dealers in musical instruments would acquire more or less of a taste for music and news that pertains more particularly to the professional part of the subject.

It has come to our ears quite a number of times lately from those whom we might term intelligent members of the trade that they speak of this journal as first and foremost and really merely a trade journal. It occurs to us that these people are either very careless in their observation of things or that their minds are so taken up with business that they have no interest in the profession or musical doings.

It stands to reason that a very good piano teacher, for instance, is a creator of a demand for this instrument, and it indicates very little appreciation on the part of a portion of the trade that it should be so utterly indifferent to these artists. It ought to be a lesson to the trade that the house in this country which has done the most to further the interests of the profession has made the most undoubted success of its business.

There is still another house which is making strenuous efforts in this direction, but so far it has been mostly with operatic singers. Probably an endeavor will be made to secure pianists subsequently.

One can laugh and make light as much as one pleases of testimonials, and perhaps to those who are inside they are justly entitled to consider these testimonials in the way which they do, but the facts remain the same, that the house which has made the greatest success in this country has used these testimonials, and has interested itself deeply in the affairs of artists, and that the house which we spoke of last is also making more or less of a success by doing the same thing with perhaps a different class of artists.

It could not be expected that a manufacturing concern which make pianos or other instruments which are not worthy of being used by artists would be interested or would care to have anything to do with the profession, but that those manufacturers who make instruments worthy of the artist could not profit by having some of these artists connected with them and in taking an interest in them, there is no doubt.

If these facts are recognized by manufacturers, they must necessarily recognize the purely musical department of THE MUSICAL COURIER. Those who do not could hardly be expected to call this journal anything more than a trade paper.

Removal.

The Schaeffer Piano Company have been remarkably fortunate in securing a more favorable and a better location for their factory. The town of Riverview, Ill., situated on the Wisconsin Central Railway and near the C. and N. W. R. R., $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Chicago City line and only 14 miles from the centre of the city, has been making bids and overtures to manufacturers to locate. The people have been wanting a piano factory in their midst and have been in negotiation with the Schaeffer Company for some little time, which has resulted in the town making the company the most liberal offer that has been brought to our knowledge. The Schaeffer Company have closed with them and will move their plant from Oregon, Ill., to Riverview as soon as the buildings are completed.

The factory will be of brick, 50 feet by 350 feet. A portion will be two stories and the remainder will be three stories high, with power house and dry kilns and about 4 acres of ground. There is also a switch from W. C. R. R. In addition the company will receive \$5,500 for extra equipments. The papers have been signed and the factory is under construction.

The Schaeffer Piano Company have been turning out regularly about four pianos per day. It is quite apparent therefore that their business has not been dull, even during the depression.

Houghton Comes to Town.

Mr. C. H. O. Houghton, the great veneer man, has again made his appearance in the city, and is prepared to tackle the largest and the smallest manufacturers with as fine a line of goods as was ever shown here. If Mr. Houghton doesn't get full himself, and he doesn't, he is likely to fill the wants of his customers to repletion. It may be said he is just in time, as the improvement in business is likely to encourage the buying proclivities of the manufacturers.

Needs a Sign Under It.

The indications are that we are going to sell some pianos very soon. We have many prospective customers in the near future.

Would anybody suppose that the above lines were written by a gentleman whose common instincts impel him in the practice of criticising the writings of others; a gentleman who is also in the habit of alluding to the guilelessness of certain individuals connected with the trade. It must be distinctly understood that this is intended for a favorable statement in relation to the house of which it was written. It reminds us very much of the sign painter who was requested to paint a picture of a horse for some old-time inn, but in order to have it thoroughly understood what animal it was intended for he placed under it these words: "This is a horse."

Going on the Road.

Mr. Alfred Shindler will, after one week's recuperation at some quiet retreat (not Dwight, for he does not drink), begin his expected trip through the State of Wisconsin for purely business purposes. We have never seen it hinted at anywhere that Mr. Shindler is not in the best of health, but as certain rumors have prevailed we may as well acknowledge that Mr. Shindler has been recently a little under the weather. He is now, however, in finer condition than he ever has been; and as he has also been practicing light gymnastic exercises he is ready to knock down and drag out any man who is not willing to buy Hardman pianos of him. It is not of course necessary, that Mr. Shindler should resort to this violent method of obtaining trade. He has, fortunately, a very persuasive way with him, and the motto of the old song might very properly be applied to him, "For he is a jolly good fellow." We wish him success.

A Deal for the Kimball.

Mr. R. M. Eppstein recently returned from a protracted trip from the East, where he has been in the interest of the W. W. Kimball Company. He has done excellent work for the house, and one of his last deals was the sale of eight Kimball pianos to the Beaver College and Musical Institute at Beaver, Pa.

The local agent of Rochester, Pa., Mr. E. S. Wallover, has this territory in charge and it was through him that the transaction was begun. It will result in enabling him to sell many Kimball pianos in that neighborhood.

An Organ Accompanies the Bell.

We saw a few days ago in one of the dailies of this city a notice of some kind of a Chicago pipe organ being used in the car that is being propelled around the country for the purpose of showing the Columbian Liberty Bell. There is no pipe organ made in this town except by the W. W. Kimball Company, and from them we have not been able to find out anything about it, as Mr. Cone and Mr. Conway are both away to-day, and the gentleman in charge had no knowledge of the matter.

Of course there is a chance that it is one of the other organs, with a pipe top, but whoever organ it is, it is not a bad idea for an advertisement.

Removal.

Messrs. B. Zscherpe & Co. have removed their factory from North Wells street to Nos. 11 and 13 Ann street, which latter place is on the west side of the city.

Mr. Brigham Loses His Mother.

The death of the mother of Mr. Gus Brigham is announced in the dailies of this city this week. Mr. Brigham is principally known in the trade as having been connected with Mr. Thomas Floyd-Jones, of this city, for many years past.

The Pease Branch.

Mr. Charles H. MacDonald is one of the happy men of the trade in this city. He says that notwithstanding the depression of business during the past year, he feels pretty well satisfied with his trade, and that year after year since he began here his business has been increasing in both the wholesale and retail departments.

While Mr. MacDonald has not an extensive wareroom, the fact is that he has one quite sufficient for all his purposes and about as well located as some of the larger houses in this city who are paying pretty high rents.

Items.

Mr. Geo. W. Tewksbury sails from Antwerp for home to-day by the steamer Waesland.

Mr. H. D. Cable leaves by the City of Paris from Southampton one week later.

The business of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company with Messrs. Herman, Day & Co., of Baltimore, is closed.

IN THE RACE

for supremacy the best will surely win. The others may act mulish

and kick but the result will be the same. Future generations will declare Phelps Harmony Attachment the best pedal arrangement in existence, and wonder how the old Forte pedal held sway so long. Used by

Malcolm Love, Waterloo, N. Y.
James & Holmstrom, N. York.
A. M. McPhail Piano Co., Boston.
Newby & Evans, New York.

J. H. PHELPS, SHARON, WIS.

THE BRAMBACH PIANO,

MADE AT DOLGEVILLE, N. Y.,

stands before the Trade as one of the best examples of the modern art of Piano building.

It contains all the salient points of a first-class musical instrument, and is put upon the market under exceptionally favorable conditions.

It is well worthy of investigation. Write to

BRAMBACH PIANO CO., DOLGEVILLE, N. Y.

completely, and arrangements have been made with Messrs. Isaac Benesch & Sons, who will hereafter represent the Chicago Cottage Organ Company's line of goods in that city.

When Mr. Chas. C. Curtiss was last heard from he was enjoying himself in Germany. He is probably to-day in Paris. He will likely return about the middle of September.

The Evolution of the Banjo.

By ASHTON P. STEVENS.

A SCORE of years ago for one to play the banjo in an amateur way was to have been the cynosure of all eyes—and ears, too, whose close propinquity must have made the auditory nerve squirm with wonder. In those days banjos were made without the raised metal frets that in the modern banjo correctly measure off the tones and semitones. The dilettante who explored the long, cumbersome neck of the instrument was only occasionally successful in discovering the notes he reached for. The first finger of his right hand was capped with a huge thimble; the striking of this, alternating with the plunking of a stalwart thumb, gave an emphaticness to the sound that did little to distinguish it from a busy day in a boiler factory. Chords beyond the fifth fret were mercifully unthought of.

It was not long before banjos were made with raised frets. Who the first maker was I do not know, but heaven bless him, anyway! He was derided and hooted by all the crack "plunkers" of the day, and if he had to live on his sales must have had a starving time of it. Now and then a venturesome guitar player would purchase a fretted banjo, "picking" it as he did the guitar, with thumb and first, second and third fingers. To this day some of the old-time players cling to the three fingers and thumb. By all modern schools the third finger is inactive except in chord work.

As the banjo's popularity grew and expanded far beyond its Southern environments, and from Maine to California could be heard the merry tinkle, its adherents multiplied by hundreds. Better instruments were turned out; strings of the proper thickness were manufactured in Germany, expressly for the banjo trade; musicians investigated and many adopted the banjo; a literature of the instrument—maybe crude and unmusical, nevertheless a literature—was beginning. The evolution of the banjo was rapid, as is that of all things in the United States, and as the instrument, a few years before uncouth and blatant in the hands of the darkey, neared its present perfection the American people realized that, though we may not have established a national music or a national art, we possessed a national instrument.

As the banjo surpassed its former self in musical mechanism, so its melody reached to more refined and artistic heights. Compositions were written and arrangements transcribed that had heretofore been deemed impossible. The tremolo movement, which allows such continued sustainment of the treble on one string and a perfect accompaniment on the ones remaining, was gladly welcomed by those who desired that "singing" quality of tone obtained on the violin and cello.

The sharp staccato of the old banjo contrasted strangely with the resonance and timbre of the new. The perfect fretting gave the instrument a compass of three octaves, and the intervals between the strings, so adapted to harmonizing, permitted a rendition of the most ambitious compositions. And, best of all, the banjo could be played alone—the solo strong enough with harmony to be independent of any accompaniment. With the exception of the guitar and zither the banjo is the only one of the smaller instruments having this advantage.

From the old tunes of the plantation and levee, "Zip Coon" and "Dan Tucker," we have emerged—how far! The mysterious grandeur of Gounod is possible; the trill of Verdi's never-to-be-forgotten melodies—I mean those of his earlier works that the critics damn and the people love him for; the spell of Mendelssohn's wordless songs; the happy jingle of De Koven, and those brave marches of Sousa's that make soldiers of us all—this is only a fragment of what, in the hands of an artist, the banjo's repertoire may be.

Twenty years are not many in the history of nations, but in that time the banjo has attained a position and dignity in the musical world that neither fad, fashion nor time will change.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1894.

—Mr. C. B. Hawkins, representing Brown & Simpson, of Worcester, Mass., was in town last week.

—Mr. Henry Behning left last Saturday for Chicago and the West. He has ready his two new styles, D and F.

—Mr. Robt. M. Webb will leave for Europe next Saturday to arrange a larger contract with the Billions at St. Denis, France, provided Cleveland does not veto the tariff bill before Mr. Webb leaves.

—Mr. David Krakauer, one of the Krakauer Brothers and superintendent of their factory, is taking a vacation at Delaware Water Gap. Mr. Simon Krakauer and Miss Suster, of the warerooms, are at Rockaway.

WANTED—First-class retail salesman for floor. Address DECKER BROTHERS, Union square, New York city.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The last opportunity to secure space in the special European (international) Edition of THE MUSICAL COURIER will end on Friday, August 31.

The first forms for this special issue are now closing, and no matter can be received for insertion after the above mentioned date.

The enterprise has up to the present time far exceeded our expectations, and those whose business is of an international character should avail themselves of the greatest opportunity ever presented them to place their wares before the music trade and the musical people of the entire globe.

Prices quoted upon application.

Hansing & Scott.

THE new firm of Hansing & Scott is progressing rapidly in the production of its first piano. The scale has been completed, the order has been given for plates and cases and it is anticipated that by October 1 the first Hansing & Scott piano will be ready for inspection.

Mr. Hansing is putting the experience of 30 years as a piano maker into the instrument bearing his name, and he promises that it will be well worthy of notice.

Their factory is at the corner of West Thirteenth street and Washington street.

A Business Change.

AFTER a most successful business career, extending over a period of a quarter of a century, John F. Cooper has retired from his music business. He has sold his entire piano, organ, sheet music and musical merchandise business, including good will and Mathushek piano agency, to a company of well-known gentlemen—E. L. Hawk, Theodor G. Eilers and Charles A. Neale—who will conduct the business successfully built up by Mr. Cooper at the same store.

The new firm starts out under most favorable auspices. Mr. Hawk having a thorough acquaintance of years' standing with all classes of people in various parts of the State. Mr. Eilers brings to the business 12 years of mercantile experience with H. S. Crocker & Co., in this city. Charles A. Neale is a well-known musician, and brings the experience of 18 years in the music business, 12 of which have been spent in Sacramento.

It is the intention of the new firm to spare no effort to make their store the headquarters of everything musical. The new firm will be known as the "Cooper Music Company." It is their intention also to do a jobbing business with dealers throughout the adjacent counties. The new business dates from August 1.—Sacramento (Cal.) "Record-Union."

Another Kimball Convert.

THE latest acquisition to the forces of general traveling men is the veteran D. S. Johnston, of Tacoma, Wash. Mr. Johnston will be remembered as head of the firm of D. S. Johnston & Co., of Cincinnati, as well as connected with other music trade enterprises in the State of Ohio, and has been for several years a prominent feature of the trade in the far Northwest. Mr. A. A. Fisher, of the W. W. Kimball Company, is pursuing in Tacoma the same course recently carried out by him at Butte, Mon., where the stock of Orton Brothers was closed out to the Sherman Music Company.

Mr. Johnston will represent the W. W. Kimball Company in the Pacific Northwest, including British Columbia, and will make his headquarters at Tacoma, as heretofore.

A Handsome Store.

THE M. H. Andrews Company, of Bangor, Me., has recently moved into its new building, which is said to be one of the handsomest stores in that State.

The business occupies four floors, and includes a repair shop for pianos and small goods. The building is provided with an elevator, electric lights, hot water heating system and all conveniences.

The firm, which consists of M. H. Andrews and Geo. W. Knight, does a large trade in that part of the State, and constantly employs a traveling salesman.

—There is a new firm of piano makers in Philadelphia, Pa., called De Cray & Co. Mr. Alexander De Cray, the head of the concern, has been conducting a piano repairing establishment for several years, assisted by his sons. A few square pianos have been built on special order, and have proved satisfactory. During the past summer Mr. De Cray has drafted an upright scale, and the firm will manufacture for retail purposes. They occupy a building on Seper street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth.

Sohmer News.

SOHMER & CO. start the fall with two new agencies at two large points—Cincinnati and Boston. As published in THE MUSICAL COURIER some time ago, Hackett Brothers & Puntney are making large preparations for fall business in Cincinnati, Columbus and Springfield. In Cincinnati they have about completed the fittings of their quarters in the Rawson Building, where they will handle the Sohmer piano, its agency having been contracted for last week. This will give Sohmer & Co. good representation in principal cities of that section, and the enterprise displayed by this house in getting Hockett Brothers & Puntney or vice versa is to be commended.

In addition to this deal Mr. Hugo Sohmer stated last Monday that Messrs. Chas. H. Hanson & Co., of Worcester, Mass., had concluded their arrangements for handling the Sohmer piano in Boston and would open there September 14 or 15, 1894. The lease of the warerooms No. 178 Tremont street is already signed, and active preparations for putting them into receivable shape for a fine assortment of Sohmer pianos are now going on. It will be remembered that 178 Tremont street is the old Tyler headquarters, where Knabe pianos were sold in Boston for years. Its location is most excellent, and it is safe to say that the store is one of the best known of the piano stores of Boston.

The start of this house will be on a splendid scale. The work on the warerooms will be in keeping with the goods they will contain.

All this work speaks well for Sohmer & Co., showing as it does their desire to augment their trade and to be the first in the field making new agencies.

Lester Pianos.

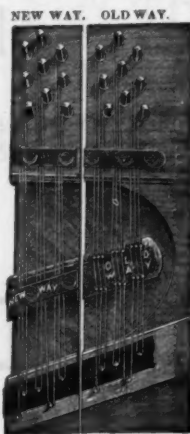
MR. GILBERT R. COOMBS, proprietor of the Broad Street Conservatory of Music, of Philadelphia, has used for several years the Lester pianos, and refers to them in his latest catalogue, just issued, in the highest terms. Conservatory work is particularly trying on our instrument. The constant use given it by pupils for eight or ten hours a day is as severe a test as can be imposed, and when they stand this usage for years and still retain a musical tune and the action remains perfect in its workings it denotes that they are substantially constructed.

F. A. North & Co., of 1308 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, are the general sales agents for the Lester pianos, and are securing a recognition of their merits among dealers far beyond the confines of the Quaker City.

—The Winchester "Herald" is authority for the announcement that C. A. Daniels and W. L. Hadley, of Richmond, Ind., and Lon Snedeker, of that place, are contemplating a venture in the business of manufacturing musical instruments. They want Winchester to give them the ground to build on and they will do the rest.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 X 4 ft. 9 ins. High X
 IS OUR LATEST STYLE—OF IMPOSING
 AND ELEGANT APPEARANCE.
 The first glance convinces
 buyers that it offers more in
 musical value and artistic re-
 sults than any Piano before
 the trade.
 Unquestionable durability.
 Very tempting prices are
 offered for this and other styles.
 The Claflin Piano Co.
 517-523 West 45th St.,
 New York.
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

SCHUBERT PIANOS



NEW WAY. OLD WAY.
 WITH
 TRIPLE BEARING BRIDGE
 PATENTED SEPTEMBER 26, 1893,
 BY
 Mr. Peter Duffy,
 PRESIDENT
 SCHUBERT PIANO CO.
 PRODUCES A
 FULLER, CLEARER,
 More Pleasing Tone.

SCHUBERT
 PIANO CO.,
 535 to 541 East 134th Street,
 NEW YORK.

THE Wissner Piano

USED EXCLUSIVELY AT THE

SEIDL CONCERTS,

BRIGHTON BEACH, ANTON SEIDL, Conductor.

CONCERTS DAILY AT 3 AND 8 P. M.

GRAND WAGNER FESTIVAL, AUG. 21, 22 and 23,

ANTON SEIDL AND HIS METROPOLITAN ORCHESTRA, ASSISTED BY

Madame IDA KLEIN,

Mr. P. SCHACHNER,

Mr. WILLIAM H. RIEGER,

Mr. EMIL FISCHER,

Mr. WILLIAM H. STEPHENS,



Mr. WILLIAM SCHUSTER,

Mr. ADOLF SILBERNAGEL,

Mr. EMIL SENGER,

Miss MARIE MAURER.

WISSNER Grand and Upright PIANOS.

Office and Warerooms, WISSNER HALL, 294, 296, 298 Fulton St.,
BROOKLYN.

FACTORIES AND UPTOWN WAREROOMS:

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.



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80 and 82 Montgomery St.,

JERSEY CITY, N. J.



A CAREFUL investigation of the affairs of the proposed United Piano Company, of Philadelphia, reveals several curious situations. A short time ago a charter was granted this concern, under the laws of the State of New Jersey. The incorporators are: Henry A. Ingram and Joseph A. Baker, of Philadelphia, and Thomas B. Hall, of Camden, N. J. The incorporators, who hold 10 shares of stock between them, are simply figureheads. Only one is known to the trade—Mr. Thomas B. Hall, who is a well-known lawyer of Camden. It was loudly proclaimed on Chestnut street that the new concern would manufacture 50 pianos a week. It was also given out last week that a building had been secured in Camden, N. J., corner of West and Clinton streets, and was being then rapidly fitted into a piano factory. A call at this place showed that there was nothing going on there as yet. The building is an old shoe factory, which ran a few months, having been born in a similar way to this piano scheme, and then failed. The building is certainly large, but is hardly suitable for a piano plant.

The head and front of this proposed large factory is Mr. A. Segal, who has an office located in the Drexel Building. His office is similar to those of other promoters, having on its walls pictures of mills in all parts of the country which, it is presumed, are in active operation. Mr. Segal was asked:

"Mr. Segal, as a representative of THE MUSICAL COURIER, I should like to ask you the aims and plans of this latest venture of yours—the United Piano Company."

"There is very little to say," replied Mr. Segal, "the affairs of the United Piano Company are as yet in an embryonic state. We have not gone farther than to organize the company and engage a man to run it. I was approached by a New York manufacturer of pianos some time last winter and was asked to form a stock company, as the New Yorker wished to sell his plant to other parties, and his business to us, upon which he would move here, engaging in manufacture under the direction of the company I was to form. I immediately saw some of my clients, bankers, brokers and capitalists of leisure, and shortly was enabled to announce to the manufacturer that the capital for a big concern was in sight. Judge of my surprise when this New York manufacturer backed down completely. I was thus left with money on my hands, or at my call, money of bankers, brokers and capitalists, who desired investment at my hands. I could not disappoint these gentlemen, so I immediately began correspondence with several piano men, and at last secured Mr. Voight, who wanted to run such a plant as I proposed establishing. Mr. Voight is an old piano man, having run successfully several piano factories. He will be here shortly and we will commence immediately."

"Who is Mr. Voight? What factories did he run successfully, and what factory was he connected with last?" was asked Mr. Segal.

"I can't answer any of those questions," replied Mr. Segal.

"Why not? Is it a secret or do you not know?"

"I don't know."

"Is it not singular, Mr. Segal, that you cannot furnish information regarding a man whom you are to trust with the running of a business when I tell you that Mr. Voight is not known, nor have we ever heard of such an individual?"

"I have been given to understand that Mr. Voight is a man of large experience, and that alone satisfies me."

"In what part of the country did Mr. Voight run these several factories?"

"In the West. I can't furnish any information about Mr. Voight. He has not lately been connected with any factory, but he is at present settling up his affairs in Chicago; will shortly be here himself, and you can interview him."

This was all Mr. Segal could or would furnish as to information regarding the mysterious Mr. Voight.

There has been no correspondence with supply men nor has anything been done with their representatives as yet. As regards the story of the New York pianomaker other reliable sources tell a tale widely different from Mr. Segal's. It runs this way:

Mr. Segal came to New York, looked over several of the cheapest makes of pianos in Harlem, and offered to take the concern to Philadelphia, where he had a big factory for the man who was smart enough to close with him. When the matter focused Mr. Segal offered to buy the business of a Harlem manufacturer, giving him bonds on his big factory in Camden, N. J., in lieu of cash. Of course the manufacturer refused. Then Mr. Segal projected this company, with the result of a corporation. He offered the management of it to a well-known Chestnut street man, who, after investigating, refused to touch it.

A short time ago a gentleman giving his name as M. B. Freeman, with address at 307 Drexel Building, Philadelphia (which is the office of Mr. Segal), met Mr. Wm. Street, of C. J. Heppé & Son, on a boat bound to Philadelphia from a pleasure resort, and talked over the marvellous prospects of a piano plant that would net investors 10 and perhaps 20 per cent. for their money. It was to build a piano of the very cheapest grade and to sell for considerably under \$100. Mr. Freeman gave out that he was interested in the business. His name does not appear in the Philadelphia directory.

Mr. Segal is the man who, when John Wanamaker was Postmaster General, bid so low that the Government contract for postal cards was awarded him. It will be remembered that Mr. Wanamaker was censured for this letting of a contract to a syndicate that had never done anything in manufacturing Government cards and supplies. The price bid was almost ridiculously low, and Mr. Segal, not finding any mill that would do the work for his syndicate, went ahead and organized a pulp mill, but the scheme busted. He, however, sold this syndicate a mill, which he subsequently rebought at the sheriff's sale that followed the financial embarrassment of the syndicate. This he has lately resold to the West Jersey Ice Company.

He is generally regarded as a promoter who makes money, but no one was found who could testify as to the running of two different companies that he has formed and launched. He is a promoter pure and simple. He sold the Blasius Piano Company their present Woodbury factory, which is all the trade knows of him. His inability or reluctance to furnish anything tangible about the United Piano Company of Philadelphia, coupled with the knowledge people generally have of him in Philadelphia as a promoter, leads one to suppose that the United Piano Company of Philadelphia is simply a promoter's scheme which will die a-borning. Should it do otherwise some piano man who is better known than the totally unknown Mr. Voight will have to head the concern.

A Wild Cat Scheme.

C. J. Heppé & Son some time ago were approached by Mr. J. W. Kreppé, of 26 Cortlandt street, New York, and were asked their lowest prices on 300 of their famous motors to be used by the Electric Automatic Banjo Company, of Red Bank, N. J., for running automatic banjos. After figuring with the gentleman they announced their price on the machines and received a first order for five machines to be delivered at Red Bank at once. Before closing the following prospectus was given them by the promoter, Mr. Kreppé. As it furnishes an object lesson in schemes on paper we reprint it:

Electric Automatic Banjo Company of Maryland and the District of Columbia.

Banjo—Guitar—Mandolin—Harp.

Capital Stock, \$150,000, Divided into 15,000 Shares—Par Value, \$10 Each.

DISPOSITION OF THE STOCK.—In the treasury, \$100,000; to the promoters, \$50,000.

PRICE OF PATENTS.—Cash, \$5,000, and one-fifth of the

gross receipts from the nickel-in-the-slot, but nothing from the receipts from the advertisements.

PRICE OF THE FIRST 100 MACHINES.—Delivered f. o. b. at factory at Red Bank, N. J., \$300 each; after that, \$250.

IT IS PROPOSED TO COMMENCE BUSINESS with 100 machines. At a low, conservative estimate each machine will average, net, \$1 per day, 300 working days—equal to \$30,000 per annum, which is equivalent to 20 per cent. on the total capital stock.

TO RAISE FUNDS TO PAY FOR PATENTS and to purchase said 100 machines and a cash working capital in the treasury of \$5,000, 8,000 shares are offered at \$5 per share, thus giving the inventor 40 per cent. on the capital invested.

AFTER THIS IS DONE THE CONDITION OF THE COMPANY will be at the time it begins business:

- 1.—Cash in bank, \$5,000.
- 2.—Ownership of 100 machines.
- 3.—Ownership of patents for State of Maryland and the District of Columbia.
- 4.—Stock in the treasury, 2,000 shares; par value, \$20,000.

TAKE NOTICE AND REMEMBER that the amount of the dividends above named on the total capital stock, also the percentage on the amount of capital invested, are based on a low, conservative estimate of 100 machines only, and as the number of machines increase, which they will surely do, likewise do the dividends and percentage on investment.

Messrs. C. J. Heppé & Son did not thoroughly investigate the scheme, and shipped the five machines. As the cash did not come they requested payment, and were informed that a check would be forthcoming in a couple of weeks; but instead of the check expected they received a notice that the concern was "busted"—that's why they are mourning a small loss, as well as rejoicing that it was no larger.

Mr. C. J. Heppé's Serious Illness.

Some time ago Mr. Heppé went to Cape May for rest and recreation. He was in excellent health, but a couple of weeks ago was suddenly seized with chills. His illness increased so rapidly that several physicians were called in, who declared him suffering from a dangerous attack of pneumonia. Mr. Florence Heppé, his son, was summoned, and he immediately went to his bedside. On Saturday a week ago Mr. Heppé's condition was so serious that Mr. Street remained until late at the store, fearing at every moment to learn of Mr. Heppé's demise.

All day Sunday and Monday this continued, but late on Tuesday afternoon their fears were allayed with the intelligence that the head of the house was a little better. At 5 P. M. Mr. Florence Heppé arrived from his father's bedside, announcing that his condition was more favorable, but stated that should he have a relapse it would almost certainly prove fatal. At the present writing Mr. Heppé is doing better.

All along Chestnut street the kindest expressions of good will were heard for Mr. Heppé, and his recovery was most earnestly hoped for. It is particularly gratifying to hear competitors praising the good qualities of a business rival—but that's the way they do in Philadelphia, which is certainly setting a good example to all trade centres.

Notes.

In the house of N. Stetson & Co., Mr. Clarence Shank and Mr. Von Bernuth had just returned from their vacation and Mr. B. F. Owen was preparing for a five weeks' trip across the Atlantic, sailing from New York Saturday, August 18, on board the Etruria.

Blasius & Sons have secured the United States agency for the automatic piano attachments of Ludwig Hupfeld. Mr. Oscar Blasius and Mr. H. G. Farnham are engaged in drawing plans for a fall business.

Mr. J. G. Ramsdell is at Newport, going there on his pleasure yacht.

Mr. F. A. North is at home enjoying himself, so is almost the rest of Philadelphia. Everybody is glad the tariff bill is passed, hoping for a successful season during the fall of 1894.

MALCOLM LOVE PIANOS.

A High Grade Piano, equal to any!

MANUFACTURED BY

WATERLOO ORGAN CO., Waterloo, N. Y.

We invite correspondence from Dealers in localities where we are not represented.

P. J. Gildemeester, for Many Years Managing Partner of Messrs. Chickering & Sons.

Gildemeester & Kroeger

Henry Kroeger, for Twenty Years Superintendent of Factories of Messrs. Steinway & Sons.

Second Avenue and Twenty-first Street, New York.

It is manufactured in one of the best equipped factories in the country, of the best material and by the most skilled workmen.

FOUR POINTS

which account for

the marked success

of the

VOSE.....

....PIANO

and for its

popularity

throughout

the

country.

It has been upon the market for the past 44 years, and is in 34,000 homes, each of which is a strong advocate of the VOSE.

It is popular with the dealers, because it is easy to sell and gives little trouble when once placed in a home.

It was recognized at the World's Fair for its Sweet Tone, Well Balanced Scale, Well Regulated Action, Firm and Elastic Touch, for the material used in its construction, and for the Artistic Design of its Cases.

**VOSE & SONS
PIANO CO.,**

174 Tremont Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

The French Horn.

OF all brass instruments with cup mouth-pieces, the French horn, so called, may justly claim precedence for musical beauty of tone, for rich color, dynamic flexibility and sympathetic vibrancy. Prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century a horn, termed cor de chasse, having its tubes arranged in spiral convolutions somewhat similar with the French horn of to-day, was used in France by huntsmen, hence its name. The tone of the hunting horn, being powerful and brilliant, well adapted it to the purpose to which it was devoted, viz., that of performing signals in hunting; but precluded the use of such an instrument from among the orchestral resources of that period.

Subjected no doubt to some modification, we find it admitted to the orchestra, but not without strenuous opposition on account of its "coarse and vulgar" tone, an objection later urged against the cornet by the sticklers for musical purity, with as little success in the one case as in the other. Once the instrument had been introduced, it speedily won its way to adoption in all the orchestras of Europe, as may be seen from the statement that between the date (1720) of its first employment in England by the opera band of the Haymarket in Händel's "Radamists," and 1770, when Hampl, the Dresden horn player, discovered that by inserting the hand in the bell of the instrument the notes intermediate to those of the fundamental series could be produced, it had won recognition as an orchestral force from all composers of eminence. Kappey states "the horn was introduced into the orchestra of the Imperial Opera, at Vienna, from 1712 to 1740, after which it seems that its use was discontinued for a time," a period which, according to that author, extended over 50 years, when it was again introduced as the Waldhorn or forest horn.

Kappey, however, weakens the above remark by a succeeding statement, in effect that Johann Werner, second horn player in the Imperial Opera at Vienna, brought forward an invention "by which the longer crook could be inserted into the centre of the horn." This was in 1754, or 14 years after the date assigned above as the commencement of a period of 50 years' rest. The fact is, the date at which the horn was first admitted to the orchestra is uncertain, and Kappey himself shows this when he states that "the records of the Royal Theatre of Dresden show

that there were two horns in the orchestra in 1711." The introduction of the horn in French orchestras is attributed to F. J. Gossec, 1757, 37 years later than its advent in England.

J. S. Bach, who died in 1750, included parts for horns in many of his scores, a fact disproving the statement that the instrument was relegated to a state of rest during a period extending from 1740 to 1790, at which latter date the great symphonist and quartet writer Haydn was about 58 years old, who, as all musicians are aware, included horns in all his orchestral works, besides having written concertos for the instrument. Haydn was born at Rohrau, in Austria, and it is highly probable would not have written so much and often for the horn had it fallen into a state of desuetude. Bach, in Prussia; Haydn, in Austria; Gossec, in France; Scarlatti, in Italy; not to mention Händel, in England, are the names of some of the composers who were demanding the services of horn players in the production of their works during Kappey's period of 40 years' rest.

Presuming the date 1711 to be the earliest at which the horn was introduced in the orchestra, it will be perceived that for about 59 years horn players were accustomed to elicit from their instruments only sounds such as can be drawn from any open tube, and in the ratio of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and so on up to 19. In the early days of the instrument, and for the purpose of modifying and subduing its tone, it was customary to insert a mute made of wood or cardboard into the bell, as, at the same period, it was also the custom to introduce a pad of cotton wool into the bell of the oboe for a like purpose. Hampl, a horn player at the court of Dresden, about 1770, presuming that cotton wool would be as effective in the horn as in the oboe, experimented with it, and was surprised to find the insertion of that material into his instrument raised its pitch a semitone.

"Struck with the result," writes W. H. Stone, "he employed his hand instead of the pad, and discovered the first and original method by which the intervals between the harmonic series of open notes could be partially bridged over." The notes thus produced by insertion of the hand were termed "hand notes," and the instrument itself came to be known as the "hand horn." The French term the sounds obtained by assistance of the hand sons étouffé (stuffed or muffled sounds), because of their quality, which

as "closed" sounds differ much from the open sounds of the instrument. This discovery greatly extended the usefulness and character of the instrument, and both performers and composers readily adopted and utilized it; the latter, to enhance the effects of their orchestration, so disposed their parts that when some weird or mysterious effect was desired the horn parts were constituted of "hand notes," or where a more frank or joyous expression was required they wrote for the open sounds.

Three years after Hampl's discovery a horn player, by name Spandau, appeared in England as a soloist. The fact is thus mentioned in a foot note in Sir John Hawkin's "History of Music." "In the beginning of the year 1773 a foreigner named Spandau played in a concert at the opera house a concerto, part whereof was in the key of C with the minor third, in the performance whereof all the intervals seemed to be as perfect as in any wind instrument; this improvement was effected by putting his right hand into the bottom or bell of the instrument and attempering the sounds by the application of his fingers to different parts of the tube." This instance indicates the rapid adoption of Hampl's discovery.

In the early days of the horn in the orchestra it was necessary, as it is with clarinet players to-day, for the performer to be equipped with instruments in differing keys. But this, cumbersome and expensive as it must have been for the player, was a decided advance musically upon the practice immediately preceding, when, all horns being made in the key of F, the instrument could be used only when a composition chanced to be written in a key suitable thereto. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the length of tubing of the horn was reduced from 12 feet to about 7½ feet, and "crooks," varying in length from 1½ to 10½ feet, were made, so that the player might by addition of one or another to the body of his instrument place it practically in any key within the compass of an octave. An improvement on this was effected by Johann Werner, previously referred to. But until the discovery of the "hand notes" by Hampl the notes played by hornists were simply those of the fundamental series, which of course differed in pitch with each change of "crook." Performances were therefore confined to the open sounds.

For all closed sounds but three the bell is entirely "stopped" by the hand. For two notes of the three the

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Accordyons and Symphonion Music Boxes and
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EXPORTER OF ALL KINDS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND ARTICLES.

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STULTZ & BAUER,
— MANUFACTURERS OF —
Grand and Upright
PIANOS.

FACTORY AND WAREHOUSES:

338 and 340 East 31st St., New York.



Equally good for Pianos or Organs.

Hartford Diamond Polish Co.,

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR SIR:

We find nothing to equal the Diamond Polish. Yours truly,

TABER ORGAN CO.

Worcester, Mass., May 24, 1894.

OUR BUSINESS—

PIANO CASES.

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PHELPS & LYDDON,
Cor. Allen and Main Sts.,
Rochester, N. Y.

KRANICH
& BACH
Grand, Square and Upright
PIANOS.

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bell is about two-thirds stopped; while for the third sound it is one-half stopped.

The method of stopping is to draw the fingers together, by causing the index and fourth fingers to meet at their tips in front of the second and third, the thumb reaching into the triangle thus formed. In this way the hand forms a sort of wedge, which may be readily inserted into the bell, closing it almost entirely when pushed forward sufficiently, or to be withdrawn one-half, two-thirds or altogether, leaving proportionately more space for egress of the air column, as occasion demands. When the hand is not thus in use the bell of the instrument is allowed to rest upon the open palm, the hand being well drawn back, so as not to come in conflict with the air column on its passage outward.

The hand horn remained in vogue without a competitor for 50 years after 1770, and although attempts were made to effect improvements, no radical departure from the old form was produced until about 1820, when Stölzel, or Stölzel, of Berlin, brought forward a valve for the horn. Doubts exists as to this man's claim to be the inventor of that appliance. Kappey says that he purchased it from an oboe player named Blümel, while there are others who are inclined to dispute the statement that the valve originated in Germany. W. H. Stone, in "Grove's Dictionary," remarks: "It is difficult to identify the original inventor of this ingenious contrivance. A rude form of valve may occasionally be seen on old trombones, in which four parallel sliding tubes are actuated by a lever for each set, giving the instrument the appearance of a rank of organ pipes or of a Pandean reed. The earliest definite facts are two patents of John Shaw; the first taken out in 1824, and the second, which he calls a 'rotary' or 'swivel' action, in 1838."

Mr. Stone ignores the claim set up for Stölzel, of which he was undoubtedly aware. However, as we are not concerned just now with the question of the inventorship of the valve so much as with the effect of that contrivance upon the horn itself, its discussion must be left to others who delight in the endeavor to penetrate the gloom surrounding such subjects. Whether Blümel, Stölzel or Shaw invented the valve is immaterial, as the contrivance in the beginning was but a germ that in the hands of more skillful men developed into a thing of great utility, and to them the greatest credit after all is due. Anton Sax early perceived the possibilities lying with the crude attempt of his predecessors, and bent his energy and wonderful mechanical ingenuity to the development of the same, with the result of really accomplishing something of benefit to the horn in particular and musical art in general.

Later came Besson and Courtois, who also gave the matter serious thought, and effected improvements upon the system of pistons that Sax had labored at. In Austria and Germany the piston attachment to horns never became popular; neither is it to this day. Instrument makers in those countries have devoted their attention to the improvement of the rotary valve, which is described as a "fourway stopcock turning in a cylindrical case in the plane of the instrument, two of its four ways forming part of the main channel, the other two, on its rotating through the quadrant of a circle, admitting the air to the bypath," otherwise the length of additional tubing connected with each valve. The action of the rotary valve is said to be more readily responsive to the touch of the performer's fingers than is that of the piston valve, and for this reason is preferred by many, especially horn players.

The purpose and operation of the valves, as applied to brass instruments in general, are too well known to need further remark in this place. Yet, owing to the fact that the sounds of the French horn most employed are the high ones of the harmonic series, it is well to point out that for all practical purposes two valves are sufficient on that instrument. Equipped with these aids each chromatic note in an extensive scale may be produced with a certainty, it being necessary to resort to the method of "stopping" on one note only, and that the low G sharp or A flat.

Besides which, owing to the close sequence of harmonics generated by each change of valve, are many exceptional fingerings. A word of explanation is here necessary. Presuming the main tube of the horn to generate a given series of sounds, each valve when pressed down, opening a way into additional and successively greater lengths of tubing, will naturally, changing the total length of the instrument, generate a new series of sounds lower than, but in the same ratio as those of the open tube.

The action of the second valve lowers the pitch of the entire instrument a semitone; that of the first valve a full tone, and of the two combined a tone and a half.

Nor is this all; for by utilizing the instrument as a hand horn the valves may be used simply to obviate changes of crooks from time to time. Supposing the instrument to stand in F, pressing down the second valve and keeping it lowered will throw it into E; a similar process with the first, and subsequently with the first and second, will throw it into E flat and D, respectively. And in this connection about the only real use the third valve possesses comes forward, as by it new combinations and other transpositions may be effected. The third valve makes a new point of departure. Its effect alone is precisely similar with that of the first and second combined; that is, to lower the pitch

of the instrument a tone and a half. But, as it may make combination with one or the other, or both of the other valves, it follows that three other transpositions than those above enumerated may be made. The second and third valves pressed and kept down will throw the horn into D flat, the first and third into C, and the first, second and third into B. Thus the horn player who employs his instrument as a hand horn has in the valves the power to achieve as much as though he carried six of the full equipment of 18 crooks.

Naturally the addition of a third valve opens up new methods of fingering, but, as above shown, these can hardly be esteemed any positive gain to the instrument, especially when it is known that the third valve is usually the most defective of the three, and that notes produced from combination of it with others are frequently found to be out of tune for structural reasons apparently impossible to overcome. Yet if this valve be used as above suggested it may be so drawn by the performer as to greatly accommodate, if not entirely overcome the discrepancy noticeable when the valve is employed singly, as it is on other brass instruments.

When valve horns were first introduced they met with much and bitter opposition, and, while some of it still lingers, it is rapidly passing away. This fact is attributable to the great improvements that, during the past 50 or 60 years, have taken place in the construction of wind instruments in general. Formerly empiricism obtained, now science directs the operations of instrument makers, and it is questionable if the poorest creations of to-day are not fully equal with, if not superior to those of the early part of the present century, to say nothing of those of preceding times.

The beauty of tone, compass and facilities for execution combined in the horn make it a most desirable musical instrument for either orchestra, band, solo, home or church purposes. Its tonal characteristic is distinctive, being sympathetic, diffusive and readily blending with those of other instruments, to which it imparts a richness of color not obtainable from any other instrument. For this reason it seems a pity that the alto, so called, has been permitted to supplant it in our bands, a procedure as about as wise as the exclusion of sunlight from a room in favor of gas or some other artificial light.—*The "Dominant."*

—Mr. David H. Dunham, in commenting on his depleted stock of pianos, declares that he is only making pianos on order now.

—Mr. B. F. Owen, connected with N. Stetson & Co., of Philadelphia, was in New York on Friday last. Mr. Owen, with Mrs. Owen, started for a five weeks' trip to Europe on Saturday on the Etruria.

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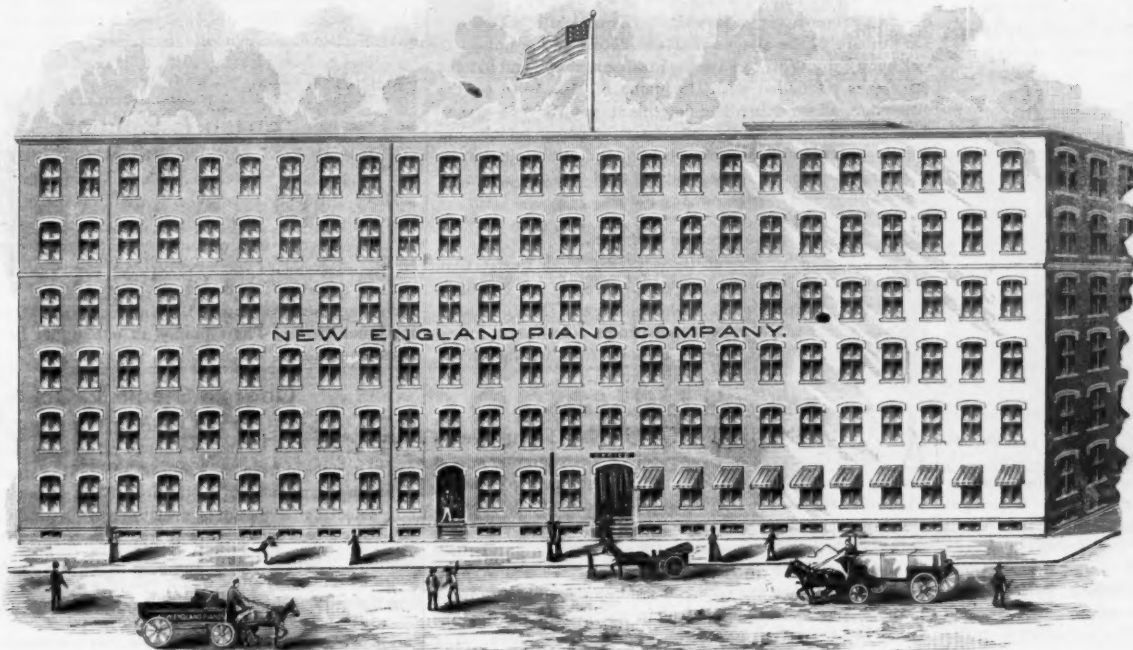
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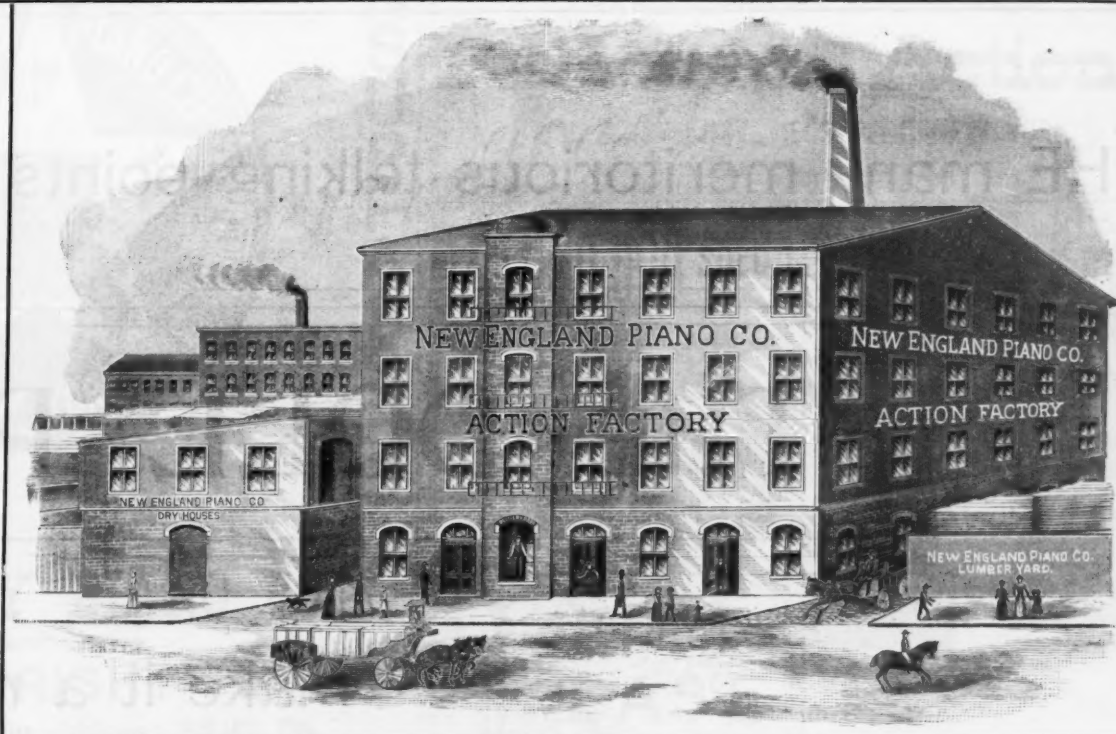
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WOES OF MUSIC MEN.

He Bought Guitars.

LEE M. BYRNE recently purchased two guitars from Legg Brothers, of Kansas City, paying with a check for \$15, and receiving about \$5 in change. The check was declared worthless, and about a week ago the clerk who sold Byrne the goods met him on the street and turned him over to the police.

Many local firms were swindled and Byrne stands a good chance of conviction. When searched at the police station letters were found on his person which indicate that he was at one time collector for the St. Louis branch of Estey & Camp.

Wanted a Cornet.

Early Thursday morning a thief broke open the show window in Charles W. Held's music store at 310 Fulton street, Brooklyn. The only booty carried away was a nickel plated cornet worth \$15.

Wants Hahn to Pay.

The wife of James A. Daly recently secured a divorce from her husband, and now he is trying to get \$25,000 from Adam Hahn, a piano dealer on Union Square, who he claims has stolen his wife's affections.

A Slick Piano Agent.

An information was made some time ago by Mrs. Rachael Walters, of Stanton's Mills, Jenner Township, Somerset County, before Squire Rauch, of Jennertown, charging J. D. Hocking, of this city, agent for pianos, with fraudulently obtaining a promissory note amounting to \$250. The legal papers were sent to Alderman Rutledge, of the Fifth Ward, who gave the warrant to Constable Charles Witt. Hocking, with his family, has been out of town for some time. Upon his return recently he was arrested by Constable Witt and escorted to the alderman's office, where he furnished bail in the sum of \$300 for his appearance at the next term of Somerset Court.

Mrs. Walters stated that some time ago Hocking called at her home desiring to sell her a piano. She told the agent that her neighbor had an instrument which she would not give house room, and that if he was selling that piano she did not want it. He stated to her that an agent who would sell such an instrument should be drummed out of the country. After some talk he was granted

permission to bring one of his pianos, for which Mrs. Walters gave him a promissory note for \$250. The prosecutrix declares that after a few days Mr. Hocking brought to her home the very piano which he had left at her neighbor's house on trial, and to which objections had been made.

The defendant denies that such was the case, and will substantiate his claim at the next term of Somerset Court. —Johnstown, Pa., "Tribune."

Elsie Wasn't Wise.

Elsie Wise is suing the Denver Music Company for \$1,950. She is the composer of a waltz, "The Hunter's Dream." On January 27 she alleges that the defendant promised to get her a copyright, to have the music engraved and to have 500 copies published with the name of Miss Wise on the title page, all for \$20. The defendant put its own name, Denver Music Company, on the title page, which, she claims, prevented dealers in Chicago and other cities from handling the music, as they did not deal with the company. They also refuse to give her the plates.

The Firemen Had Fun.

The music store of A. R. Bacon, at 30 South Main street, Wilkesbarre, Pa., was damaged by fire to the extent of \$2,500 last Saturday week. No insurance. The fire made a dense smoke and caused considerable commotion among the firemen, who had several mishaps from bursted pipes.

Redwood for London.

A CONSIGNMENT of redwood from Humboldt County, Cal., was received yesterday by a local lumber firm. The lumber will be reshipped to London, where it will be used to fill special orders from cabinet-makers and piano manufacturers. Redwood was exhibited at the Paris and Chicago expositions. The order received by the firm is due to the notice attracted by the wood on exhibition. The slabs received are unfinished and number 13 in all. Each section is 9 feet in width, representing the diameter of the tree, 4 feet long and 5 inches thick. The circumference of the tree when standing was almost 30 feet, as the bark of the tree is over 5 inches thick. The height of the tree was about 280 feet.

The redwood tree flourishes best in Humboldt and Mendocino counties. The belt in Humboldt County is 12 to 15 miles deep and not one-tenth of it has been cut. In one county alone the total output is 320,000,000 feet a year. At that rate the present supply will not be exhausted for

two centuries. The grain of the wood is either straight or curly. There is no way of telling the grain until the tree is cut down and sawed. The straight grained is the more valuable, as it is used by piano manufacturers for sounding boards.

Technically, the straight grained wood is known as "quarter sawed." The curly grained redwood is used for moldings, car trimmings and fine cabinet woodwork. The wood is used for veneer, and is susceptible of a high polish. From the rougher parts of the wood shingles are made.

The burl of the tree is an excrescence, which varies from 3 to 20 feet in thickness, and is due to some cause which has not been satisfactorily explained. The wood of the burl has a bird's-eye grain. It is used for table tops. —"Sun."

Strich & Zeidler.

STRICH & ZEIDLER will have ready for the trade about September 15 a handsome new catalogue.

Many of the styles represented will be entirely new, and it is promised by these young piano makers that they will be handsomer in design than any heretofore turned out by them.

They have had a good season, so Mr. Strich reports, and have kept running during the summer without accumulating much stock. Their pianos in oak finish have had an excellent sale.

George Steck & Co.

MR. GEORGE NEMBACH of George Steck & Co., thinks the number of retail cash sales which are being made from their salesrooms quite remarkable.

Just how anyone can go through their warerooms without selecting a piano is pretty hard to understand, for their stock was never more complete as to beautiful instruments. We have often had occasion to remark the case work of this firm, all of which can be confirmed by inspecting the stock, which they take much pleasure in showing.

—J. W. Guernsey, the music dealer, has purchased from C. P. Davidson and C. M. Parker the property at 314 and 316 Washington avenue, with a frontage of 25 feet. The price paid is \$18,000 and is considered very good. There are two one story business places at present upon the property. These are occupied by Reese & Long, the bill posters and Groceryman Reed. The property at 318 Washington avenue is also owned by Mr. Guernsey. It is Mr. Guernsey's intention to take down the present structures and replace them with a splendid five story building. The work will be commenced as soon as Mr. Guernsey decides on plans and specifications. He will occupy the new building himself. —Scranton (Pa.) "Truth."

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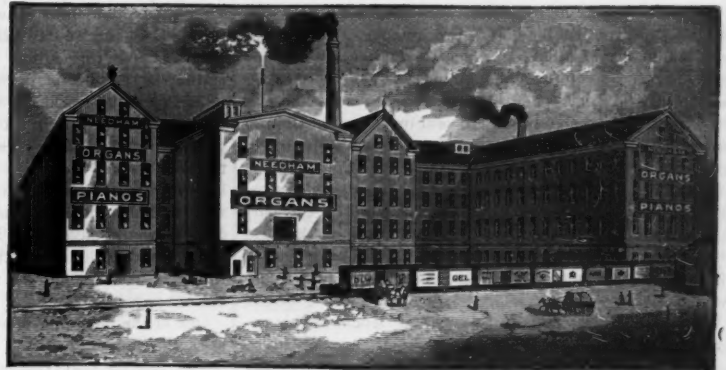
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EXPERIENCE NO. XVI.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

IT did not take me long to find out why my wife snored so, for the very next day she told me that she also had a dream, and that she would gradually tell me all of it if I promised to keep quiet and say nothing. I did so and I kept my word, and hence you only hear of it now because she has released me from my promise and permits me to give you the details.

You know how women are. They make up their minds to a thing, and they stick to it until they change their minds, if it takes ten minutes. My wife changed her mind about fifty times before I could get her to let me explain that terrible snore dream of hers.

The curious part of it is that she also dreamed about Europe, but it will strike you as funny when I tell you that she dreamed that both Monk and Terrier were in Europe together, and what brought about her terrible nightmare that night and made her snore so was because she was reading what the two editors had sent on for publication in the two papers. I will just repeat to you what she dreamed, giving you her own words.

Monk and Terrier happened to meet at the historical battlefield of Waterloo and an incautious word on the part of the party of the second part put the party of the first part on his guard, for Terrier in one of those moments when his intellect is not in its suspicious mood told Monk that he would send his impressions of the battle to the "Windyhater," and the result was that Monk on his return to Brussels that evening did just what Terrier did, so that both the "Windyhater" and the "Slogo" had accounts of the battle of Waterloo, and my wife was reading the two accounts, which of course made her snore so. This is what she read:

THE "WINDYHATER'S" ACCOUNT.

There was no spot in Europe outside of Monte Carlo, Paris and the University of Oxford I was more anxious to visit than the place where Napoleon and his army met the soldiers of Wellington, and where those memorable words, *veni, vidi, vici*, were flashed over the wires by the conqueror of the great Corsican. Before I could come to Waterloo I had first to get some money and then go to Brussels. We went out on a Tally Ho, Lord Waydown sitting next to me, the incident happening just in the usual way, for his lordship had mistaken me for a member of the proposed Irish House of Lords.

We got on very nicely indeed, as he said, and before

five minutes were over I did not know what he was talking about. All I do now remember is that he said something about the fatality of nations or the house of all nations or something rather curious to me and I leaned back, smoking a cigar and thinking of the fishing a man misses who fails to visit the fishing banks.

Finally, after riding along until we stopped for good we got to the battleground. Roads are cut in several directions to permit wagons and carriages to get near the place, and I was surprised to find that there was no fence around it and that admission was free. Napoleon ought to have known that if there was no charge of admission so many foreigners would rush in that he would have no chance at all. But that's the way things go when one is good-natured.

From all I could see old man Napoleon could not have been very well on that day. I wish I had been with him. I could have told him exactly where the enemy was weak, for I found it out to-day exactly. Wellington had it in for Nap anyhow for calling him names. Both had been trained to the pink of perfection, and I would have given anything in the world if I had been present. But it did not take long for Nap's friends to see that he was somewhat groggy, for they could detect it even in his eyes. Wellington was backed heavily in London and throughout England. In fact I met a man the other day on Clark street who told me that if he had stayed in England in those days he would have backed Wellington himself if he could get a friend to loan him the money, as it was a dead sure thing. But the friend did not step up and I was just then out of town.

One of the men from whom I bought some of the minnie balls that are daily found in the grass on the old field of battle, told me that Napoleon really suffered from a vermifuge appendix which would have killed him anyhow had he not died at Helena, Mont., six years later. Rumor on the battlefield has it that he was engaged in eating cherry pits the night before the sanguinary encounter contrary to the advice of his aid-de-camp, who told him that they were unhealthy unless you know exactly who had eaten the cherries from which the pits were collected. But Napoleon was always stubborn, something like myself in that respect (it must have been at this point that I heard my wife's teeth grinding that night in her sleep), and he persisted in eating the pits.

It has never yet been decided who fired the first shot. There is an old mill near the ground some distance from where you stand, if you wish to see it plainly and a big bullet hole is in it. This was made from a revolver Napoleon fired to test his nerve that morning. The bullet struck the

door and the whole staff cheered and cried out "Good shot," and this gave Nap all the confidence he needed. But it was looked upon as the beginning of the battle by the British, and the Prince of Orange, so called because he eat oranges every morning and wore yellow pants, in a hurry to reply, yanked his revolver out of his belt too suddenly and it went off and shot him in the calf skin. He was carried off the field on a shutter and there are many monuments erected to his memory in the Netherlands in recognition of his services on that memorable occasion.

But that is the way the battle opened. Napoleon at once ordered his cavalry to mount, and quicker than it takes to wink ten times the French were in their saddles. They had a hard time keeping their horses quiet, for Napoleon ordered the artillery to open up, and at the same time directed all the regimental bands to play "Annie Laurie." They didn't have any international pitch in those days, and the different bands playing in different keys, together with the booming of the cannon, really created the panic among the cavalry horses which subsequently brought about defeat.

During this time Wellington was playing seven-up with his friend Gordon in the Museum, where the Waterloo relics are all preserved. The full particulars of this part of the battle can be found in the memoirs written by his great grandfather. But when Colonel McGregor of the 269th Highlanders came in and told him that the French bands were playing "Annie Laurie" Wellington's dutch got up, and out he went in a terrible jiffy and said "Boys, up and at them." I stood on that very spot, and was thoroughly perspired by the scene; it was truly wonderful. A terrible scene ensued. While some of the men were trying to finish the last remnants in their pipes the French poured in their hot shot, and fired the pipes right out of the mouths of the enemy, breaking dozens at a time.

One poor English soldier whose mother had just sent him a pouch of tobacco via Ostend, was finishing his second from the last whiff when a cannon ball carried off the whole pipe, leaving only the stem in the mouth of the Britisher. There is a smell of tobacco to be smelled now by fine noses, who can distinguish tobacco from cabbage, but it did make the English soldier wild. No sooner had the full effect of Wellington's command been understood, when a rush was made for the centre of the French position. In less than five and a half hours the English succeeded in gaining 8 inches of ground, and it was felt all along the line that somebody would get hurt. In a fight like that something must give way or bust.

By this time all the cannons were belching fire from their open mouths, and it was dangerous for any outsider to be

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seen between the two armies. Soldiers were seen galloping along the front warning women with babies and small children to hurry away or step aside.

Suddenly a green flag was seen in the distance to the left of the English and to the right of the French. It was over a beer wagon from a brewery, and Napoleon's keen instinct of genius at once concluded that these must be Germans, and he was right: they were Germans. The English thought they were a picnic party or some German sharpshooters' organization, but it was in fact an army hid in the woods waiting for the word to start the bung. Napoleon then knew that his game was up, for he blew a small whistle which meant "retreat," and on hearing this the French returned to Paris.

The subsequent results are known. Wellington became duke soon thereafter, but he could never find out why, and the Germans who helped to fix the thing went home and had a good time all to themselves. The battlefield looked beautiful to-day and I felt as if I could have licked the English myself if I had been there. In view of the terrible calamity due to the vermifuge appendix I warn every man in the trade to be careful and not try to ride horseback until he has it cured.

TERRIER.

#### THE ACCOUNT IN THE "SLOWGO."

Ever since the Chicago Exposition closed its doors upon me I have had a peculiar anxiety to visit the field where a battle called Waterloo was fought, of which I heard on the Fair ground, and finally to-day I accomplished this desire. I have been reading up and down on it, and the reports were so very contradictory that I thought I should go out to-day and decide the battle, and I did so to my complete satisfaction.

Waterloo is really no battlefield at all; it is a station on the railway from Brussels to some city in the interior, and Napoleon must have been anxious to capture it, for reasons of his own. He did not go about it in the right fashion, however, for instead of marching upon it he tried to sneak in unawares, but he was foiled by a combination of circumstances over which he had no control; that is, to speak plain, he found several armies facing him to prevent him in gaining his purpose. This is apt to happen whenever war takes place.

The battlefield is located on the outside of the place, and consists of farms and farmhouses, roads, trees and shrubbery and lots of small things usually found on battlefields. When Napoleon, accompanied of course by his staff and his army, all except several divisions, under a marshal named Groggy, that were sent in another direction—when Napoleon Bonaparte came up the road toward Waterloo he found it blocked, and the heights further back lined by artillery. This proved to him that there was an enemy in his front, for otherwise their cannons would have pointed in the opposite direction toward Waterloo instead of toward him. He paused, like all great men do once in their lives.

What was the man to do? I notice in all the accounts of the battle not one writer has asked this question. (It must have been at this point that my wife emitted a deep groan in her nightmare.) It was indeed a great question, but he finally decided to stand his ground, and first to come to some conclusion regarding his foe. Naturally, like a cautious man, he first took out his field glasses to watch their movements and see what kind of flag they had.

Most historians do not know that Napoleon was not mounted on a horse that day. The celebrated picture of Bonaparte (which is merely another name for Napoleon) on a white horse, watching the battle, is merely paragonical. He was driving a four-in-hand. His doctor had told him not to ride horseback as it had made him awfully stoop shouldered and impeded the action of his left lung; besides that it gave him a pain in the liver and interfered with his larynx. As he was driving along he discovered the English flag, and sending out a detachment of men to steal an English officer he found his suspicions confirmed when they brought him into the lines. The English officer did not know right away who the commanding general was, and Napoleon ordered a sleeping powder so that the man's mind could take a rest for a number of hours, after which, when he awoke and found himself refreshed, he remembered that it was Wellington and told it immediately to Napoleon.

Napoleon made up his mind to capture Wellington, dead or alive, and selected the spot marked A as the place to do it.

A.

At this time Wellington's and Napoleon's positions were relatively as follows, the A being Wellington, the B Napoleon:

A

B. X

The X is a corner of the woods behind which Napoleon's staff was hiding. Wellington moved cautiously along a cross road leading from one highway to another in an opposite direction from both. There were three wings in each army—one the right, one the left, and one the centre, in the middle of the other two, but it must not be forgotten that while the two centres faced each other, the English left faced the French right, the French right facing the English left, while the French left faced the English right and the English right faced the French left. It requires considerable practice in tactics to learn all this, but I studied it up on my way to the battlefield. I had a headache afterward, which partly accounts for the long time it took for me to write this description of the battle.

Everything was now in readiness for the capture, and the orders were given so silently that there was no chance for any of the English soldiers to understand what had been said by the French. After a short and sharp exchange of shots, in which some mistakes were made by cross-eyed soldiers in the centre wounding others in the left or right wings instead of those in the opposite centre, a rush was made for an apple orchard on the English right, but as Wellington knew that Napoleon was fond of hard cider he very shrewdly threw an additional force into this orchard and held the French at bay. This was about 5 P. M., when the positions were as follows:

A

B

The spots are the English soldiers carried in the French rear after having been killed by French cross-eyed soldiers in the centre. Their bodies were subsequently exchanged for the bodies of French soldiers killed by a regiment of British deaf mutes, who continued to fire after the order to stop had been given, because they could not hear. Only recently a Flemish peasant, who was plowing the ground, found two ear trumpets that must have belonged to this regiment. They were sent to the British Museum and placed in the musical collection.

At 7 P. M. the fighting was terrific, and dead and wounded were embracing themselves on the field, most of them unconscious of the events transpiring about them. It will be seen from this diagram that Napoleon was steadily gaining his point.

A

B

S.

The S is the setting sun. It gets very late in these parts in June before the sun sets finally; it hovers around considerably more than it does in Chicago.

Suddenly about 8 o'clock a terrible commotion took place on the French right and the English left. It was noticed by Napoleon that some brand new soldiers were emerging from the dense woods, and his keen eye discovered that they were Germans who must have come from Germany. Wellington was making a dead break to join them, and before Napoleon could think twice the great general was in the arms of his German friend Blocker, whose grandson is now selling cocoa in the adjoining country Holland.

Napoleon took the hint, and the situation at 8:30 was like this:

A

BATTLEFIELD.

B

Of course Napoleon's scheme was thoroughly frustrated, and when he got back to Paris he resigned his position. There was really nothing else for him to do. If he had continued to reign the failure to capture Wellington would have injured his prestige and he might have been killed by an Anarchist.

Wellington received many decorations and had an island in the Southern Pacific (not railroad) named after him. There are many monuments erected in his honor in England but none yet in the United States.

MONK.

## HOW TO GET TRADE.

UNDER this head we expect to give each week valuable suggestions to dealers in pianos, organs and musical merchandise. We will try to answer any questions about advertising which our subscribers send in, and will reproduce and criticise advertisements which they now use if it is desired.

We are also prepared to furnish bright and original advertising matter to those who wish it, daily, weekly or monthly, at very moderate charges.

The original ads. published each week may be readily adapted to suit any store and any locality. If such use is made of them we would be glad to know it, and to receive marked copies of the papers containing them.

## HINTS FOR ADVERTISERS.

By Charles Austin Bates

No. XLIV.

I have received this letter and the accompanying advertisement:

RED BANK AND LAKEWOOD, N. J., July 26, 1894.

Mr. C. A. Bates:

SIR—The good ad. you reproduced in yesterday's MUSICAL COURIER as from Rockford, Ill., is one of a series of electros furnished by Ivers & Pond to their dealers.

Inclosed are four more. The space at bottom is filled in by Ivers & Pond, in the plate, with the name of the firm to whom it is sent.

This is one of numerous methods employed by these very liberal manufacturers to take care of the dealer.

Respectfully, CURTIS & FRENCH.

While no doubt this system of sending out electrotypes is commendable, and shows enterprise on the part of Ivers

## Ivers & Pond Pianos.

Few Pianos have more friends, none have firmer or more enthusiastic ones. The popularity of this piano is phenomenal. It is a first-class instrument at a price usually asked for a second grade.

Nobody ever made a handsomer case than the IVERS & POND new styles. Nobody ever did or could put in any better material throughout. The finish is irreproachable, the tone mellow, full and resonant, the action perfect. If there is anything a good piano ought to have that the IVERS & POND has not, we don't know what it is.

& Pond, the use of electrotypes in this way is unnecessary and expensive.

A better way for the piano manufacturer is to supply his

**STRICH & ZEIDLER, • PIANOS. •** Factory and Warerooms, 511 & 513 E. 137th St., New York.

**HAZELTON BROTHERS**

THOROUGHLY FIRST-CLASS **PIANOS** IN EVERY RESPECT.

APPEAL TO THE HIGHEST MUSICAL TASTE.

Nos. 34 & 36 UNIVERSITY PLACE, NEW YORK



dealers and agents with a series of printed proofs, sending them out either one at a time each week or all at once, as he may prefer.

With printed proof for guide, the average newspaper compositor will turn out the advertisement almost, if not quite as good as the copy. He will preserve the characteristics even if he cannot supply the exact type used in the copy.

The advertisement of Ivers & Pond which is reproduced here is almost word for word the same as an advertisement which the S. D. Lauter Company, of Newark, N. J., used a long time ago. I do not remember what piano it advertised, but certainly not the Ivers & Pond.

It may be a case of simultaneous inspiration, but I am inclined to think that it is a case of copy.

I have not any particular objection to this copying of advertisements, but I should think that Ivers & Pond would prefer to have their ideas original.

In THE MUSICAL COURIER of July 18 I reproduced an advertisement of the Phillips & Crew Company, of Atlanta,

## SPECIAL PIANO BARGAIN!

Good for Two (2) Months Only.

BUYERS should accept at once. An offer of a lifetime. Money saved in this purchase, and buyers should not hesitate in placing their orders.

**E. WITZMANN & CO.,**  
MEMPHIS, TENN.,

lead the van with an offer unparalleled. They have made a special contract for the exclusive handling of the

### HINZE PIANO.

WE PROPOSE FOR THE NEXT 60 DAYS

to offer Style No. 80, Upright Grand, 7½ Octaves, Solid Oak Case, Full size, Handsome Design, Good Action, Sweet Tone and solidly made, French Repeating Action.

Makers' List Price.....\$500  
Our Special Price.....\$218

**A BARGAIN** This Cabinet Grand Upright Piano, with three pedals, full iron plate, an old maker, good material, best workmanship and tone, our usual price \$300, less 10 per cent. for cash, now offered for \$218 cash, to be paid after receipt and approval.

### REMEMBER 7 THINGS.

1st.—Offer good for 60 days. 2d.—Easy terms and long time given if wanted; write for particulars. 3d.—We deliver the piano at your station. 4th.—Give free, plush covered ottoman, piano instructor and six pieces popular music. 5th.—Every buyer given a chance to test the piano, and if not as represented can return at our expense. 6th.—Give every purchaser five-year guarantee. 7th.—Money saved to whoever accepts.  
Write for full description. Tell plainly how you want to buy. More expensive pianos in stock. If this offer don't please you, write us; we have another that will. Write.

WE DEFY COMPETITION.

**E. WITZMANN & CO.,**  
MEMPHIS, TENN.

Ga. Here it is again with the difference that this time it is published by E. Witzmann & Co., of Memphis.

I said in my first criticism that I thought the ad. ought to sell some pianos. That may be said with equal truth again, but there are some objections to the ad. which prob-

ably the most of the readers of this department will not have to have pointed out to them.

The top of it needs pruning very badly. It is entirely too pyrotechnic. Superlatives are not necessary. "An offer of a lifetime" and "An offer unparalleled" are expressions too strong to be believable.

That is the style of a good deal of the Memphis advertising in all lines. There is a department store down there that uses pyrotechnic rhetoric very profusely. I know that this dry goods advertising pays remarkably well. So it may be possible that in Memphis the same style will sell pianos, but I do not believe it is a good style just the same.

Out in Cleveland Mr. A. D. Coe is having a special sale of pianos, which he is advertising in his usual skillful style. An advertisement of his in the "Cleveland Leader" occupies 6 inches across the top of a seven column page.

WE SELL PIANOS AND ORGANS LOWER THAN  
ANY OTHER HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.

## SPECIAL SALE OF PIANOS

BEGINNING

MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST 6, '94,  
AT 9 O'CLOCK.

and Continuing for Two Weeks.

The most important Piano sale ever advertised in Cleveland. If you call immediately you will find everything as advertised, and you will surely see something desirable. Bring this paper with you.

Remember that we carry the largest stock and always do about three times the largest business in the city in the finest Pianos. We own and personally control every department of our large and extensive Piano business. We buy outright to the best advantage, and have no partners, no stockholders, no profit sharers to increase expenses and burden customers with high prices. Piano buyers should think about this and come where prices are reduced to a minimum.

In addition to the above list of bargains we have other special instruments too numerous to mention. We carry at all times an immense stock, which is usually the largest to be found in the State of Ohio. Our business is far-reaching, covering twenty-five counties in this section of Ohio. We have our representatives in almost every important point within our territory. The volume of business done by this house would have seemed impossible to the piano man of twenty years ago.

We are the only authorized representatives in Cleveland and vicinity for the sale of the Steinway Pianos, which are everywhere recognized as the standard pianos of the world. We also represent the Glidemeister & Kroeger, the Weber, the Colby and a number of

other pianos well known to the public.

We cater to every class of buyers. We supply the finest artists. We supply the finest homes. We supply hundreds of musical families.

We are also pleased to call attention to a large number of sales which we have made to people who are in good circumstances, but who do not wish to pay cash in full for their instruments.

Our installment prices vary from \$2 per month to \$100 per month, according to the circumstances of the buyers.

We solicit everyone's trade, and during this special sale we hope no piano buyer will fail to call. We wish it distinctly understood that this is the place to obtain the lowest possible prices for the largest and best values.

a list of 25 specially desirable pianos at regular prices and 19 special bargains.

In advertising bargains Mr. Coe has made use of an indefinite form of stating the prices. That is, he has said: "Pianos at two-thirds the regular price," or "At less than one-half the original price." In the case of the regular price piano no figure is given at all.

I can see no good reason why it should not be, especially in the case of the bargain instruments. A price has certainly been fixed upon them, at which they will be sold. Leaving out the exact figure would seem to indicate that it is not a strictly one price sale, and that there is to be an "asking price" in the store and another selling price.

Mr. Coe may sell all of these pianos and have a remarkable successful sale. Just the same, I think that it would be a good deal better for all concerned if definite prices were given.

## A WILDERNESS OF WORDS

can't tell as much about a piano as five minutes' examination and a few touches of the keys. When you're passing come in and try

## The Fugue Piano.

We don't expect you to buy at once. That's a question that takes care of itself. Come and investigate. Take your own time before buying—and after buying, too, for that matter. The Fugue is \$325, cash or payments.

**JONES & CO.,**  
Pianos and Organs,  
217 SMITH STREET.

**WANTED**—We want a few good, experienced salesmen to sell or rent a first-class medium grade piano. Compensation according to the efforts and success of the applicant. Write or apply to "Manufacturer" THE MUSICAL COURIER.

**WANTED**—A permanent position wanted by an expert piano polisher in a retail piano house. The applicant has had experience in selling, and in a city where there is a large Swedish trade could be counted upon to control a portion of it. Highest references given. Address Oscar Lundeen, THE MUSICAL COURIER, 19 Union square New York city.

Dealers wanted in all  
territory not now  
taken.

Catalogue Free.

Ask for it at once.



MADE BY AND SOLD TO THE TRADE ONLY BY

**GEO. P. BENT,** 323 to 333 SO. CANAL STREET,  
CHICAGO.

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— MANUFACTURERS OF —

## PIANO ACTIONS.

STANDARD OF THE WORLD!

455, 457, 459 and 461 WEST 45th STREET;  
636 and 638 TENTH AVENUE, and 452, 454, 456 and 458 WEST 46th STREET,  
OFFICE, 457 WEST 45th STREET,  
... NEW YORK. ...

## G. W. SEAVERNS, SON & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

### Square, Grand & Upright Piano Actions,

113 BROADWAY, CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

# HALLET & DAVIS CO.'S PIANOS.

WAREROOMS: 179 Tremont Street, Boston; 88 Fifth Avenue, New York; 1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 811 Ninth Street, Washington, D. C.; Kimball Hall, Wabash Avenue, Chicago; Market and Powell Streets, San Francisco, Cal.; 512 Austin Avenue, Waco, Tex. FACTORY: Boston, Mass.

*He wins who sells the*  
*Favorite*  
**Schiller Pianos.**  
*Write for catalogue to*  
*Schiller Piano Co.*  
*Oregon. Ill.*

## AUGUST POLLMANN,

Importer and  
Manufacturer of Musical Instruments  
Of Every Kind

Brass Band  
Instruments, String  
Band Instruments, Ac-  
cordions, Harmonicas, Strings,  
&c. The Celebrated Pollmann Banjos,  
Guitars, Mandolins and Violins. The elegant  
new patented Mandolin Banjo, as per cut. The most  
beautiful finish, sweetest tone and easiest string instrument  
to learn to play on yet manufactured. Patented May 3, 1887.

70 & 72 Franklin St., just west of Broadway, New York City.



ESTD **BASS STRINGS** 1867  
PIANO CARVING  
SAWED & ENGRAVED PANELS  
**FRANCIS RAMACCIOTTI**  
162 & 164 WEST 27th ST. N.Y.

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PIANO  
MANUFACTURERS,  
Send for Estimates.  
REASONABLE PRICES.

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BABY, PARLOR AND CONCERT GRAND PIANO CASES A SPECIALTY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1848



PINEST TONE,  
BEST WORK AND  
MATERIAL.

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Indorsed by Liszt, Gottschalk, Wehli, Bendel, Strauss, Sars,  
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Greatest Masters.

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174 and 176 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.  
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FINE PIANO  
AT A  
MEDIUM  
PRICE.

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HIGH GRADE INSTRUMENTS ONLY.

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Office: 114 Fifth Avenue, Room 59, New York City.

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FRED. ENGELHARDT,

Formerly Foreman of Steinway & Sons' Action Department.



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Warerooms: 226 & 228 Wabash Avenue,  
Factory: 500, 502, 504 & 506 Clybourn Avenue,

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COR. W. CHICAGO AVE. AND DIX ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

### THE PATENT PIPE SWELL

Produces finer Crescendos than can be obtained in any other organ in the market.

JACK HAYNES, General Manager of the New England, Middle and Southern States, also the Continent of Europe.

Dealers who are in the City should visit the New York Warerooms and examine these organs.

JACK HAYNES, 20 EAST 17th ST., NEW YORK.

## COULON PIANO CO.,

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MANUFACTURERS OF

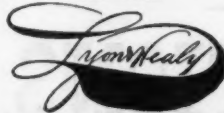
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Between 22d and 23d Sts., NEW YORK.

THE NEW



BUILDING.

Over 100,000 square feet. 150 Windows facing the street.

Largest and Finest Musical Establishment in the World.

CORNER OF  
WABASH AVENUE AND ADAMS STREET,  
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Although Lyon & Healy came to Wabash Avenue at the eleventh hour, they secured the finest corner. \* \* \* \* There is no other building upon Wabash Avenue within a half dozen blocks that can show such a large window frontage. \* \* \* \* In making this move the firm will be in a far better position to handle its trade than it is in its present location.

Chicago Evening Journal.



"The  
Highest  
Type."

## The RUSSELL PIANO CO.,

Succeeding STARCK & STRACK PIANO CO.,

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## HOUSE & DAVIS PIANO CO.

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Were awarded, at the World's Fair,  
4 MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS FOR  
17 POINTS OF SUPERIOR EXCELLENCE.  
30 MEDALS AND DIPLOMAS WERE TAKEN  
by makers of the raw materials used by me in  
constructing the "Crown."  
32 STATE AND FOREIGN BUILDINGS,  
on the Fair Grounds, chose the "Crown", from  
among a hundred other makes, for their 71 parlors  
or reception rooms.  
371 WORLD'S FAIR OFFICIALS COMMEND  
THEM, most strongly in autograph letters  
which I reproduce in an illustrated Souvenir Cat-  
alogue telling the whole story; sent free; ask for it.  
GEORGE P. BENT, Manufacturer,  
333 to 335 So. Canal St., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

## A. H. Andrews & Co.

215 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Manufacturers Andrew's Metal Piano Chairs.

Attractive, light, comfortable and  
indestructible.

Steel twisted together. Finished in  
Antiques Copper, Nickel, Brass, Silver  
or Gold, highly polished.

This Chair is convertible in  
to a Duet Chair.

Duet Chair.  
Automatic movement.  
Any child can raise the  
back, which drops into  
place, making luxurious  
chair shown on the left.  
Cheapest Chairs made.  
Send for Catalogue.

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All mail should be sent to the office.

Send for Catalogue.

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## BUSH & GERTS HIGH GRADE MEDIUM PRICE PIANOS

WARE ROOMS  
13 & 15 CHICAGO AV. WHEEL WAGON  
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PATENT STEEL  
MUSIC WIRE

SOLE AGENTS FOR UNITED STATES & CANADA  
HAMMACHER SCHLEMMER & CO.  
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THE ADMINISTRATION PIANO.



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ESTABLISHED 1895.



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GRAND, SQUARE & UPRIGHT  
PIANO FORTE ACTION.  
131 to 117 BROADWAY,  
NEAR GRAND JUNCTION RAILROAD.  
Cambridgeport Mass.  
BUT ONE GRADE AND THAT THE HIGHEST

## CORNISH & CO.

ESTABLISHED 35 YEARS.  
— MANUFACTURERS OF —  
Upright Cabinet Grand Pianos and  
Church, School, Lodge and Parlor Organs.  
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PIANOS  
AND  
ORGANS

MANUFACTURED BY  
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246, 248 & 250 W. LAKE ST.  
CHICAGO  
CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

**H. R. KNOPE,**  
Bow and Violin  
Maker,  
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN  
Cremona Violins,  
Violas and 'Cellos.  
French, German and  
other makers.  
Elegant Cases, Bows and  
Strings. Artistic Repair-  
ing a Specialty.  
117 FOURTH AVENUE,  
Near 10th Street,  
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## THE BLASIUS PIANO CO

INCORPORATED.  
Capital: One Million Dollars.  
WOODBURY, N. J.

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED IN 1851.  
The C. S. STONE  
Piano Cases  
ARE THE BEST.  
ERVING, MASS.

Used and Recommended by the Profession.



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FOR SALE BY  
AUG. POLLMANN, 70 Franklin Street, and  
WM. TONK & BRO., 26 Warren Street, New  
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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Manufacturers and Dealers in  
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And Importers of  
**FANCY WOODS,**  
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C. KURTZMANN & CO.,

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526 to 536 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

## ROBT. M. WEBB,

Felt Cloth and Punchings.  
MAKER OF  
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SOLE AGENCY FOR  
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MANUFACTURE

FINEST GRADE

## Upright Pianos

AT MODERATE PRICES.

FACTORIES AND WAREHOUSE

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# THE OLD STANDARD **MARTIN GUITARS** THE ONLY RELIABLE

1833.

Manufactured by C. F. Martin &amp; Co.

1893.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE OF THE SAME NAME.

For over sixty years the MARTIN GUITARS were and are still the only reliable instruments used by all first-class Professors and Amateurs throughout the country. They enjoy a world-wide reputation, and testimonials could be added from the best Solo players ever known, such as

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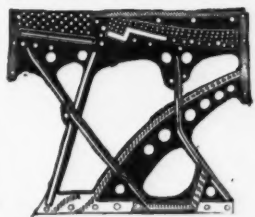
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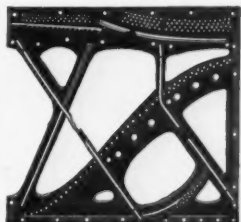


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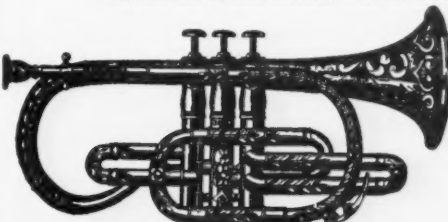
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